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MEMOIRS

OF

BERTRAND BARERE

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DANTON

F. ENKENS HELIOG PARIS

MEMOIRS

OF

BERTRAND BARÈRE

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY DURING THE REVOLUTION

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED BY

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOLUME III

LONDON

H. S. NICHOLS

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MEMOIRS

OF

BERTRAND BARÈRE

12th Germinal, Year III. (February, 1795)—The transportation for Life of the Four Members of the Committees, without Trial and after a Refusal of Justice.

On the 12th Germinal I was alone in my room, watched by two policemen. I had devoted the whole of my time for some days past to the preparation of my defence, and I was working from morning till night, unaware of what was taking place at Paris. I was hoping that I should again be heard in my defence on the morrow, when three men rushed violently into my room at 10 p.m., just as I was retiring for the night. Two of these were armed national guardsmen in private clothes, and the third was a magistrate.

The magistrate informed me that he had received instructions to place seals upon my effects and papers, in obedience to a decree of the National Convention, which condemned me to transportation for life to Cayenne. I rose and asked permission to read an order which appeared to me to indicate an unusually summary

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procedure. It was then shown to me by the magistrate, and I was struck dumb with astonishment. Seals were placed on my papers and property, although I strongly objected to the sealing up of a small but valuable library, which, moreover, contained nothing prejudicial to the safety of the State. The magistrate insisted that all my books and papers were included in the order of the Committee of General Surety. I persistently represented that the decree applied only to papers, and that books, although made of paper, are not *papers*. At length he decided to consult the Committee of General Surety, who ultimately forbade him to affix seals to my library. I owe its preservation to this prohibition, as some of the more valuable articles which were sealed were removed to the Home Office, where they remained, I am told, long after the removal of the seals.

Conscious of my innocence, although indignant at the injustice with which I had been treated, I passed a night of undisturbed repose.

On the following day, at eight o'clock, a large detachment of armed men was stationed in the vestibule of the Savalette mansion, on the main staircase, and even at my bedroom door. M. de Savalette, who had been informed that morning of the decree of transportation which had been issued during the night, came to embrace me and sympathise with me in my misfortune. Friends in need are rare in Paris. M. Dominique de Merveille, chief clerk in the office of the Committee of Public Safety, an intimate friend of mine, slipped four 500-franc notes into my hand as I was entering the carriage. This kind and timely aid was very acceptable, as previously I had not sufficient money in

my possession to defray the expenses of one night's lodging; since the Committee of General Surety did not give me time either to make suitable preparations for my journey, or to consult my friends as to the state of their resources and my own needs.

The following incident is a conclusive proof that the Committee of General Surety hoped to ensure my assassination rather than my transportation. A luxurious court-carriage, adorned with gilt and mirrors, arrived at my door; and this vehicle I was destined to occupy, in order to make me prominent in the eyes of a riotous mob, composed partly of hired assassins. Such must have been the aim of this expedition, for on the following day, when they found that the Convention did not intend to revoke the decree of the 12th of Germinal, the committee were able to procure a useful and genuine travelling-coach at the Montrouge barrier. Fortunately I have always preserved a wonderful presence of mind when in imminent danger of sudden and violent death; so I will relate all that passed around the coach as if it had not concerned me.

At midday, instead of a travelling-coach, a large court-carriage came to fetch me at the Hôtel Savalette, Rue Saint-Honoré. The street was crowded with spectators. Near the hotel door I noticed a group of men who were less inquisitive indeed than the ordinary spectator, but who were very busy planning and working against me, exciting the multitude by their shouts, and endeavouring in the midst of the tumult to find an opportunity or a pretext to make an attempt on my safety or even on my life. All this I shall subsequently prove by incontestable facts,

facts that all Paris has been able to witness as well as myself.

The coach proceeded very slowly through an immense crowd, which increased at each step. The cold-blooded ferocity of several persons who followed me with violent cries, and heaped cowardly insults upon me, was appalling in its fiendishness.

The carriage stopped in front of the Hôtel de Noailles, Rue Saint-Honoré, for what purpose I know not. The large guard-room there was empty; I observed only a sentinel, and Barras in a blue frock-coat and with a sword slung across his shoulders. Barras stared at me with indifference and in silence, without offering me any help against the many assailants who retarded the progress of the horses. During this involuntary stoppage I could not help addressing my late colleague Barras in a loud voice: "Are you here, pray, to superintend my assassination or at least to give impunity to my assassins? Hear them shouting!" This question, uttered in an indignant tone (the indignation of innocence is a power in itself), seemed to give an impetus to the coach and to silence the cries of the mob. But on my arrival at the steps of the church of Saint-Roch, the tumult and the shouts began again with even greater violence. The crowd was denser and was still increasing on all sides. The steps of the church of Saint-Roch resembled a vast amphitheatre crammed with women and inquisitive spectators, all silent however. The noise and bustle were confined to the space around my carriage. Three men, apparently entrusted with the principal *rôle*, rushed to the doors and opened them violently. They insulted me in

every term of abuse with which reaction had already enriched the French language. "Are you Frenchmen," I cried, "you who are trying to take my life? No! Frenchmen are not murderers." The calmness of my manner and the energy of my words paralysed these wretched hirelings of the reactionary committee. I enquired of the police officer who was sitting beside me in the coach what his orders were. "To take you away from Paris," he answered. "But," I replied, "that is impossible with this open carriage, and, above all, with this procession. We are now near the office of the Committee of General Surety. I call upon you to take me there." I could scarcely hear myself on account of the noise around the carriage, but the crowd of Parisians who thronged the steps of Saint-Roch silenced the uproar. So formidable an obstacle to the crimes of the wicked is the equitable opinion of the people.

The coach wended its way at a walking pace towards the Rue de l'Echelle, and I arrived at the Committee of General Surety. Only three hours later did another coach bring Billaud, who had been delayed by the same obstacles in the Faubourg Saint-Germain which kept him from leaving the gates. Clearly they had formed the fixed design of causing our death either in a riot or by a new decree which should follow the disturbances.

As to Collot, he had prevailed upon the officer who had gone to fetch him to leave immediately. He left Paris as early as nine in the morning, before the agents of the Committee of General Surety had been able to assemble in order to execute the plot devised against us. We met him on the following

evening (the 14th of Germinal) in an inn, where he awaited us with his guards. This insidious policy of the proscribers and these cunning practices of political rogues are well known. They begin with the denunciation of the victims in laws in which justice and humanity are invoked. Then they proceed to cause homicidal riots in order to obtain the vengeance they seek. Finally they deplore, with crafty hypocrisy, the evils and excesses produced by the fury of the populace. A similar scheme was thwarted on the 13th of Germinal. The members of the committee proceeded to substitute another plan for that which had just failed. They placed us, Billaud and myself, in a room of the Committee of General Surety, from the window of which could be seen one of the side entrances of the hall of the Convention. I had plenty of time between one o'clock in the afternoon and nightfall to observe the passers-by. I concealed myself behind the glazed windows of this room, and saw Fréron, Barras, Tallien, Clauzel, André Dumont, and Pémartin; they passed to and fro several times, conversing and evidently scheming; however, they appeared ill at ease and discontented. Chénier the poet was muttering to himself and going constantly from the Assembly to the committee, and from the committee to the Assembly. These gentlemen considered that it would not tend to the success of their second scheme against us to propose it during the daytime. The wicked like the darkness: they therefore awaited the conclusion of the morning session, for the Convention was then sitting permanently.

[It was on the island of Oleron that I learnt for the first time, by reading the papers of the month

of Germinal, what took place on the 13th during the evening sitting, while I was still a prisoner in the room of the Committee of General Surety. I could entertain no further doubt as to the scheme that had been devised by the members of the committee, together with some of the members of the Convention.

About eleven o'clock in the evening, during the most stormy moment of the sitting, Tallien rose to state that the enraged populace had endeavoured to prevent the exiles from leaving the gates; that the people, demanding a severer sentence, had brought them back to the committee, where they awaited a fresh decision from the Assembly. Tallien proposed that the exiles should be condemned to death and executed immediately. I have been told, since my return to Paris, that on hearing the cruelly barbarous motion brought forward by Tallien, the Convention to a man replied by an unbroken silence, and after some minutes of astonishment, several voices cried out, "To the order of the day! The execution of the decree of transportation! To the order of the day!" Such then was the influence of that sense of natural justice which is innate in the human heart, that it clamoured louder than crime; and the *order of the day*, demanded in response to the *homicidal motion*, prevailed with honourable unanimity. The Convention shrunk in horror from the crime premeditated in cold blood by a few revengeful men.

If these Memoirs should fall by chance into the hands of any members of fashionable circles—in fact, of those whom Montesquieu called *honest persons*—all these details will no doubt seem very wearisome and uninteresting. But such persons should not read my

work; I am not writing for them; it is not their noble support that I covet. I am aware of what species of justice and interest such folk are capable. I write these lines, so painful to me as I peruse them to-day—I write these lines for my family, who have enjoyed three hundred years of public respect in the Pyrenees; I write for the brave and faithful friends of my family and of my misfortunes; I write for my constituents, the noble inhabitants of the Hautes-Pyrénées.]

I asked for dinner, and after the repast I slept soundly until midnight, at which hour I was roughly roused and conducted into another room.

During that sound slumber my enemies were clamouring for my head in that same Assembly which had so often applauded my labours and reports. During the night of the 13th of Germinal, they were urging the execution of the man whom they had unjustly condemned to transportation only the night before.

Ah! woe unto those that are pursued by all-powerful iniquity and crime! The first attacks provoke the last injustice. But Providence kept watch over me; it alone controlled every will and hushed every voice on that night of the 13th of Germinal! Had I been so foolish as to disbelieve in Providence and its favours, or to doubt its protection of the innocent, the events of the French Revolution would certainly have often inspired me with a firm faith in its existence and beneficent power, for I have been persecuted and outlawed by every government, and I have succeeded in escaping them only by the aid of that supreme, invisible, and inevitable Power which pre-

sides over human affairs and baffles the evil designs of the wicked.

As it was striking midnight, two staff officers entered; they seized me by the arm, and, with a sort of interest of which I could not fathom the cause (they knew what had just taken place at the sitting of the Convention), they conducted me, together with Billaud, into the large consultation hall of the Committee of General Surety. Several members of the committee were there, but they avoided meeting my gaze. Farther on, towards the centre of the hall, stood General Pichegru and a large number of his staff. At first I was astonished, but, approaching Pichegru, I said: "Well, General, who would have believed that you, raised by us to the command of the republican armies, would come here to give your support to the proscription of those by whom you were nominated general, and who are only guilty of defending their native land."

The taciturn and sombre Pichegru wrapped himself closely in his blue frock-coat, and replied in an undertone, "My business is to obey." He was right. The art of war was for him only a *business*, and military glory a mere speculation. The two general officers who had taken me under their special protection said, "You need have no fear; we are patriots like yourself; we are answerable for your safety. Come along; we shall place you in the midst of a detachment of two hundred men, and, notwithstanding the opposition of a few roughs, we shall be able to leave Paris unmolested. Follow us." These two officers, whose names I did not dare to ask, related to me, during the whole journey, their experiences in the various

battles in which they had fought, and I could see that their only object in conversing on this topic was to comfort me a little by recalling to my mind my "military reports."

When we had reached the extremity of the Pont Royal, a strong guard, marching from the Rue du Bac, stopped to demand the password. We came to a momentary standstill, during which we watched the arrival of General Pichegru and his two aides-de-camp. He accompanied us, walking very slowly and silently beside the patrol.

We encountered three others in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and opposite the Invalides. All Paris appeared to be on the move and under arms in order to banish *two individuals*, for whom a single gendarme, or their word of honour, would have sufficed. We went along the new boulevards as far as the road leading to Montrouge, at the junction of the Orleans road. There we found two coaches. Billaud took his seat in one of these, with two officers; while two other officers conducted me to the second vehicle, and seated themselves inside with me.

But before leaving the strong guard which had saved me from the evil passions of a few revolutionary adventurers, I considered it my duty to thank them for their zeal. The soldiers were drawn up in line before the two coaches. I briefly expressed my gratitude to them, concluding with a declaration of my devotion to France and to liberty, notwithstanding the injustice of my exile. I then saluted them with the cry: "Long live our country! Long live the Republic!"

No sound, no movement from the troop of two

hundred men responded to my appeal. One would have thought I was talking to Chinamen. I learned afterwards, from an officer of the Conventional Guard who was with me in the coach, that I had been wasting my breath on men who were simply delighted to hear of my transportation, and that I must not be surprised at their silence. *They were the armed section of the Butte des Moulins*, under the command of the notorious Rafet, who had not forgiven us for the events of the 31st of May, when he barely escaped falling a victim.

During the first day, the 14th of Germinal, we arrived within six leagues of Orleans having travelled from two hours past midnight until, the evening, the only stoppage being for dinner. At the inn we met Collot.

On the morning of the 13th, emissaries, sent doubtless by the city of Orleans, which had suffered so heavily from the Revolution and its consequences, informed our guides that they were impatiently awaiting our arrival in that town, where we were likely to be exposed to perils. Collot, on hearing this advice given to the officer, displayed considerable anxiety, and begged his guide to take him by the Chartres route in order to avoid Orleans. Billaud also deemed it advisable to pass through Chartres, thus altering the route traced out by the express order of the Committee of General Surety.

Weary and impatient of the fears inspired by the spies scattered about the inn, I declared that I was ready to leave for Orleans, that I had no reason whatever to dread the inhabitants, and that I was not afraid of exposing myself to their censure, or even

to their blows. I said to Billaud and Collot: "Do not come to Orleans until you know how I have been received there. If you hear that my life has been threatened, be off *viâ* Chartres and Vendôme."

They could not resist my proposal, so I departed with a gendarme and an officer of the Conventional Guard. I entered Orleans at nine o'clock in the morning. A detachment of engineers was stationed at the gate of the town. When they became aware of my approach, they no doubt followed the instructions they had received. They conversed in a low voice with my two guides, and then said aloud to the driver: "Take them to the town-hall." Two of the gunners stepped up behind the coach, and thus escorted us. The crowd was increasing around us at each step, and I began to believe the reports circulated by the emissaries.

They were, however, mere spectators. No cry was heard; no insult was offered; nothing occurred that resembled the conduct of the Parisians in the Rue Saint-Roch and in the Carrousel. I alighted at the town-hall. The magistrates came forward to meet me. Several notabilities pressed around me, showing signs of an interest they were endeavouring to restrain, but without any hostile demonstration.

I was rewarded at Orleans for several slight services I had rendered to some of its citizens. M. Latour, a doctor whom I had extricated from certain difficulties in the revolutionary courts of justice, turned the public opinion in my favour. M. Aignan, a young man of letters who was the national agent of the commune, came and told me in the presence of a crowd of his fellow-citizens, that he could never forget that I alone

had had the courage and sense of justice to defend him before the Committee of Public Safety when he had been summoned and vigorously attacked by Saint-Just. Another citizen of Orleans, the owner of a sugar refinery, I believe, whom I had met in 1791 in Paris at M. Bagenau's and at Madame d'Etelone's, also placed himself at my disposal. "I only ask one favour of you," I said to them, "that is, to get me out of Orleans as soon as possible." They informed me that the authorities were awaiting the arrival of my two colleagues in order that all three of us might travel together.

The 15th of Germinal, Year III. (February, 1795).

It was midday: I was still alone, but I could hear a considerable uproar in the adjoining room: it was the "gilded youth"—Fréron's young men—who, aping those of Paris, had come armed from head to foot to try and intimidate me. I accosted these young men, asking them what degree of interest I could possibly have inspired in them, considering we had never met before. Some of them informed me that I was the author of a popular riot in Paris on the 12th of Germinal; that the mob, led on by me, had even invaded the Convention and had summoned me to the tribune, calling upon me to put myself at their head. "They have been deceiving you with mere fiction," I replied. "How could I have placed myself at the head of the people, when for the last month I have been under arrest in my room, with two gendarmes on the watch during the day and sleeping beside me at night? Besides, I have several times dispersed or appeased the crowds of mal-

contents from the different sections of Paris, when they penetrated into the hall of the Convention; and I never stood in the rostrum except to appease disturbances or quiet dissensions." One of these young orators of the people then drew from his pocket and read out a poster, of which a number of copies had recently been posted up in the streets of Orleans. It was a letter written by M. Garran-Coulon, one of the members for the Loiret, who, in the terror of the disturbance created on the 12th of Germinal, had exaggerated and misrepresented facts to his constituents.

I replied that M. Garran-Coulon, their deputy, was either an impostor or a deluded man, and that all the statements contained in his letter were false. My firmness in giving them the lie made a marked impression on these fellows, who retired, carrying with them the falsehoods of Garran-Coulon and their rifles.

I was weakened with the fatigue of all these tiresome attacks and the unbearable concourse of inquisitive visitors. I asked for some soup and wine. The magistrates commanded that I should be served immediately. About an hour or two past midday my two companions in misfortune were dragged in by a mob thirsting for their blood. They had been pulled out of the coaches at the city gate, and followed by curses, insults, and clamours for their execution as far as the Place du Martroy; there the riotous and infuriated throng attempted to tear them in pieces. The coopers' axes were already uplifted over their heads, and my fate in the town-hall would undoubtedly have been the same. Luckily the municipal officers, and principally the commander of the National

Guard (whose name I am unfortunately unable to mention here, for it is that of a brave man), appeased these homicidal furies, and I perceived Billaud and Collot enter the room in which I was located, with blanched cheeks and sunken eyes. From what the municipal officials told me in their presence, they must have incurred considerable peril.

It required all the precautions of the prudent commander of the National Guard to counteract the effect produced by the lying letter written by Garran-Coulon to his constituents, which had arrived at Orleans two hours before us. The commander mustered the National Guard and surrounded our three vehicles so promptly, and in such a compact procession, that we were enabled to leave Orleans in a few minutes, although the mob still followed us as far as the last houses on the Blois road. It was about eight p.m. when we succeeded in eluding this *hell of living beings*, for such is the best description of a popular riot, in whatever country it may take place.

We were unmolested until our arrival at Amboise, which we reached on the following day at dinner-time. We were about to leave for Tours when the travellers passing through the town, on seeing us in the Amboise inn accompanied by officers and gendarmes, enquired whether we were the deputies who were expected from Paris on their way to the island of Oleron. "If so," said one of these honest travellers, "I should advise you to postpone your journey to Tours for a little while. On the bridge there is already a considerable and noisy crowd. They are waxing enthusiastic over a proposal to throw you into the Loire."

Our guides decided that it would be better to rest until the evening, in order to delay our arrival at Tours until two hours past midnight, as at that hour the citizens would have retired for the night. We followed this advice. All was still. We stopped on the quay at the entrance of the bridge. But fresh obstacles to our departure presented themselves. The toll-keeper, who no doubt held the same views as the people of Tours, who were in arms against us, enquired of the officers who had alighted to change the horses whether we were the deputies from Paris. "Mind your own business, and fetch the horses this minute," replied the officer of the Conventional Guard. "The horses, quick!" The woman pretended that the horses were tired, and that the postillions were asleep, and sent a messenger into town, probably to rouse the malcontents, while she delayed the relay. The officer-in-chief at last adopted a more imperative tone, hurried off to the stables, and in a moment appeared with both horses and postillions. We left at a gallop at three a.m. Not a soul was on the bridge. A few lights glimmering in the houses at the end of the Rue de Tours told us that it was there they were awaiting our arrival. They rushed out into the street, shouting vigorously; but we could scarcely hear them on account of the noise of the vehicles. Peace reigned once more as far as Niort.

After leaving Orleans we had noticed in front of us a little brown individual, with stern and resolute features, riding at full speed, and never more than one relay in front of us. His costume was remarkable. He wore a greyish frock-coat and beaver hat. He stopped to talk to every relay-master and to all

the inhabitants he met. We were at first astonished at finding in every town or large village a tumultuous crowd specially organised for our reception. At times these crowds were noisy from mere curiosity; at others, openly hostile. We had suspicions that this messenger was the instigator of these disturbances, which occurred wherever we passed.

As we were approaching Poitiers, the officers in command asked the relay-master what had been said to him by the scout. He told them that the man had informed him that the representatives who had been banished to Cayenne would arrive shortly, that they had barely escaped assassination at Paris, Orleans, and Tours, *and that they had with them a large sum of money stolen from the public treasury*. No better means could have been devised for exciting the evil passions of an unhappy people emerging from a terribly long winter without work and without food. This scout preceded us as far as La Rochelle — a messenger worthy of the reactionary aristocracy.

On our arrival at each relay we encountered a mob, more or less formidable and more or less malicious, according to the spirit that prevailed in the locality. This was the work of the scout, who, luckily for us, did not pass through the town of Poitiers, for there the horses are changed on the road at the lower end of the town. The inhabitants of Poitiers, who doubtless had been informed too late of our arrival, were coming down in crowds from the heights of the city as we left it behind us. The whole of the neighbourhood of the Vendée must have been very hostile to us. We were now on the road to Niort. We arrived that evening in a wretched little town two or three

leagues from Niort, where our reception was less hostile than usual. A commissary, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, happened to be in the same inn. He came forward and welcomed us, sympathised with our misfortunes, and offered us any help that it was in his power to give us. He begged to be allowed to sup with us, a concession our guides made with pleasure: they behaved more like companions than guardians.

We were all seated at table. Since our compulsory departure from Paris, this was the first meal we had been able to take at all cheerfully—thanks to the commissary, an excellent patriot, who was continually saying: "This reaction cannot ast. In France the principles of public liberty are so prevalent, and there exists so urgent a need of political control, that it is impossible for us to live long in a state of such deplorable and turbulent anarchy."

He was mistaken in the character of the people: there exists no condition of affairs, no form of government which will not last in France as long as it retains the strength which enabled it to be established. Even abuses are in full sway—extolled and lauded to the skies as useful and honourable, until they fall on account of their very excesses. It is not, therefore, by the effect of enlightenment nor by public virtue that abuses and excesses are overthrown and destroyed, but rather by their own inherent vices or by the feeling of weariness that they produce. In France wickedness does not fall because it is *wickedness*, but because it is worn out.

Our repast concluded with the toast, "Vive la France! vive la liberté!" After supper the commis-

sary, who had come from Niort, informed us that a considerable number of malcontents awaited us in the street, and that it was imperative that we should avoid changing horses in the town, so as not to give them the opportunity of insulting us. "But how are we to avoid them?" we asked. "I have devised means of doing so," he replied. "Listen: I have several well-horsed vehicles here, because, in my capacity as commissary, I am on my way to call out the artillery corps, and we can soon furnish good horses for the three coaches. They can leave here without passing the relay, and I will be responsible for trustworthy drivers. I must beg of you to leave it all to me."

After thanking him cordially, we took our leave until six o'clock next morning. As he had promised at an early hour our vehicles were equipped, and before long we had left the town of Niort, followed by the cries of the inhabitants: "Stop! stop!" The drivers grasped the situation, and so increased the speed as to leave behind all but those fanatics whose fittest place was in the ranks of the Vendeans.

Before reaching La Rochelle we were obliged to await the return of the relay horses; the coaches therefore drew up before a church, in a town the name of which I am unable to remember. The evening service had just terminated (it was during the Easter festival); the throng crowded round us on catching sight of the gendarmes in charge of state prisoners going to the Isle of Oleron—as such at least we were announced by one of the inhabitants. This crowd, however, was only impetuously inquisitive, and neither ill-disposed nor offensive. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour I perceived two

men pushing their way through the crush, one a man of middle age, the other a young fellow. They directed their steps towards the stationary carriages, and shouted out with an eagerness of which we had not yet discovered the motive, "Where is Barère? Which of these deputies is named Barère?" When I heard my name mentioned, I conceived that I personally was to be the victim of those outrages which until now had been *collective*. How completely I was mistaken! This good man, accompanied by his son, on seeing me at the coach window (where I was enquiring, in a serious, resolute manner, "What do you want? I am Barère!"), grasped my hand and endeavoured to stand on the door-step in order to embrace me. "I don't think I have the honour of your acquaintance," I said. "I am Legendre—not the Parisian, but a large landowner in this town. I have but one son—here he is—and he owes his life to you." "You are mistaken, citizen; I have never seen you before." "That may be," he replied; "I have never seen you; but it was you who, on the occasion of the decree ordering the requisition of young men for military service, prevented the limit of age from being extended to sixteen, as Danton and other members wished. Thus you saved this son of mine, who (thank Heaven!) is preserved to be the support of my old age. At that time he was only sixteen years old, being the only youth of that age in the village. You may have observed, too, that this immense multitude consists of none but women and old men: our youths have all perished in the unhappy war in La Vendée."

My colleagues and our guardians stared in as-

tonishment at such an unexpected harangue. No sooner had this old man and his son saluted me and pressed my hand as a mark of friendship and gratitude, than the crowd displayed a kindly interest in us.

Under these happy auspices we started for La Rochelle, for once accompanied by the good wishes of a friendly populace.

We remained there two days, during which we led such a quiet existence that we might have imagined ourselves entirely ignored.

The local authorities had been busy, at the request of our guardians, preparing for sea a light vessel, which was to transport us to the Isle of Oleron, some sixteen miles from the coast. They supplied a wretched fishing-smack, in which we were packed like herrings in a barrel, and were obliged to sit on filthy boards laid across the boat. We set sail at five a.m. This time neither spectators nor inquisitive idlers were present at our departure.

Two sailors sufficed to row and steer this miserably small craft. I do not think the authorities of La Rochelle troubled themselves much to ensure either our safety or our comfort on the voyage; but the weather was so fine, and the sea so calm, that we were amply compensated for the fearful tossing of the boat and the constant washing by the waves. I recollect reading during the voyage, which lasted eight consecutive hours, a volume of Young's "Night Thoughts," translated by Letourneur, and my book and myself were frequently drenched by the billows which broke in the air and oftentimes fell on our heads.

We sighted the Isle of Aix, the favourite rendezvous

of the maritime forces of La Rochelle. Our two sailors pointed out in the distance the island of Rhé, on the right; the lofty tower of Marennes and the steeple of Brouage to the left, on what they called the Great Country or French Continent. Later on the mariners showed us the *castle of the Isle of Oleron*, which commands the seas on the south and west. *The happy land of exile at last!* For it is a relief not to be inhaling the atmosphere of a country full of the blind madness and hideous passions of the political reactions.

Almost before we had landed, three gunners, probably fearing a surprise, tried to prevent our advance, which they would not sanction until we had produced the decree of the Convention and the orders of the Committee of General Surety, which were addressed to M. Walch, governor of the castle of the Island of Oleron. After these preliminary proceedings we were compelled to tramp for three hours through the sands, salt marshes, and vineyards. By the evening we succeeded in reaching the quarters occupied by the governor. Governor Walch ordered supper for us, after which he himself conducted us, at 10 p.m., to the citadel, where he assigned to us three rooms, one apiece, with a sentinel at each door.

After the day's fatigue I slept soundly. Governor Walch called upon us next day. He informed us that he had no orders with regard to our food; that we must apply, as did the officers and garrison, to the sutler, whom we should find at the door by the drawbridge; *she would supply us, at our own cost*, with what we required; he himself had only instructions to *give us soldiers' rations*.

We had to subsist on these rations from the 20th

of Germinal, year III., until the 15th of Prairial of the same year. Our lucky colleagues of the Committee of General Surety, who, as everyone knows, lived in grand style, and were fêted daily by the nobility and the society ladies whom they released from prison, presumed that republicans could live very well on water and a garrison loaf—a loaf so coarse that we found beans in them, almost whole, mixed with straw and bad flour, made of vegetables instead of corn.

You may judge what privations I suffered, for my two trunks, packed with clothes and linen, which had been left by M. Dominique de Merville at the Committee of General Surety since the 15th of Germinal, were detained there instead of being sent on to my address on the island of Oleron. According to the system of the Committee of General Surety, we were supposed to require nothing—not even life; and, like prudent heirs, they or their *employés* took charge of our chattels.

It was only by dint of begging, and in consequence of the letters which I had written to M. de Merville and to the Committee of General Surety, that I obtained one of the trunks, which was forwarded in the month of Messidor to the prison of Saintes, where I had been removed by virtue of a new decree which was issued at the instigation of my persecutors.

While on the island of Oleron there was nothing in my possession except the clothes and linen which I was actually wearing. I was compelled to buy such things as were absolutely essential to my toilet. These Parisians, or their honest agents, who had followed me on the 13th of Germinal, howling round my coach, had thought it advisable to pillage the

vehicle; and no sooner had I alighted at the entrance of the hotel than the carriage was at once rifled of all it contained. My dressing-case, some silver plate, my watch, all my valuable books, and even my linen and changes of clothing for the journey were all stolen immediately. One would have thought that exiles and all their belongings were the property of the first comers. And all this was accomplished in the best possible company, amidst the most civilised population on the face of the globe, in the most agreeable town, and among the most polite society in Europe. I comforted myself amid all these unhappy events by reading either Young or Voltaire; if one saddened and solaced me by his description of the tomb and by the moral influence of religion, the other astounded me by the cheerful philosophy which he applies to the evils of life, and by his witty maxims, one of which has often been of service to me. It is this: *We should make a jest of life; it is good for nothing else.*

In the town there lived a storekeeper, who was very patriotic and very well read; he possessed a select little library. He suggested, through the medium of a well-educated young non-commissioned officer named Collin, that he should lend me a few volumes of Young.

I was not addicted to musing over my loss of power, my forced absence from the tribune, the refusal to grant me political justice, and the ingratitude of my colleagues and countrymen. I could find similar instances of all these misfortunes in ancient and modern history, since history is not, and never will be, anything but a series of revolutions, of passions and in-

justice; but I was constantly contemplating the French national character, which I may describe as fickle, inattentive, selfish, unfeeling, *independent, but naturally inclined towards servility, and enslaved by civilisation, but possessing an instinctive sense of liberty.*

I meditated, above all, on the dangers besetting those Frenchmen—philanthropists, patriots, upright ministers of state and enlightened representatives of the people—who dared to long for the prosperity of France and to reform its abuses.

With the French nation, it is only necessary to calumniate its useful citizens in order to ruin them for ever. Those Frenchmen of Paris, especially, are of so strange a nature, so reckless, so egotistical, that by means of pamphlets and newspapers they would contrive to ruin and banish in six months *all the great men that Plutarch writes of*, if only nature were sufficiently barbarous and prodigal to waste such men on the French nation.

At Paris, I soliloquised, people notice an individual only in order to injure him; they employ the *tactics of passion.* But when justice is concerned, when it becomes a question of saving a man, they cannot see him. It is a country where they live in a hurry, and where they have not time to be just, humane, upright, or *Frenchmen.*

Some, who look upon themselves as men of genius, consider all persons and things in the mass, and proscribe in detail those whom they dislike or fear on account of their good example and their virtues.

Others take a superficial view of everything, propagating slanders on the word of experts, unaware that they are guilty of a moral murder, which is far

more dangerous than physical assassination, against which a man can guard or defend himself.

Hence the opinions so thoughtlessly expressed on words or on actions which have scarcely been investigated, and which, because they were denounced on one occasion, have been denounced ever since.

Hence those observations, so trifling, so inconsistent, so baneful, on the principles and actions of clever men and good citizens, who only lacked a protector, a corrupter, a busybody or a society dame to defend them against the attacks of that crowded multitude in what is called a metropolis.

Woe unto him who is called upon to clear himself! He is accused, not judged; slandered, not vindicated.

The writers and journalists are to the Parisians what the gladiators were to the Romans; they amuse, they divert the malignity and idleness of their contemporaries. Illustrious men, men of genius, upright statesmen, well-known writers, and patriotic orators are treated in Paris like the wretched prisoners in Rome, who were the destined victims of wild beasts (*damnatos ad belluas*).

Thus hired pamphleteers, stump orators, bribed journalists, ballad-singers, and venal poets, all unite to form a terrible and powerful league, which dominates national thought, corrupts public opinion, regulates passions and votes at its will, and smothers talent, uprightness, patriotism, and virtue, without moderation and without mercy.

In the face of this view of the manners and customs of Paris, how, I daily asked myself in my prison, could I hope to make myself known to the mass of the French nation—by my opinions, my con-

duct, my motives, and my labours on behalf of this ungrateful fatherland, which has rewarded my devotion only by an ignominious exile?

Here was I, in the midst of the ocean, confined on an island, having forfeited all the rights of the social state by having been too zealous in its defence. Here was I, wasting away in a fortress all that remained of a life devoted to my country, worn out by labours undertaken in its defence and on behalf of its legislation, withering under the agony of a deadly and calumnious sentence without even the hope of obtaining adequate compensation during my life-time.

Surely it is not for slander to pass judgment on the conduct of men *condemned* to govern or to represent the nation? Are fate and the future able to avenge them? . . . .

These melancholy reflections long perplexed me in the state prison of Oleron. The reader of these Memoirs will doubtless find these thoughts wearisome and these hopes illusory; but let him remember that in giving vent to them I have lifted a heavy burden from my heart, and that, anticipating the impartiality and consoling justice of posterity, I have put from me all thoughts of my slanderers, and have not felt the pain that my enemies hoped to inflict on me.

March, 1795—State Prison at Oleron—Prison of Saintes.

Confined since the month of March in the fortress of Oleron, I was not allowed to communicate either with the officers and soldiers of the garrison or with outsiders and inhabitants of the town.

Both my colleagues and myself obtained the sanction

of the governor to stroll on the ramparts. I could see the ocean, its navigators and its storms, I could detect the French vessels off the island of Aix, and on the horizon the two famous straits or passages of Mannuisson and Antioche were discernible, where the British frigates might be seen cruising from time to time, threatening or terrifying the inhabitants of the Isle of Oleron.

I was not long permitted to enjoy these advantages. Two young engineer officers, whom I might have taken for reactionists from the almost insolent reception they gave us one day on the ramparts, took upon themselves to remonstrate with Governor Walch on the danger of allowing three members of the Convention to parade the castle batteries and inspect the fortifications and works at leisure. Soon afterwards the governor joined us, and fearing, he said, the complaints of these engineers, he requested us not to wander round the ramparts, but to be satisfied with a midday walk where the troops were drilled. We had to content ourselves with that. Almost every day I alone took advantage of the walk. Two officers were in the habit of meeting us with copies of the *Moniteur* and other newspapers which were in the habit of slandering us daily. These noble officers were indignant at the treatment bestowed on us; but they told us it was the usual practice in Paris to persecute the unfortunate and slander the exiles.

Intelligence of the violent disturbances of the 1st of Prairial soon reached us through the papers, and produced a most sinister effect on our prison treatment. We were more strictly confined than ever in our apartments, and I had neither rest nor exercise, for the Paris

papers exasperated the minds of the citizens of our little colony.

In the midst of these vexations, Providence seemed to come to my aid in the most singular manner. There lived in the town an old boatman, a native of Auch, who had been obliged through ill-health to take the waters at Barèges. He had often heard of me and of my family. On hearing my name mentioned by the inhabitants of the town, and being aware that I was a prisoner in the fortress, he asked permission of Governor Walch to pay me a visit, on the plea that he was a countryman of mine. Fortunately the boatman was the maritime messenger both of the town and of the governor. He conveyed goods and correspondence to La Rochelle every week, bringing back letters and provisions.

I cannot describe my astonishment at seeing this good old man enter my little room in company with a sentinel. The soldier returned to his post at the door of the room, while I conversed with the honest boatman, asking him the cause of his visit. I reproduce his answer, candid and full of devotion:

"I am a native of the department of Gers. For many years I lived at Auch, my native place. Having turned sailor, I married in the island of Oleron, where I settled down in the Castle colony as public boatman or maritime messenger to the inhabitants. I perform the journey to La Rochelle every week. If there is anything you require in that town, I am at your service."

"But," said I, "to what do I owe your kind offers and the interest you seem to be taking in an unfortunate man like myself?"

"You are unhappy, and you are my countryman: that is sufficient. Moreover, on the island they speak well of you; and among the townsfolk you have more friends than you imagine. I have heard from the woman who lives at the citadel gate, your sutler, that you are very badly treated, and that you lack even the bare necessaries of life."

"It is true," I replied, "that the committees of the Convention have issued the *generous* order that we are only to be supplied with the rations allotted to private soldiers—that is to say, a military loaf containing beans and straw. With that they give us water *ad libitum*. Every now and then I ask the sutler for a loaf of her household bread, for which I pay her, as well as a few dozen oysters, with a cup of milk. This additional fare sustains without poisoning me."

"I was aware of all that," replied the Auch boatman, "and I have anticipated your needs. As I am the maritime agent of the garrison and of the commander, I am never searched; so I have brought you, under this large coat, a quartern loaf made of wheat-flour by our housekeeper. My wife also insisted on my bringing you a little stock of this wholesome sea-biscuit, with which I have filled my pockets. Take hold of them, and hide them in a safe place, and I will call twice a week to replenish your little supply. If you wish to write to the *great country*" (for so they named the French mainland at Oleron), "I will take charge of the letters, and will post them at La Rochelle."

I seized the opportunity of writing to my brother, to whom I am strongly attached, and who must have been anxious concerning my fate. I also wrote to a

cousin of the same name, who was a naval lieutenant at Rochefort. I thanked the old messenger heartily; and I was looking forward to his return even before he had quitted the apartment — so great was the consolation and hope inspired by his kindness and devotion.

But, in a moment, events had changed strangely around me. Secret and urgent orders had reached Rochefort commanding the authorities to prepare a vessel that should convey my colleagues to Guiana. These orders were executed with a promptitude that scarcely left me time to shake hands with my companions, who were greatly surprised at my being left alone on the island, instead of being transported like themselves.

"I fancy you have friends in the Convention," said Collot d'Herbois, "and that this measure does not affect you."

I was unable to realise the possibility of the pretended friendship of those members of the Convention who were so terribly reactionary that the fierce government of the three Venetian inquisitors would have passed, compared with theirs, for an angelic administration.

Now that I was alone in the fortress of Oleron, abandoned to the most painful solitude, I passed the weary hours in reading and praying to Providence, the only support of the unfortunate and of persecuted innocence.

The young non-commissioned officer named Collin, whom I have already mentioned, was as good as his word. He passed many weary evenings with me. He brought me some books and some bread; he even

offered me his savings. I thanked him, and begged him to bring me a packet of opium, for I was unable to sleep. He promised to come again shortly; but three days elapsed before he made his appearance. I was at a loss to understand the cause of this absence—which appeared doubly long to a lonely prisoner. When he returned, he pleaded military service, and said that he had been unable to go into town to the chemist's. I cross-examined him, and he owned that he had not been allowed to leave the castle. Another incident put an end to his visits and my demands.

The governor came to me in the early days of the month of Prairial. He told me that a bailiff from Saintes and four gendarmes had arrived from Marennes, with orders from the Convention and the criminal court of Saintes to transfer me to the prisons of that town. An hour after his visit, the bailiff and four gendarmes came to fetch me and conduct me to the criminal prison of Saintes. They led me through the dark and infectious subterranean passages of the castle, which communicated by a little door with the sea itself. I stepped into a boat with my two armed guides, and, after an hour's laborious voyage through a stormy sea, we set foot on the *great country*. But my heart was calm, and my guardians could not forbear displaying some interest in me.

No sooner had we reached the shore than I was compelled to trudge on foot between the gendarmes for six miles, as far as the town of Marennes, whose lofty square tower, built they say by the English, we could distinguish in the distance. On entering Marennes with this retinue of men-at-arms and a bailiff, I saw the inhabitants assemble in a moment and surround me,

without, however, manifesting any hostility or uttering any offensive words.

I took supper with my melancholy attendants. I had to wait until the morrow for the quietude of the cell, which I prefer to that stir and excitement arising from public curiosity which surround accused men and prisoners. During my repose the bailiff was fetching a dilapidated coach, such as you may find in little country towns, to transfer me more speedily to Saintes: I was no longer able to travel on foot.

By 5 a.m. the inquisitive folk of Marennes were assembling round the inn and pressing round the coach while I was leaving with the bailiff of the criminal court and four gendarmes. I reached Saintes in the evening, where I was once more the object of public curiosity; finally I entered the gloomy porch of the old abbey, in the suburb of Saintes, which had been converted into a prison. I was conducted into the room occupied by the jailer, M. Fédy, a most estimable man, full of compassion for the unfortunate prisoners. He took me under his especial care and escorted me to his room, a large apartment containing three beds, and inhabited by his wife and three young children. I took my meals with him, and I felt in far greater safety, both as regards my life and my food. I have no words to express my admiration of the honourable conduct, alike temperate and sympathetic, of this excellent guardian, who did all that his duty would allow him to do to mitigate the disadvantages of solitude and captivity. I prevailed upon him to take charge of the few articles I possessed: my watch, a little jewellery, a box full of gold, some linen, and some clothes. Thus several months elapsed until the 5th of Brumaire, year

III, the period of my release, which I shall relate later on.

During the first days of my captivity at Saintes, the royalists endeavoured to harass me by causing the most sinister, perfidious, and horrible rumours to reach my ears. They then sent me Perlet's paper, whose journal was at that time the most violent organ of the reaction, and who dreamed of nothing else but tortures and vengeance. I read them and returned them with indifference, which seemed to disappoint these gentlemen. Then they stationed at the door of my room the son of a bailiff of Saintes, who had a fine voice, but who made use of it by singing to me for an hour every morning the "Réveil du peuple," recited rather than sung with enthusiastic violence and frenzy. He soon tired of singing his "Réveil," and I was beginning to revel in a period of tranquillity, when the municipal officers came to inform me that, being answerable for my safe custody, they could not permit me to wander about the prison garden, nor in a long dormitory of the old convent which gives access to the beautiful fields of Saintonge. Thus my promenades were suppressed just as they had been on the island of Oleron.

I could not, however, dispense with exercise, and I felt an intense longing to find some diversion from the mournful and heavy singing of the prisoners, from the clatter of the chains and bolts, and from the lamentations of the numerous unfortunate wretches who filled the prison of Saintes, on account of the frequent arrivals of convicts on their way to penal servitude at Rochefort. I therefore begged the door-keeper, M. Fédy, to speak on my behalf to those municipal

officers who would be most likely to take upon themselves the responsibility of acceding to my requests. He found two of exceptional courtesy, who consented to leave their work and trade to accompany me during my short walks up and down the prison dormitory. May they one day discover here the expression of my sincerest gratitude! Their constant complaisance enabled me for several months to forget my disagreeable position; and my health, which had broken down completely through the diet to which I was subjected at Oleron, was somewhat restored.

About this time I had the extreme pleasure of seeing and embracing my brother, whom I have always loved exceedingly, and who reminds me so forcibly of the features of my beloved father. Jean Pierre had risked his life in the violent and atrocious reactions at Bordeaux in order to reach me. He had been protected by the courage of General Darnaud, of Bagnères, who was in command there. Two brothers who meet again, two friends who find one another after long misery and a long absence, experience such a sensation of happiness that the most horrible prisons are immediately transformed into sumptuous palaces. My heart leapt with joy as I embraced Jean Pierre; our tears mingled with our caresses, and for a moment I forgot that I was the victim of the reactionary despotism of the Convention on which I had lavished my life and my untiring labours night and day.

While I was in prison, M. Prunier, the representative of the department of La Charente, came to probe public opinion. As there was a large number of patriots at Saintes, he found that the

reactionists of the Convention would not easily discover there any vile and barbarous instruments of their injustice and their revenge. But far more dangerous than the representatives *en tour* were the secret agents of England, who subsidised the reaction at Paris, and at the same time reorganised the popular movements directed against the Convention. They had despatched emissaries throughout the different departments of France where victims were needed for the *British government*. Two of these agents had reached Saintes in order to arouse the calumny and the complaints of the public against me, and to excite them to a riot in the prison or to an iniquitous trial before the criminal tribunal.

This British plot was unravelled thus: My brother was lodging at the principal inn in the town, where the *table d'hôte* was well attended. One day the two English commissaries made their appearance and mixed with the guests; they were not acquainted with my brother, and they were not aware that there was anyone at table who could take my part. The two Englishmen, one of whom was professor of his language at the naval school at Rochefort, introduced my case into the conversation. They were astonished that I had not been tried and condemned long ago; they repeated all the lies and slanders that the Parisian papers had published for the last three months. At last these two delegates with their English jargon succeeded in disgusting the guests. The barbarous animosity and cruel stubbornness which characterise British spies and agents scattered in all lands is known to everyone. My brother was the first to make an attack on them, telling them that for

strangers they took a remarkably keen interest in affairs which only concerned Frenchmen, and that they seemed to be only the echoes of factions or the agents of their government. That had the effect of thwarting them in their efforts to influence public opinion at Saintes. They took courage, however, on finding that only one of the guests took my part, and sheltered themselves behind political gossip and the rumours circulated by the papers. Instantly, a worthy man, noted for his enlightenment, his probity, and his wise and disinterested patriotism, the attorney-general of the department, who was in the habit of dining there, questioned the two Englishmen as to their official capacity, and enquired what interest they could possibly take in the sentence of a prisoner of the Convention — a prisoner who had nought in common with either them or their government. He advised them in his capacity of first magistrate of the department to hold their tongues, and not to sow the seed of slander and cause bitter recriminations in a peaceful country; and he told them that he should write to the authorities at Rochefort and to the naval commanders, advising them to enquire into the principles and conduct of the English professor and the agent who accompanied him.

They were not slow to leave Saintes, and this sudden departure enlightened most of the citizens, who were now convinced of the intrigues which the reactionists of Paris and the agents from London were fomenting in order to ruin the most patriotic citizens of France.

Among the authorities of the district, there was an excellent man named Eutrope Vanderkand, a descendant

of a Dutch family, who had taken refuge in France and for some time had been established in a market town near Saintes. The Vanderkand family were very patriotic; one of the brothers, the eldest of the family, a retired professor of classics, was very learned, and deserved, on account of his intellectual eminence and his patriotic courage, to rank as a citizen of Athens or of Rome. The two brothers obtained permission to visit me; the elder was living in the precincts of the abbey-prison. I received from them all the sympathy that a miserable patriot can require; they offered me money, clothes, and every description of assistance. They lent me a complete file of the *Moniteur*, which helped me considerably to write *a statement of my political and civil conduct in the Constituent Assembly and in the National Convention to my constituents.*

I entrusted to my brother as much of this statement as I was able to compose whilst in prison; I had no time to complete it.

I had several times requested the committees of the Convention to send my impeachment to the criminal tribunal at Saintes, as the charge against me could be more easily proved in calumnious and bribed journals than in a just and impartial tribunal. But I received no reply from the committees. I applied to the president of the Criminal Court, who had been my colleague in the Constituent Assembly (M. le Mercier), asking *him* to write to the two government committees. He was so coldly indifferent to my position that he did not even answer me, and I languished until the end of the National Convention, without a copy of my indictment, with-

out any answer to my appeal, without influence, and without justice.

My brother was obliged to leave me, and it seemed to me that I should never again see that brave and beloved brother. I embraced him with tears, and I once more put my trust in the only hope of the unfortunate, *Providence*.

My confidence was not misplaced. One day, as I was indulging in the saddest of reflections on the iniquity of mankind and the impotence of the innocent, several officers entered the prison, followed by soldiers carrying a flag, which was almost in rags. The doorkeeper hastened to inform me that *this was the battalion of the Hautes-Pyrénées, who, on their way to join the army of the Pyrénées-Occidentales in La Vendée, were desirous of rendering me homage, although I was an outlaw, and of saluting me with the same flag which I had given them at Tarbes in 1792*, and which they had religiously preserved amid the most stubborn battles against the Spaniards.

The commanding officer of the battalion was a friend of the captain, M. Marausin, of Lourdes, who has since earned the rank of general officer by his brilliant bravery.

I answered these brave fellows enthusiastically.

The officers offered to release me and take me with them, but I rejected their proposals.

After the visit of these valiant Pyreneans they wrote to me from Paris, to the effect that I was about to be recalled to the Convention, and in the hope of obtaining this hitherto unexpected favour I drew up the following note:

"A decree issued during the political disturb-

ances banished me on the 12th of Germinal, year III. (1795); another decree dated the following 5th of Prairial has impeached me.

"I am transferred from a citadel to a prison. I was in the midst of a military garrison; I am now among men convicted of crime or accused of theft.

"*I am not placed on my trial, and it is reported that I am to be recalled into the midst of the most illustrious assembly in the universe.*

"They hold out a hope of an early release. Ah! in my heart I feel that I can again serve my country; and without being so proud as to compare myself with the famous men of antiquity, could I not cite the example of the Greeks and Romans? Aristides was branded with ostracism, and the Athenians were not afraid to recall him and to atone for their injustice.

"Camillus was exiled: Camillus was also recalled that he might save Rome from the attacks of the Gauls; and he saved Rome.

"Cicero was exiled and recalled, and a medal represents him to his countrymen as the father of his country. I am myself but a child of France; but I, too, have a country to love, to serve, and to defend. Why can I not at this moment, while the perfidious English are threatening a dangerous descent on the coasts of Brittany—why can I not return to that tribune whence I denounced to the whole world the crimes of the British government? Furious at seeing the French Republic on the point of accepting a wise constitution and receiving the blessings of peace, the riches of an abundant harvest, and new financial schemes, they are endea-

vouring to give France another blow; to its people, trouble and famine; to liberty, convulsions; to equality, innumerable enemies; and to the rebels of La Vendée, auxiliaries, supplies, and murderous weapons.

"Ah! why can I not, from the platform of the Assembly, urge on once more the brave defenders of their country against these cowardly royalists from London? Are we less generous, less upright than the republics of old? And is it just to disgrace and annihilate in a dungeon a citizen, a representative who might yet be useful, and who was always faithful to France and to liberty?"[1]

No sooner had the 13th of Vendémiaire inaugurated a kind of triumph among a few patriots of the Convention, than the intriguers and reactionists hastened to rob me of the advantages which the imprisoned patriots had just obtained from that day's work. M. de Fermon made haste to propose, on the following day, that instead of allowing me a trial, as the Convention had ordered in a decree of the early days of Prairial, they should retract this, and return to the preceding writ of transportation of the 12th of Germinal. This new species of justice, which at one time refuses a legal trial and at another revives an arbitrary sentence of transportation, found partisans in this Convention, which for some time had appeared to possess no knowledge whatever of right or wrong.

The passions of the reaction had hardened every heart and deafened every ear to the cries of the

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[1] Prison of Saintes, 18th of Messidor, year III.

wretched, and against any appeal to morality and justice.

A new decree accordingly ordered my transportation. I heard of it in my prison; and that very day I was visited by three brave friends who had left Bordeaux on learning this fresh act of oppression and tyranny, which rendered them so indignant that they resolved to come and rescue me from this cruel proscription.

These were my cousin Hector Barère, the naval superintendent at Bordeaux, a merchant, and a young man twenty years of age, named F——, who arrived at Saintes by forced journeys. The third left his horse at my disposal at the inn of Saintes; my cousin and my friend, both well mounted, awaited the moment when it would be possible for me to elude the vigilance of the guards.

My cousin, who had a heart of fire and the courage of a lion, at first proposed to take me out with him, either forcibly or in disguise. I was opposed to any idea of escape so long as I was supposed to be at my post. In spite of the evident injustice which detained me in prison, I required that my liberators should leave me in confinement until the 5th of Brumaire, year III., the date fixed for the dissolution of the Convention. On the day when this assembly ended its session I was no longer a representative; I resumed my natural rights, and I was entitled to regain my liberty by all the means in my power.

My two friends disapproved of this resolution, and feared that the least delay would produce fatal consequences.

The next day (it was during the first four days of Brumaire, year III.) my cousin Hector returned to the attack, bringing me, concealed under his coat, a long rope-ladder to enable me to escape over the garden walls, or from the end of the dormitory of which I have already spoken; but the garden was distant, and the dormitory was closed.

I postponed my flight till the night of the 4th, and MM. Vanderkand — those faithful friends — arranged, with as much skill as discretion, my exit by the cloister and garden of the convent, which was situated in front of their house.

M. Vanderkand senior came and warned me, at eight o'clock in the evening, to hold myself in readiness to leave at half-past ten, as soon as a signal should be given, while the porter's family thought I had gone to bed as usual.

During this time, M. Vanderkand junior, the administrator of the district, had hired some of those fishing-boats which are on the Charente in front of the village of Colcouvré, where his family lived.

The elder Vanderkand supplied me at Saintes with the means of leaving the precincts of the prison; and the younger awaited me, disguised as a boatman, with two of his friends, to conduct me across the Charente. On the opposite bank three horses were waiting for us. At about eleven o'clock I heard the signal given by a worthy man whose name, although I am not at liberty to mention it, is written in my heart. I followed him, and reached the garden, where M. Vanderkand senior came and opened a gate for me which led into the fields. My cousin Hector and my good friend M. Vanderkand were

stationed there; they took me with them, and we passed rapidly over the spacious meadow which connects the town with the Charente. M. Vanderkand junior embraced me, and led me on board his boat. His countenance appeared full of joy. I embraced him again, and we mounted our horses.

Travelling all night, we passed through that part of Saintonge which leads into the defiles of Jonzac, and afterwards into the woods and moors in the neighbourhood of the town of Montendre.

We rested for half an hour in a beautiful valley before arriving at Jonzac; there we turned aside a few paces from the high road to enable our horses, which had been galloping all night, to feed on some oats. Stationed behind a long hedge, at five o'clock in the morning we heard on all sides the cries of the ploughmen encouraging their oxen to labour. Accustomed as I was to the perfect stillness of the prison which I had just left, I was almost frightened at these cries, which resounded through every field.

We remounted, and directed our course towards the woods and moors of Montendre. We arrived at a village inn in the evening, travelling across fields, the night being cloudy. On dismounting I was taken ill, and was carried to bed. I believe that the fatigue of travelling almost continuously for twenty-four hours contributed to this swoon as much as the pleasure of finding a refuge and rest after so much anxiety, so long a captivity, and so many dangers.

Never in my life did I spend a more peaceful and happy night. It was the first time for eight months that I had not slept in prison, and that I had

breathed freely. I seemed to be beginning life again.

At five o'clock in the morning my two friends left their horses at this inn and guided me for about a league to the neighbourhood of the small town of Pont, situated on the banks of the Dordogne, at the entrance of the Bec d'Ambez. My two friends left me alone on the road. I saw them return shortly after with an inhabitant of Pont, who was a cousin of M. Vanderkand, and who said to me kindly, "I am going to take you to a country house of which I am the tenant, and where you will be well received by my partner."

We all four made for a somewhat lofty hill to the south of the town of Pont, and by short cuts we arrived, at eight o'clock in the morning, at an old mansion situated in the midst of an immense enclosure of vineyards. Here we were very cordially received.

It was with deep regret that I saw my two friends, my two liberators, leave me. I was as it were abandoned to my destiny, and exposed to the pursuit of the police of the Charente-Inférieure and the neighbouring districts.

The good farmer installed me in the great hall of the mansion, which was decorated with hangings of gilded leather and furnished with an immense bed covered with damask stuffs dating at least from the time of Francis I. or Henry II.

Being somewhat restored after my fatigue by a few hours' sleep, I went and dined in the building where the farmer lived. He had an only daughter, who cooked for him, and some male servants to attend to the vines and the cellar of the mansion.

I gave the farmer some notes, in order to purchase a supply of meat and wine in the neighbouring town.

His partner, M. Vanderkand's cousin, watched over me, kept an eye on the movements of the police at Pont, and sent me the letters which M. Vanderkand and Hector wrote to me from Bordeaux, to inform me of the state of public feeling and the degree of safety that I might find in that town as soon as I should be compelled to leave my asylum.

I had in my pocket some volumes of Voltaire and the old moralists; the first served to divert me, the second to give me that firmness of soul and that steadfastness of disposition that are necessary to endure misfortune and exile.

But sometimes I was tired of reading and thinking. I resolved to take one of the farmer's guns and roam about the vineyards and woods for half the day. I went home only for meals, and waited till night before finally returning to the house.

One evening, when I was reading, leaning against some vine-stalks, I heard someone approaching me who was talking to himself, uttering insults and threats in a loud tone. I listened, and I saw, fifty yards off, a man forty-five years of age, dressed in black, bald and bare-headed, with a stick in his hand, walking with hurried steps along a small road dug out between the vineyards. He was walking unsteadily, and was talking like a madman. I did not know what to think of this awkward encounter. I determined not to stir from my place, and, in fact, this man, who was talking and gesticulating to himself, passed a few paces from me without seeing me. I had very soon lost sight of him in the midst of

the bushy vineyards which cover this slope. When I returned in the evening to the farmer's house, my first care was to speak to him about this man.

"He is a madman from the neighbouring village," he told me coolly. "He walks like that all day, from one village to another; but he does no harm to anyone."

"He has lost his reason," I said to myself; "he is much more fortunate than I, whose reason is employed in reflecting on the injustice of men, and who am conscious of all the harm they can do their fellow-creatures."

At the end of a fortnight the place was intolerable to me. I was utterly tired of it; but what was still more to the purpose was the fact that the Pont police had received from Saintes a description of my person and an order for my arrest.

The farmer's partner, my friend Vanderkand's cousin, who lived at Pont, had informed him. He hastened to write to me that on the morrow, at about six o'clock in the evening, he would send me a sailor to take me on board a boat which he had chartered for one hundred crowns (in notes).

In fact, on the morrow I was ready to leave, and to venture on any voyage that would bring me to the harbour of Bordeaux during the night.

I entrusted this sailor with the few possessions I had packed in a small portmanteau, and I took leave of my worthy host with regret. Before starting I asked him to whom this abandoned country-seat belonged, and by what name it was known. It was, he informed me, the mansion and estate of Madame de Campistron of Maniban, whose son was

president of the Parliament of Toulouse. "That name is known to me," I said to him; "I once rendered a service to the master of this mansion. An act of kindness is never thrown away, then."

With these words I embraced my host. I repaid him the expenses he had incurred on my behalf during the fortnight, and I promised to prove my gratitude to him as soon as I could.

I now found myself in company with an unknown sailor, traversing the fields, and arriving at nightfall on the borders of that great basin called the Bec d'Ambez.

The ground is very high there; the river was shallow, and we were obliged to climb down over the rocks in order to reach the boat. There another sailor was waiting for me. They were both accustomed to receive and convey unfortunate emigrants. They thought that I was one of that class of exiles, and they overwhelmed me with respect.

We started. The sea was smooth, but we did not make progress, in spite of the efforts of the two rowers. Feeling anxious about our slow progress, I asked how long it would take to reach Bordeaux.

"You must have patience," said the steersman to me; "we shall arrive about nine or ten o'clock. In half an hour we shall have a breeze and high tide."

He was not mistaken. After tacking, without avail, to escape the current of the Dordogne and to reach the other side of the course of the Garonne, we were carried forward by the waves of the rising tide.

The night became very dark, the north wind blew

fresh, and under full sail we went up the river with such rapidity that I approached the steersman in order to ask him if there were no danger in going up so quickly.

"Leave it to us, that is our affair; meanwhile, do you wish us to drink your health?"

These two men were taking a real interest in me.

"We are answerable for you," they said to me, "and we have promised to convey you this evening to an address which has been given to us."

In a moment we had run aground on a sandbank about the middle of the river. It cost us half an hour's effort to extricate ourselves from this sandbank, in which our boat stuck tightly.

Fortunately, during this time an American vessel chanced to be passing and helped us a little, so we started again, sailing before the wind for Bordeaux.

Imagine my delight on seeing in the distance street-lamps of Bacalan and the vessels lying off the fine quay of the Chartrous!

At last we landed near a guard-house lit up by a street-lamp. I was alarmed at this, and I asked the sailors if they could not row further up. "Do not be afraid," they replied.

We passed within ten yards of the sentinel; it was ten o'clock at night. He said nothing to us, and I turned down the second street to the house of M. Fad——, my friend, who was expecting me, together with M. F—— and his wife, who were staying in this house.

I supped, related part of my sad adventures, and went to bed, because at four o'clock in the morning I was to leave this house and go to that of

one of my cousins, who lived on the road to Tourny. The night after I was to take refuge in the house of a friend who was reserving a safe retreat for me which was almost impenetrable to all the scrutiny of the reactionary passions of that time.

And so I was aroused at four o'clock in the morning, and went and spent the day at the house of my cousin, Hector Barère, whose wife had been waiting for me since midnight. She had sat up till daylight. I remained there the whole day.

At night I went to the district of Sainte-Croix, where a generous friend, together with his family, was awaiting me, with unexampled interest and devotion.

I do not believe that there can be in existence people so courageous and so generous as M. Jacques Fonade, a merchant at Bordeaux, of the Rue Sainte-Croix, his family and his relatives. M. Fonade forgot his own dangers, risked his own safety and his mercantile credit, and bestowed on me, out of friendship and consideration for misfortune, a prudent, noble, gratuitous hospitality, without hope of a better future either for me, for himself, or for his family.

And this hospitality was accompanied by inviolable and unanimous secrecy for a period of five years by his relatives, clerks, and servants. *Ubi inveniemus parem?* [1] On entering the beautiful house of Jacques Fonade, merchant, I thought I was entering Paradise. I was radiant with hope and confidence, feelings to which I had been a stranger for nearly a year.

I slept soundly; it seemed to me that I was un-

[1] Where shall we find his equal?

known to the entire universe, and that the injustice of men could no longer affect me. I spent five consecutive years there, although certain vexatious incidents occurred from time to time to disturb the rest which I enjoyed. I will relate them in the sequel.

But now I think only of the happiness which I experienced in this secure refuge—a five years' happiness which was so genuine and so thoroughly realised that, since that period, although legally restored to liberty and enjoying all my civil and political rights, I have bitterly regretted that time of peace and retirement. There I no longer felt the injuries which my cruel enemies unceasingly inflicted upon me. I was far from the journalists and the paid slanderers who had calumniated me to such an extent. Alas! yes. At this very moment I bitterly regret that period during which I was concealed and friendship sheltered me from injustice and calumny.

I was happy because I was unknown; I was at peace because I was innocent; and I was conscious of all the energy and all the elevation of my soul because I was unjustly persecuted for having courageously defended the rights of man and the liberty of my country.

Oh! my fellow citizens, may my example and my misfortunes serve as a lesson to you! In France, there are only dangers and persecutions for those who defend their country.

January, 1796.

I never read and reflected so much as during the six years of my exile. Misfortune is always useful

to the soul, to the mind, and to thought; misfortune inclines one to reflection and "ploughs the intellect."

The first two works which fell into my hands were the "Voyage du jeune Anacharsis," by the Abbé Barthélemy, and the "Complete Works of Montesquieu." I had taken refuge in the country of this last philosophical and political writer; I thought therefore that I ought to give him the preference. I made an abstract of his book. I endeavoured to definitely grasp the spirit of his profound and enigmatical work on the laws; I read his "Dialogue between Sulla and Eucrates" several times; and more often still I returned to the perusal of the "Greatness and Decline of the Romans." The thought occurred to me to depict Montesquieu from his own works, and to disentangle the thread of his political conceptions, a thread which he had been obliged to conceal and disguise in a thousand ways in his "Spirit of the Laws," because he wrote under the absolute power of Louis XV., as Tacitus wrote under the despotism of Domitian.

When I had composed this work, entitled "Montesquieu Depicted from his Works," I waited until a favourable opportunity should present itself for publishing it.

Already, in the year IV. (1796), the Directory was rioting in dubious, violent, unconstitutional, and arbitrary acts. I foresaw that the dissensions which were arising in the two councils would bring on some political crisis which might render the publication of my little work on Montesquieu peculiarly appropriate.

Not until the year V. (1797) did the storm gather round this Directory, which had displayed such lack

of vigour, union, and foresight, which had acquired no experience from the Revolution, and which had inherited from the reactions a legacy of vengeance and machiavelism which was certain to produce its eventual downfall.

The Executive Directory, 1796 and 1797.

This government of the Five was too weak and too ignorant to secure the confidence of the nation. It suited none of the parties, either of the Revolution or of the counter-revolution.

This spurious and suspicious constitutionalism produced a "see-saw" government which on one day aimed blows at the republicans whom it disliked, and on the next at the royalists whom it dreaded. No politician ventured to face the present, and still less to forecast the future.

The Directory endeavoured at first to deceive the republicans by vain promises; it attracted the ambitious, and purchased the support of the venal by offices and lucrative appointments. Its plans of corruption extended even to the royalists; but its principal aim was to sow dissension among the chiefs of the different parties engaged in the civil war in the West, in order to disarm them by promises of peace and safety. Soon these jealousies broke out and were not long in bearing fruit, especially among the men who had been trained in the war and had already acquired some military reputation. The commanders and officers of the armies of the North and of the Sambre and Meuse saw with envy that most of the honours and rewards were assigned to the army of Italy, and they viewed with suspicion the privileges

granted to its commander-in-chief. Every ambition was aroused, and after having effected one "18th of Fructidor" they were meditating a second.

In the month of January, 1797 (year V.), I had written a few chapters on the Directorial and Constitutional Government. I showed them to M. Isaac Tarteyron, a friend of mine, whose learning and wisdom were capable of guiding me in the publication of these chapters. He drew up some remarks on the subject, and even made a few corrections in the manuscript, which I had entitled "A Sketch of the Republican Government." The time fixed for the elections was drawing near. In the month of March my sad position would probably be altered by the force of public opinion, and the Directory would be compelled to put an end to the persecutions which I was suffering. I sent two manuscripts of this work to Switzerland and to Tarbes. It was printed in two editions, which were circulated in France very rapidly and successfully, in spite of the fact that the author was still proscribed.

As to the manuscript of "Montesquieu Depicted from his Works," I sent it to one of my friends at Toulouse, M. Veirieu, a celebrated lawyer, then attorney-general of the department of the Haute-Garonne. Only those who know the devotion of which real friendship is capable can form any idea of the zeal and careful attention which my friend Veirieu expended upon the printing and publication of this work. It was so successful at Toulouse that shortly afterwards the assembled electors had determined unanimously to elect me a member of the Council of Five Hundred, when they were informed

that I was about to be chosen by my own department, that of the Hautes-Pyrénées.

I was none the less flattered by the votes so freely offered to me by my former fellow-students and barristers at Toulouse, as well as by the energetic inhabitants and electors of the Haute-Garonne in the cantons of Saint-Martory and Saint-Gaudens.

Dwellers on mountains always possess the strongest wills, and display the greatest freedom and independence in their opinions and votes. I was accordingly elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. I was chosen first by the electoral assembly which was held at Tarbes, in spite of the intrigues of some self-styled nobles and several royalists. The executive agents of the Directory were as powerless to prevent my nomination as were the obscure intrigues of a certain lawyer named Péré d'Arcibal. This man owed his position to my father, and displayed his gratitude by unceasingly persecuting the son of his benefactor.

The same M. Péré has since become a member of the Council of Elders. On the 18th of Brumaire he joined in calling Bonaparte to power, and afterwards, as a senator, he reaped the reward of his baseness for fifteen years in the shape of a senatorial salary of 36,000 francs, while he surrendered to the First Consul as well as to the Emperor our liberties and rights, in addition to voting heavy contributions of his country's blood and treasure. He subsequently signed the act of Napoleon's deposition, in order to become a peer of France under Louis XVIII.

Germinal, Year V. (1797)—The Electoral Assembly announces my Election to the Council of Five Hundred, although I had been transported on the 12th of Germinal, Year III.

I was to enter the Council of Five Hundred, and M. Péré the Council of the Elders. But it was my fate to be traduced, slandered, persecuted, and driven from office.

I was still concealed in my friend F——'s retreat at Bordeaux, when another friend of my family came post-haste to bring me the news of my election, which he considered to be practically equivalent to an amnesty as far as I was concerned. It would have been so in England and in the United States, where correct ideas prevail as to the sovereignty of the people, the power of the electors, and the rights of national representation.

But although the noble and touching testimony of confidence which I had just received from my dear fellow-citizens in the Pyrenees caused me extreme joy, and affected me even to tears, yet I placed no confidence in the Council of Five Hundred, which numbered among its members that same General Pichegru who had pronounced my sentence of transportation, Camille Jordan, Dumolard, and several members of the Convention who were brimful of hatred and vengeance. I therefore considered it wiser to remain in retirement, more secluded than ever.

I awaited the result of the first session of the councils, in the month of Floréal, year V. My presentiments were fully justified. Pichegru, who was at the head of the royalist faction, was elected presi-

dent. My nomination was first submitted to the scrutiny of this "Vendean" tribunal, and I was marked out as the earliest victim to be sacrificed to its fanaticism.

On this occasion some old members of the Convention were conspicuous for their bitterness against their former victim of the days of Germinal, but I was much astonished at the denunciations and calumnies of the Frérons and Talliens, and especially at the virulence of a new deputy to whom I must have been entirely unknown, but who undoubtedly aspired to make a reputation for himself by attacking an absent exile.

This deputy was M. Dumolard, whom since then I have seen defending public liberty ably and courageously, at the end of the year 1814, and whose intimate acquaintance I had the pleasure of making in 1815, in spite of his former invectives against me. I was then his colleague in the House of Representatives, and I was absolutely certain either that he had changed his opinion respecting me, or that time, the healer of all wounds, had also healed his prejudices and political antipathies.

Be that as it may, I was sacrificed, in the month of Floréal, year V., to the royalist faction, which secretly dominated the two councils, and only awaited a favourable moment to declare itself openly. I was then relieved of my legislative duties, to which indeed I clung only through deep and lively gratitude to my countrymen.

Already, on three previous occasions, they had honoured me with their unanimous votes. In 1789 they had elected me a member of the States-General

(Constituent Assembly); in 1791 I was placed, by election, among the judges of the High Court of Appeal, and in 1792 I was chosen a member of the National Convention. My fellow-citizens had assigned me a terrible and fatal mission in 1792; therefore in 1797 they wished to save me from the frightful calamities entailed upon me by the mandate which my country had entrusted to me.

As soon as M. Isaac Tarteyron heard that my election had been annulled, he made secret arrangements for securing me a passage to the United States of America. He procured, without my knowledge, passports from the Bordeaux police, in which I was described, under an assumed name, as a merchant who was going to Baltimore.

Provided with these documents, and with the written promise of the captain of the American ship, M. Isaac Tarteyron came to see me in my retreat. He had himself been concealed in the same house for eleven months, when he was outlawed by the National Convention. After several very prudent, but also very friendly, remarks on the risks I was incurring in France, where my enemies appeared bent on destroying me, he advised me to go to the United States, where I should be more fortunate. "I have invested," said he, "thirty-six thousand francs on your behalf, in America, to assist you during the early years of your stay. I will attend to your further wants from here, and you will write to me regularly. The captain of the ship will take care of you; there is no time to lose; he starts in a fortnight." These affecting attentions, dictated by such courageous friendship, brought tears to my eyes.

I embraced this generous friend; then, recovering my courage, I said to him: "Your offers are very noble, and perhaps prudence demands that I should accept them; but above all things I love France. I have always sacrificed myself for my country, and I will not leave her now. I would rather die in France than live in America. On a foreign soil, vexation and regret would kill me. France or death: that is my last word."

M. Tarteyron was silent.

As soon as I learnt from the newspapers that my election had been officially annulled, I wrote an address to my fellow-citizens to congratulate them on the courage they had displayed in electing me in defiance of so many cruel reactionary passions. I thanked them for honouring me with their votes; then I silently awaited the slow but inevitable return of justice and truth.

My retirement was disturbed for several consecutive months by the denunciations and slanders of such journals as the *Thé*, the *Quotidienne*, the *Miroir*, and numerous other periodicals of that time. Even Rœderer, my former colleague in the Constituent Assembly, thought it his duty to crush me. I determined to bear all these attacks in silence, contenting myself with writing two or three letters to my former colleague in the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety, M. Carnot, who was then a Director, and whom I credited with some influence in the government of the Directory, although it was shared with such men as Barras, Rewbel, and Larévellière-Lépaux.

In these letters, which were handed to him by Mer——, I ventured to express some ideas on Euro-

pean politics, and on the authority of the Directory. But as men are quite different either when they are obliged to exercise authority or are intoxicated with power, M. Carnot displayed such slight interest in my letters, and in their bearer, that his attitude towards them may perhaps be more correctly described as one of frigid unconcern.

On reading Mer——'s account of the interview, I determined never again to appeal to these earthly gods, who remember neither the unfortunate nor those who were formerly their colleagues. From this time my correspondence with the Director Carnot ceased; he either could, or would, do nothing for me, he forgot me altogether, and himself disappeared soon afterwards from this disunited, ill-matched, and utterly incapable Directory.

The 18th of Fructidor put a violent end to the struggle which had arisen during the last three months between the royalist party and the republicanism of the Directory. This Palace revolution crushed the liberty of the press, prevented the royalists from achieving the successes which they were anticipating, and hurried the Directory into those arbitrary measures which were to end in its downfall.

I was simple enough to think that this triumph of the government would be advantageous to the oppressed patriots. The wretched love to deceive themselves with illusions.

Carnot and Barthélemy, the directors who composed the minority, had disappeared and taken refuge in Switzerland, so much confidence did they place in the well-known justice of MM. Barras, Rewbel, and Larévellière-Lépaux.

I was warned that I should be sought for and pursued with rather more rancour than before, owing to the influence of the two newly-elected directors, Merlin and Treilhard, who were quite as bitter as the other three reactionaries, their attached colleagues.

I was thus obliged to conceal myself for another year.

I returned to my beloved books, and the "Voyage du jeune Anacharsis" sent me into delightful banishment among the ancient Greek Republics, the worst of which was better than the Republic of France and the liberty of the Directory.

Elections of the Year V.

In the year V. fresh elections placed my brother, J. P. Barère, in the Council of Five Hundred. I rejoiced to see him take his seat among those very representatives who had so scandalously rejected me. But he bore my name; and although he had never taken any part in the Revolution, nor discharged any public duties whatever, he was included in the proscription of the newly-elected national representatives.

The Directory, which had elaborated a treacherous system of promoting disunion in the electoral assemblies, would admit to these only its confederates.

It carried despotism so far as to send a message to the two councils, denouncing the exiles (at the time we called this "floréalising"); and Merlin, who drew up this message, filled it with slanders, incorrect statements, and such ridiculous fancies, that it became proverbial "to be like a message from the Directory."

In this message, one singular statement, as false

as all the rest, related to me. It was asserted that "Barère presided over the club called the 'Grande-Quille,' at Bordeaux, and regulated the elections of the Gironde." Never before had such a falsehood been concocted, even by the reactionaries of Bordeaux. It was reserved for the vivid and shameless imagination of the writers of the Directory to accuse an exile in this way who was concealing himself from the eyes of everyone, whose existence was entirely ignored at Bordeaux, and whose place of refuge was known only to a very small number of faithful friends.

The falsehood of this message was ridiculed at Bordeaux, but the government was none the less successful in producing the desired effect on Parisian public opinion and on the two councils. Paris does not desire the truth, she craves only for effect. Besides, governments have always displayed a great distaste for justice, and a profound aversion to virtue.

Therefore, after the elections had been despotically regulated by virtue of the "Merlin message," stringent orders were given to search for me, both at Bordeaux and in the forest of Boisse, which belonged to the family of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld — everywhere, in short, where I was supposed to have taken refuge.

A personal description of me was circulated at Boisse; it was in the handwriting of one of the Directors, and V——, a friend of mine, who knew the writing, ascertained the fact by reading the order and description twice.

Yet Providence preserved me from this fresh attack of my enemies. I thought that a reconciliation might result from the publication some time before of three

octavo volumes from my pen, entitled, "The Liberty of the Seas, or the English Government Unveiled."

The only consequence, however, was that the government became more violently exasperated than ever against the author of this work, who might be said to be pursued by the cabinet of St. James' with the arm of the French Directory.

I was foolish enough to sell a small farm at Janouilles, near Tarbes, for ten thousand francs, in order to defray the expenses of publishing this edition, which consisted of three thousand copies.

I endeavoured to arouse that public spirit which was necessary for the preservation of France from the invasions and vengeance of the British government. But the result was disastrous to my fortune; it was impossible for me to superintend the profitable expenditure of my money, and the circulation of my work. These three volumes not only effected my pecuniary ruin, but also aroused much enmity against me among the supporters of the English government and the opponents of the Directory. Thus to me patriotism has always been only a source of misfortune. A strange fatality rendered all my labours for my country totally unproductive, and even laid a sort of curse upon them, so that I became a prey to the malice of the government and the slanders of journalists.

At this period the Directory was making extensive naval preparations for the descent on Ireland under Generals Hoche and Humbert. The public mind was being induced by violent proclamations to regard this expedition with favour, since it was represented as tending to accelerate a general peace, by entangling England in definite negotiations with that object.

I thought that the Executive Directory would have at least alleviated my misfortunes, since by my writings I had supported the views which it was endeavouring to impress on public opinion. How completely I was deceived! My three volumes on the liberty of the seas were duly distributed to the Directors by M. Mer——, who represented my interests in Paris; but they produced no other effect on the authorities than to draw the attention of the police to me once more, and my sole reward was the issue of stringent orders by the Directory for a persistent and constant search with a view to my arrest. Here are, however, some rather curious facts which clearly prove the "Anglicism" of the Executive Directory and its agents. While manifestoes against England were being published, English bribes were procuring the abandonment of all the plans for a descent on Ireland.

When I published my work on the liberty of the seas, the Directory, as I have just said, caused a more stringent search to be made for me, in order to transport me to Guiana.

When the Rouen newspaper praised the first two volumes of this treatise, the commissary of the Directory at Rouen received orders to forbid the editor to mention it again. Thus the press was silenced. Later, in the year VIII., when I sent a handsome copy of the book to Bonaparte, he granted me my liberty within a week.

When Nion de Rochefort, an ex-member of the Convention, was commissioner for the exchange of prisoners in England, he chanced to dine with the English ministers. Mr. Pitt said to him after dinner,

in the frankness of private conversation: "Your Frenchmen are neither very unreasonable nor very dear; I obtained for five hundred guineas a copy of the orders of the Directory for the descent on Ireland."

When Sidney Smith was confined in the Temple, it is well known who received the price of the escape of this irreconcilable enemy of France.

When Doctor Macniven, an Irishman, was at Hamburg, before the project of a French invasion of Ireland had been finally adopted, he gave the minister Reinhard a scheme explaining the best method of invasion, in order that this scheme might be forwarded to the Executive Directory. Reinhard refused the doctor a passport to France, and Macniven was afterwards arrested by order of the English government. He was confined in Fort St. George, in Scotland, and when asked whether he had supplied the French government with a scheme for the invasion of Ireland he denied the accusation, although the magistrate who questioned him (the Lord President) offered him a pardon if he would confess his guilt. He persisted in his denial. Thereupon the secretary produced the original document of the scheme of invasion from a safe, in the handwriting of Doctor Macniven, who could no longer dispute the fact. This document must have been purchased in France by the English government, as there was no other way of securing it.

When the 9th of Thermidor was approaching, some young men in Bordeaux loudly threatened the patriots with a revival of the reactions which had already broken out on the same date in the year III. (1795) and in the year V. (1797). A friend of the merchant

with whom I had found a safe refuge for three years came to warn him that the furious reactionaries of the town knew that I was in his house, and that they would come and make a strict search for me on that day (the 9th of Thermidor). I did not lose my presence of mind; I asked Jos Lan, the personal servant of the master of the house, to assist me to disguise myself. He went to the docks close by, and procured me a hat covered with oilcloth, a worn-out jacket, and a pair of old trousers like those worn by carpenters engaged in ship-building, as well as a large parcel of shavings tied together with string, so that I looked like a mechanic returning home from his work. I disguised myself in this way, and waited for the time when the workmen leave the docks and quit their work.

At half-past seven I went out in the dress of a carpenter,[1] and passed through the Rue Sainte-Croix and the other adjacent streets which lead to the great gate of Saint-Julien, in the south of the town. I was with my faithful guide, Jos Lan; we were talking *patois* very loudly as we walked along, in order to make the women who were sitting at their doors believe that we were poor workmen returning from the harbour with bundles of shavings under our arms.

This disguise was very successful; we arrived in the country district of Bègle, inhabited by workmen and street-porters. I took refuge in the dwelling of a worthy and honest porter, a fellow-countryman of Jos Lan, who had prepared him for this visit on the morning of the day I entered his humble hut.

[1] "Carpentaire" in the dialect of that district.

My host, a fine specimen of the Pyrenean mountaineer and the father of a family, observing my gloomy and anxious manner, inspired me with perfect confidence by saying in an encouraging tone, "Make yourself quite easy, sir; the fact that you are unfortunate is enough to make me welcome you to the safety of my cottage as long as you find it convenient to remain. I will go every day to the town as usual, my wife and children will take care of you, and I am all the more pleased to afford you hospitality because you are a countryman of my own." Jos Lan had told him that I was a naval officer from Rochefort, who had been obliged to conceal himself in consequence of a duel with a superior officer.

It was night, and I ate a little coarse black bread before retiring to rest; the day's continuous excitement had completely tired me out. My host conducted me to the garret, and pointed out an old mattress which he had arranged on trestles. I could scarcely breathe in this poor lodging. I could touch the roof with my hand, and the heat was stifling. I perceived an air-hole in the roof; I opened it, and went to sleep immediately afterwards, without thinking of my numerous troubles, which certainly rendered my life scarcely worth preserving.

The porter woke me at six o'clock in the morning with the news that on the previous evening, at about five o'clock, eight young men of Bordeaux had waited for the mail-coach which ran from Bordeaux to Toulouse, on the high-road, about half a league from our house, and that, having stopped the mail-coach, they had made the mayor of Toulouse get out, who was travelling from Paris to his commune by way of

Bordeaux, and had blown out his brains, on the pretext that he was a Terrorist. The justice of the peace of our canton of Bègle had been summoned to draw up an official report of the crime. I took care not to inform my host that I myself had also been officially described as a Terrorist; I allowed him to believe that I was a naval officer, as I had been a returned emigrant in the eyes of the sailors of the Bec d'Ambez.

I spent four days under the stifling roof of the porter's cottage, and believing that public feeling was in a less excited state, I sent word by my host to the faithful Jos Lan to come and fetch me at eleven o'clock at night.

He was punctual; together we traversed the vineyards of Bègle, with swords under our arms, and tried to return through the upper part of the dock district.

As we approached the little gate of Sainte-Croix which opens on the harbour, we observed near the quay a patrol marching towards us; we quickened our pace, and arrived very quickly at the gate, so that we were forty paces in advance of the patrol. This start was absolutely necessary to enable us to reach my friend's house, which was situated close to the gate of Sainte-Croix. The gate of the street had been left partly open on purpose; we shut it gently, and a few minutes afterwards we heard the patrol pass through the street.

From that time until the following year, 1798 (year VII.), the agents of the police and the Directory left me in comparative peace. I spent my time in writing an abstract of the thoughts of the

Abbé Barthélemy in the "Voyage du jeune Anacharsis," quietly waiting until the foolish, unjust, and arbitrary acts of the Directory should effect its own overthrow.

I did not exactly know how this desirable event could happen; but there was a general wish that the storm might soon burst on this five-headed government, which possessed all the vices of an oligarchy, all the pride of an aristocracy, all the violence of a democracy, and none of the advantages of a constitutional monarchy—the only form of monarchy which is tolerable and compatible with the enlightened spirit of the age, as well as with the disposition of the French nation.

In the months of April and May search was made for me at Bordeaux, but it was not exactly known where I was.

One day, at four o'clock in the morning, the police visited the dwelling of my cousin, Hector Barère, naval superintendent at Bordeaux, who had been long well known in the town for his moderation, intelligence, and valuable services he had rendered to his fellow-citizens and to commerce. In vain did my cousin Hector protest that he was not the Barère who had been a member of the Convention, that he had never sat in any National Assembly, and that he had been constantly engaged for several years in the naval service. The police arrested him. Their mistake was, however, immediately rectified by the evidence of the naval administrators and superintendents.

Scarcely was he released from the hands of the police, than he sent his wife to my retreat to warn

me of my danger. I was again obliged to wander in the fields. I took refuge in the woods which surround Bordeaux, in the abode of a peasant well known to Jos Lan, the faithful companion of my wanderings; but this stay was of short duration. I returned to the same neighbourhood and lodged with Jos Lan's wife, who resided near the abbey of Sainte-Croix. About this time a battalion in garrison at Bordeaux was sent for, at night, to help the police in arresting me, at the mansion of a former President of the Parliament, where I was reported to be concealed.

The mansion was, in fact, completely surrounded for the whole night and part of the following day. Yet they found no one there.

All these searches caused me to reflect seriously on the obstinate barbarity of my enemies. I wrote immediately to M. Mer—— to inform him of this fresh series of persecutions and investigations, and to ascertain from him whether the Directory really intended to harass me again after five years of misfortune. Mer—— wrote to tell me that I must leave Bordeaux and take refuge in Paris itself, or at least in the suburbs, until the political crisis which the government appeared to be provoking had diverted the public mind in a fresh direction.

He wrote to me by the next post that he would be at Bordeaux before Midsummer-day, that he would have everything arranged for my stay in a country-house near Paris, where I should be safe and unnoticed, and that he would come in a mail-coach, the guard of which had undertaken to convey me in safety to Paris. This news relieved my mind. If the prospect of leaving the refuge which the bravest

of friends had so generously placed at my disposal during the last five years saddened my heart, I was glad at least to relieve my friend of the duty of laborious watchfulness and of the dangerous responsibility which he had undertaken in affording me an asylum in a town so well known for its strong royalist sympathies and its violent reactions.

About the middle of June the courageous Mer—— came to Bordeaux. He was to wait there for the departure of the above-mentioned mail, which was to start in six days.

All the arrangements were made for my departure. On Midsummer-day I took leave of my relatives, of my friends, and also, with tears, of those generous hosts who had lavished on me the tenderest care during the course of five years of political turmoil.

Alas! neither of these admirable hosts is any longer in the land of the living. Beloved shades! receive this my tribute of sincere gratitude for the care which you bestowed on me in the days of my adversity and exile. It affords me much pleasure to remember the indignation of the worthy Jacques Fonade and his wife at the recollection of my persecutions and misfortunes.

The day after Midsummer-day, at four o'clock in the morning, a trusty boatman and the good porter who had sheltered me in the years V. and VI. in his cottage at Bègle, were waiting with a boat to take me across the river, in order that I might be punctual in meeting the mail-coach on its way from Bordeaux to Paris.

There were five of us, and we went into an inn

on the opposite bank of the Garonne. After some slight refreshment and a little rest, we went to view the fine position of a country-house which belonged to a ship-builder, and was called Soubiros. It commands a most extensive prospect, and is built on the most picturesque site in France. We remained there till noon. Then we went down across narrow footpaths into a pleasant dale which led to the Paris high-road. After passing the village of the *Bastide*,[1] we sat down behind a thick hedge which sheltered us both from the eyes of the curious and from the heat of the sun. There we waited until three o'clock in the afternoon for the coach to pass.

At this moment three policemen were patrolling the road as far as the river, but they passed without perceiving us. I was as badly dressed as my companions; but if by chance the policemen had seen us, they might have been suspicious and have demanded our papers and passports. As I had none I should have been arrested as a suspected person and a stranger in the district. But Heaven decided otherwise. The mail-coach appeared at last. I recognised the faithful Mer——, who was looking for me in the fields or in the vicinity of the high-road. I embraced those who had accompanied me, and took my seat in the coach.

I felt much relieved on reflecting that I was leaving a neighbourhood which had become inhospitable and dangerous.

I alighted from the coach at the ferry of the Dordogne. Scarcely had the boat touched the bank at

[1] *Bastide* is the name applied to country-houses in Southern France.

Cubzac, when we saw three mounted policemen approaching the river. They stopped, dismounted close to the mail-coach, looked at us, and a few minutes afterwards turned back and went to put up their horses in the stables on the right of Cubzac.

I was somewhat discomposed, and dreaded questions, as I had neither papers nor passports; but as soon as we started again we were safe. The guard reassured me, and we travelled night and day. To my mind the horses did not go quick enough; we passed Angoulême and Poitiers, however, without any mishap. When we arrived at the gates of Tours, a heavy shower of rain fell, and continued until we reached an inn situated beyond the bridge over the Loire.

The journey was uneventful as far as Orleans, where I thought I was again destined to encounter the police, and indeed they were stationed in the courtyard of the hotel where the coach stopped. The policemen contented themselves with staring at us without asking questions, and I ordered dinner and a bed.

Thus three hours passed, and soon afterwards we resumed our journey to Paris. My heart was cheered; I was approaching a place where I thought I should be less unhappy, and I was leaving a town where, six years before, the populace, misled by the slanders of the Orleans aristocracy, wanted to tear me to pieces.

We arrived in Paris at five o'clock in the morning, and we alighted from the coach as soon as we had reached the end of the Rue de l'Odéon. It was dawn, and only café waiters and shopmen busy opening their shops were to be seen. It was the most favourable

moment for the arrival of an unfortunate exile who had no means of ensuring his safety.

Mer—— and I took our carpet-bags under our arms and placed them in a hackney-coach, which we hired, just at the right moment, in the Rue de Seine. "To the Clichy gate," I said. The driver swore, and we started, passing the Malaquais quay in front of the chief police station, which was then occupied by M. Sottin and guarded by two sentinels.

I crossed, without being recognised, the Pont Royal, the Carrousel, the Rue Neuve Saint-Roch, the Rue du Mont-Blanc, and the Rue de Clichy. At the gate no enquiries were made and no scrutiny was attempted. We skirted the White House, on the road to Saint-Denis. I was going to take refuge at Saint-Ouen.

Mer—— left me in the avenue of the Duke de Nivernais' mansion, and I made my way to the village.

A key had been entrusted to me with which I could obtain admittance through a small gate to the garden of the house where I should be generously welcomed. I opened the gate, but on approaching the house I saw two gardeners watering the plants and watching me. I sat down in an arbour close to the house and waited until the shutters of Madame de G——'s room were opened, hoping to be eventually received into the house, and not regarded as a thief who had stolen into the garden during the night.

I waited half an hour with unparalleled impatience. I then called Madame de G—— in a low tone, and at last her maid, a cousin of Mer——, came and took me into the house.

I was almost mad with anxiety, but Madame de G—— calmed my fears by remarking that I was unknown to her gardeners, and that, besides, they were thoroughly reliable.

I asked for food and rest, as I had been so racked with suspense during my five days' perilous journey as to be unable to sleep at all.

I slept throughout the whole of that day until the morrow, and then I began to breathe freely. From this moment my perils ceased, until the Executive Directory decreed that domiciliary visits should be paid with the object of discovering the emigrants who had returned to France.

These visits took place in the village of Saint-Ouen in the early days of Vendémiaire. One day when I was sound asleep, I was awakened by Madame de G——. She informed me that she had been aroused that morning at five o'clock by the mayor of the place, who came with four soldiers to pay the domiciliary visits. "I answered him," she said, "from the window of my room, telling him that I was alone; that my maid had been in Paris ever since last night, and that he must give me time to dress before I could come down and open the outer gate and the door of the house for him." The mayor, who was a worthy man, and who also knew the principles of Madame de G——, told her that it was unnecessary, as he was quite certain that she did not harbour any emigrant or other person suspected by the Directory, and that he would exempt her house from search.

The mayor and the soldiers having withdrawn, Madame de G—— came to reassure me about the

danger which I had incurred, but which Providence had removed.

After this I was rather more on my guard, and I walked less frequently in the garden, where the mayor could easily have seen me from the top of his tower, which commanded a view of all the gardens east of Saint-Ouen.

Year VIII. (1799).

M. Tarteyron, the member of the Council of Elders who had comforted me so much at Bordeaux, did not fail to come every three days to bring me political news and inform me of the exact position of the Directory. It was he who hastened to tell me that General Bonaparte had just arrived from Egypt, and had landed at Fréjus. He hoped that the general would assist the council to fling off that apathetic state into which the Directory had forced them. I did not share his hopes, because I never liked military government and the rule of Mamelukes.

Everything seemed to presage a new revolution. The two councils were divided. The Council of Five Hundred proposed violent measures, such as the law of hostages and that of forced loans, two species of oppression which have always enraged Paris, that centre of capital, avarice, and selfishness. The Council of Elders was seeking a daring man, or an enterprising general to free them from these illegal and anti-national measures, as well as from the despotism of the Directory, which had only caused bankruptcy, transportations to Cayenne, and electoral secessions. Public opinion had obviously deserted the Directory, and especially the five directors, who were feeble, corrupt, incapable, and detested.

I was living at a distance of only one league from Paris, and therefore I could often see various members of the council, and follow attentively in the newspapers the progress of the powerful intrigue which was effecting great changes both in the manner and in the personal element of the government.

At last the events of the 18th of Brumaire astounded the world. A man whom all the events of the revolution indicate as the secret wire-puller of these political movements, had tried, in the mouth of Fructidor, to overthrow the government of the Directory, although he held office under it. His design was to effect this object by the instrumentality of a victorious general; and the name of the general in whom this confidence was placed was Joubert.

This plot was the cause of the general's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montholon, step-daughter of M. de Sémonville. He remained three days with his young wife; then he departed to seek glory on the battlefields of Italy, as well as the means of afterwards overthrowing the Directory. Fortune thwarted this design; Joubert met his death at Novi.

From that time the leaders of this political intrigue were obliged to choose between Moreau, whose undecided and reserved disposition did not inspire them with sufficient confidence; Masséna, who was far away engaged in preventing the Russians from penetrating to Zurich; and Bonaparte, who had left the army of Egypt in order to return to France, at the earnest request of several men desirous of political changes and ambitious of power.

I heard in my retreat that, during an official dinner

which was given to these generals in the hall of the Odéon, at which most of the members of the two councils were present, all the toasts proposed and all the speeches delivered were in favour of Bonaparte's success. This man most victorious in battle, most daring in enterprise, and above all most venturesome in political undertakings, was the most suitable leader for this sudden attack, or for this usurpation of power. Under such circumstances an enterprise requires what is called a *perire volens*.[1] Bonaparte was in imminent danger of losing his head if he did not succeed, and he was the only man who was prepared thus to stake his all on one throw of the die.

From the 18th of Brumaire, Year VIII. (1799), to March 31st, 1814.

The five directors were only the foolish political heirs of the monarchy of Thermidor. They had ruined public credit, and had begun that fatal and absurd system of "see-saw" government, which was only capable of violating the constitution, and of effecting *coups d'état*, which had abandoned Italy, plundered France, stifled liberty, and annihilated the army. Only a daring indignant soldier was required to depose these five sluggard kings, who were incapable of controlling the State. When I heard at Saint-Ouen of the events which had taken place on the 18th of Brumaire, I rejoiced at the fall of the Executive Directory; but I was deeply grieved to see such a renowned general constitute himself the absolute master of the State, after expelling the lawful repre-

[1] *Perire volens:* a man who is willing to risk his life.

sentatives of the nation with the bayonet. I admit that having always been the opponent of military despotism, I could not conceal from M. Tarteyron, who was delighted at the events of that odious day, all the fatal consequences which I foresaw for my country and for liberty.

I wrote in my diary these words: "18th of Brumaire—*Cassius et Brutus non aderant.*"[1] If France had possessed any representatives worthy of the name, the ambitious general, who had just outraged the rights of the people and national representation, would have been instantaneously arrested by order of the Council of Five Hundred. Instead of adopting the course of taking a formal vote on the question, this council should have decreed immediately that Bonaparte had attacked the national sovereignty, and that the Council of Elders was dissolved for having, without right or warrant, vested the civil, political, and military authority in one man.

The Council of Five Hundred ought to have constituted itself a National Assembly, and provisionally organised an executive authority instead of the Directory, which had allowed, through its cowardice and lack of foresight, such a subversion of all its rights; new electoral assemblies should then have been immediately convoked.

I communicated these ideas to M. Tarteyron, who, although a member of the Council of Elders, was no admirer of General Bonaparte. M. Tarteyron dreaded the effects of the military spirit, but hoped for some public benefit from this revolution of Saint-Cloud. We

[1] "Brutus and Cassius were not present."

did not agree on this point, and I blamed the conduct of General Bonaparte with his "quick-march" patriotism, as I hated the Marshal de Broglie in 1789 when he wished to destroy the Constituent Assembly with cannon-balls.

Absolute power is always the same; it is always equally odious and equally execrable, whether it holds the sword of a general or the sceptre of a king.

I was urged to go to Paris and see the victorious general who was receiving, so it was said, the exiles of the Convention and the Directory with much interest.

I did not trust him, however, and I insisted on remaining concealed until after the 5th of Frimaire (Christmas,[1] 1799), the date fixed by the Constitutional Council for the restoration of my liberty.

One word here about this constitution of Brumaire, on which, a few days before, the newspapers had published several articles. This constitution was the result of the despotism of the Directory and the weakness of the legislative councils. It destroyed the liberty of the press, suppressed a great number of newspapers, and put an end to the publicity of the parliamentary debates. Thus a new military dictatorship was founded.

Bonaparte undoubtedly exercised with ease an unparalleled authority: this was owing to the spirit of the army and the natural tendency of this daring general. But this false constitutional theory must be attributed to those same men who reappear everywhere with a political doctrine, the consequences of

[1] This should be 25th of November.

which are inevitable—those men of the reactionary Convention who had been consulted and had exercised great influence on the drafting of the Constitutional Act of the year III. (1795), and who were again consulted on that of the Constitutional Act of the year VIII.

These men, having emerged from the ruins of the Convention, and having escaped the vengeance of the 13th of Vendémiaire, proclaimed that the publicity of legislative debates during the Directory had only irritated the government without altering its course or its views.

They also alleged that this publicity had aroused party spirit and party passions, and had forced into prominence a few ambitious upstarts, who had compelled the Directory to transport them on the 18th of Fructidor, in order to silence them and to eliminate them from the national elections in order to prevent them from triumphing over the supreme government.

Bonaparte, as consul, presided over these constitutional discussions and smiled at the debates of these political theorists when they enlarged upon the disadvantages of the previous government.

These constitution-mongers were without character and without reasoning power, and especially without French nationality. Bonaparte, a man accustomed to command, was careful not to oppose these obscure and versatile reasoners; naturally impatient of all obstacles and of all control, he hastened to adopt the views of Sieyès and that cowardly Committee of Elders who had yielded to him all their powers on the 18th of Brumaire.

I had prepared a criticism of these constitutional laws, in which I principally attacked the false and

dangerous institution of the tribunate. "How," said I, "will France, emerging from a revolution so important and far-reaching in its consequences, endure without danger and without fresh political convulsions the appointment of *one hundred* tribunes, when powerful and patriotic Rome had so much trouble to put up with two or three? Have we indeed forgotten the terrible virtue of the Gracchi, the insolent authority of Licinius, and the vile senators?"

I composed, in the form of a letter to the First Consul, some remarks on the new constitution. In these I attacked the senate, the tribunate, the prefecture, and several other objectionable institutions. My letter produced some effect on the mind of the First Consul, since, after having mangled some sentences and distorted some of the principles I had laid down, he printed a long extract from it in the *Moniteur*, and inserted nearly the whole of it in the *Minerva* of Archenholz, which was published in Germany and exercised great influence on the opinions of enlightened men in that country.

It was on the 5th of Frimaire, year VIII., that I read in the *Moniteur* the decree for the restoration of my liberty, as well as that of Carnot, of Mailhe, of Boissy d'Anglas, and twenty other exiles of the Convention and the Directory who were imprisoned in the Isle of Oleron.

My first impulse was to go and thank Bonaparte for this act of justice which had never been performed either by the Directory or the Convention, both of which were composed of men too cowardly and too vindictive to be just. On recovering my civic rights, I forgot that Bonaparte had attacked the rights

of my country, and I only listened to my feelings of gratitude.

I arrived at Paris on the 1st of January. I went immediately and thanked Cambacérès, who was then Second Consul, and I begged him to express to the First Consul, in my name, my gratitude for the restoration of my liberty and civic rights. Two days afterwards, Cambacérès told me that the First Consul would receive me at one o'clock that day at the Petit Luxembourg, and he offered to drive me there in his carriage. Cambacérès was still living at the Hôtel de la Chancellerie in the Place Vendôme.

In a carriage escorted by four outriders, I proceeded to my interview with the First Consul. With the consular procession I passed through the same Carrousel which, six years before, I had traversed sorrowfully in the company of several thousand troops and Parisian national guards, who were loudly demanding my proscription. At Paris there is always a majority opposed to the weak, the unfortunate, and the accused.

I arrived at the Petit Luxembourg; there Cambacérès conducted me into a large apartment which was the ante-room to the First Consul's study, and where only officers were waiting. Some generals entered the study, and ten minutes afterwards Cambacérès announced the approach of Bonaparte, who followed him immediately.

The First Consul entered, and began to converse with a general; but during the five or six minutes which this conversation occupied, he was staring at me. He then asked Cambacérès:

"Is not this Citizen Barère?"

And I replied: "Yes, First Consul, I have come to thank you for having granted me justice. It is to you that I owe the restoration of my liberty and my civic rights, which I ought never to have lost."

"Revolutions inevitably produce that effect," he answered coldly. "How old are you?" he added.

"Forty-two; these proscribers have deprived me of the seven best years of my life."

"You will still live long enough to be useful to France and to her government. But you, who know the national character so well, tell me candidly, what do you consider the best way of ruling this nation?"

I reflected for a moment. No one was within hearing except the First Consul and Cambacérès. We were in the middle of the room; the officers who were standing by the windows could not overhear our conversation. I replied:

"General, there are only two ways of governing this nation: justice and decision of character. In the Revolution we had far too much character, but not enough justice; and liberty nearly perished in consequence."

"No doubt; but these two ways are not enough; matters have gone too far. How can we retrace our steps and strengthen our position?"

The question appeared difficult to answer. I therefore confined myself to impressing upon him the necessity of adopting the liberal ideas and principles which were defined, and of maintaining the rights which were asserted, by the constitution of 1791; the only one which was ever dispassionately discussed by enlightened men, and in time of peace. That con-

stitution embodied the national will, as expressed by the best assembly which has ever represented France.

"Only a return to the ideas and principles of 1789 and 1791 will enable the nation to be governed easily and safely."

"But the French are so fickle. Do they not prefer change, both in the mode of government and in the person of the ruler?"

"No. With regard to rights and principles, they are firm and persistent in maintaining these. Rulers are greatly mistaken in thinking the French fickle, except in their manners, their customs, their fashions, and their tastes; but in the course of the Revolution I have always observed them to be *Gaulois*.[1] I mean that they are serious in their political ideas, eager to claim their rights, and persistent in pursuing the objects of their revolutions. They were the same in the time of the League."

Here the First Consul interrupted me, saying that he would see me again with pleasure. On this I thought it my duty to withdraw, especially as I perceived that he was not favourably impressed by my plain-spoken utterances concerning the disposition and the rights of the nation.

On leaving the Luxembourg, I wrote an exact account of the conversation; as I felt strongly that first impressions and unexpected traits of character ought to be recorded in the case of so famous a man.

I visited him again a week afterwards, thinking it my duty to express gratitude once more for his interference on my behalf.

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[1] "Gallic," or "old-fashioned." This is a play upon the word.

I had received from the First Consul the greatest benefit which one human being can receive from another—the enjoyment of liberty and social rights.

On his way to the council of state, the First Consul perceived, recognised, and approached me, saying:

"You are Citizen Barère? I am very glad to see you. I have instructed the minister to free you from police supervision."

These words astonished me, because I had thought myself entirely free by virtue of the Consul's decree, and yet I had been still under supervision.

I called upon my former colleague, Fouché, the Minister of Police, who had always received me frankly and kindly. I told him of my liberation from police supervision, and I was then authorised to remain in Paris. The minister invited me to dinner. I found myself in the company of Lamarque, a deputy who had had the courage and the noble steadfastness to demand my release in the year VII., in the month of Messidor, at one of the sessions of the Council of Five Hundred, and had obtained it by his eloquence and the influence of his integrity. Carnot had just returned from Switzerland, where he had taken refuge after his proscription on the 18th of Fructidor, year V. Here a somewhat strange incident occurred. After dinner Lamarque told me that he wished to be reconciled to Carnot. I thought that the circumstances were favourable for the reconciliation of true patriots, as misfortune ought to unite all shades of opinion.

I went to Carnot, and introduced to him my friend Lamarque, who had defended me during my proscription from the tribune of the Five Hundred.

"No doubt," replied Carnot ironically, "but he was the president of that council when I was transported as a member of the Directory."

I perceived somewhat too late that there are some men whose memory is too good, and we parted rather disconcerted at this misunderstanding.

In the course of the month of January, I was invited to dine with the Second Consul. After dinner, he said, "Here is a translation of a violent speech by Lord Granville, the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is directed entirely against the First Consul, who has instructed me to ask you to reply to it as energetically as you think fit."

I withdrew to read this forcible speech of the English minister. It was full of violence against the First Consul, but it also contained a few undoubted truths and some useful advice. It was my task to refute the statements it contained.

I could not refuse to do this, as a mark of gratitude to my benefactor. He had delivered me from the hostile members of the Directory and the Convention; I therefore ought to defend him against the English cabinet.

At the same time I was defending the Revolution; for the French Revolution is an avowed struggle between liberal ideas, or ideas of public and personal liberty, and the ancient aristocratic system of Europe —a compact mass of feudal tyranny and political oppression, which holds in its hands the armies of Europe, which occupies every public office, which controls every cabinet, and even the monarchs themselves. The English government is the keystone of that aristocratic arch which is overshadowing

and crushing Europe. It is the cabinet of St. James' which foments all civil broils, sows internal discord, originates and maintains factions, subsidises kings and defrays the expenses of their armies.

English Toryism is the type of the aristocracy of Europe, which forms an iron network around the nations.

The aristocracy, which is ancient, is accustomed to rule, and exercises its authority systematically and ably.

The democracy, which, on the other hand, is quite young, has scarcely commenced its political education. Persecuted and slandered by all the aristocracies, it is a prey to every kind of faction and internal dissension.

In order that a reformed and equitable democracy may rule the nations, they require a century of liberty of the press, electoral experience and legislative knowledge, and an improved political system.

At the end of six days I submitted the manuscript of my "Reply to Lord Granville" to Cambacérès. This treatise was very successful, and Lucien Bonaparte, the Minister of the Interior, ordered fourteen thousand copies to be printed.

I had defended the man who, in spite of his acts of military violence on the 18th of Brumaire, had been recognised by the nation as Consul and Chief of the Republic.

But I shall always regard this defence as a monument of my love for liberty and devotion to my country.

In it I defended our political rights; I described the abuses to be apprehended from an absolute govern-

ment; and I pointed out the incompatibility of military government with the free and civilian character of the nation. Lastly, I tendered some useful advice to the chief of the state, and unfortunately I prophesied that the nation would never endure a ruler who crushed it under the weight of his victories and his glory.

In the month of April Cambacérès told me one day that the First Consul wished to appoint me to any prefecture I might select. I refused to accept any public office, and I rejected all these offers, which could not possibly suit a man whom the paid slanderers in Paris had been trying to defame in a thousand ways during the last seven years. Cambacérès insisted on my acceptance of office, saying that this appointment was only a stepping-stone to a more exalted position, and that in three months I should be a councillor of state. I, however, persisted in my refusal. Cambacérès blamed me severely, and I was for the time entirely forgotten by the new government.

One day, at M. Tarteyron's house, the president of the Council of Elders, a letter from the Tuileries was handed to me, stating that the First Consul would receive me that day at two o'clock in the afternoon.

I proceeded to the Tuileries, and was conducted to a spacious apartment where M. Maret, the consular secretary, said to me, "The First Consul will be here immediately." M. Maret was modest then. Since I had been invited by the First Consul, he thought it his duty to address me with a certain friendliness which he was far from displaying after-

wards, as his influence with Bonaparte gradually increased.

The First Consul came out of his study and approached me. "I have something to say to you; but first I must thank you for your reply to Granville. It was very well done. Now I want you to edit a newspaper for the army. You are greatly beloved by the soldiers. They remember your reports, and the way in which you celebrated their victories. You must arouse their enthusiasm again. I have my eye on you."

"General," I replied, "my writings will no longer produce the same effect. I have only just been released from proscription; I no longer speak from the tribune; I am not invested with any public office so important as that of representative of the people. My voice is like that of one crying in the wilderness."

"You are wrong," he said; "you must be the editor of this journal. I will supply you with the materials; I require only your editing, and you shall do what you like without being controlled."

Urged in this manner, I replied that I was strongly opposed to taking my place among journalists, who had for some years been disgracing their calling and degrading this noble tribunal of public opinion.

"But," replied the First Consul sharply, "did you not edit a journal for the Constituent Assembly? After editing the *Point du Jour* for three years, you could easily undertake the editorship of a similar journal for the army by which you are so beloved."

"General, when I edited the journal of the Constituent Assembly I was a member of that assembly, and the paper was at first a sort of account rendered

to my constituents. Now, as a mere journalist in the employ of your cabinet or of the army, I should be without a mission and without authority."

"Take care not to refuse in haste. This appointment will give you the opportunity of seeing me every morning, and you will lose nothing by it."

In spite of this distinguished honour, I insisted on refusing the editorship of the journal.

Profoundly grateful as I was to the First Consul, I could not degrade myself to be used by his government only for newspaper-writing, while so many insignificant, vulgar, and servile men—such as Treilhard, Rœderer, Lebrun, Maret, Defermon, François of Nantes, Begouen, Barbé-Marbois, and many others whom it is unnecessary to name—held the highest official positions in this government of upstarts.

The conversation had reached this point when the Minister of War, Carnot, arrived with his portfolio to work with the First Consul. To give Carnot his due, he seemed very pleased to see me in close conversation with Bonaparte. He thought when he saw us *tête-à-tête* in the audience chamber that I was about to be appointed to some important office. In a few moments he said to the First Consul, "General, can you not usefully employ the talents of Citizen Barère?"

The First Consul, who certainly had no desire to do so, and who had only offered me a miserable editorship, was silent, either because he did not choose to be catechised by one of his ministers, or because he had no favourable reply to make.

I saw his embarrassment, and I replied to Carnot:

"The First Consul would like to make me a bard

to celebrate the glorious exploits of his warriors; but the age of Ossian has passed."

This reply appeared to displease the First Consul, and I took my leave, considering myself very fortunate to have escaped being requisitioned as a journalist.

Those who read these details in my Memoirs will feel much surprised that they ever credited those impostors who represented me as the censor of the press, since I refused even to edit a journal for the army. Under all the ministers of police there were departments devoted to the examination and censorship of the newspapers. M. Esmenard was placed at the head of this department, being subsequently succeeded by M. Etienne. Similarly afterwards there was a literary department of the Ministry of Police, and censors were appointed, such as M. Desmarets for the newspapers, and MM. Lacretelle junior, Lemontey and d'Avrigni for books and dramatic works.

Important military events in Italy having called the First Consul to Marengo, all political measures seemed to be suspended until the contest between Austria and France had been decided.

Bonaparte, after losing the battle until six o'clock in the evening, sacrificed his reserves to secure his own safety, and the death of the brave Desaix surrounded the unexpected victory with a halo of glory.

The First Consul availed himself of the victory to the utmost, by concluding a treaty of peace which ceded all the fortified places to him, and enabled him to raise the blockade of Genoa.

The First Consul then returned to Paris, where, in spite of his last victory, he had incurred the well-merited hatred of all who loved their country and its

liberty. The tyrannical consul was not forgotten in the victorious general, especially as he now displayed a haughty selfishness, utterly incompatible with devotion to his country, and it was soon perceived that his successes would destroy all republican institutions.

He had begun by assuming the airs of a king and taking up his abode with great pomp in the palace of the Tuileries, as he now considered the Luxembourg too humble a residence to be compatible with his power and glory. A short time before, he had removed the gilded bronze letters which were placed over the principal entrance of the palace of the Tuileries.

When it was seen that the words, "French Republic," were an eyesore to the First Consul, the more than royal ambition of the Corsican, and the destruction of the Republic, could no longer be doubted.

Seeing that public opinion, which had been strongly in his favour during the first six months, had so altered, I endeavoured to ascertain the reasons for this change. They were as follow:

"Bonaparte had promised to restore to France the institutions of 1791, and to satisfy the aspirations of 1789. He had also promised a general peace in all his proclamations since the 18th of Brumaire. And the only visible result was an unsatisfactory constitution defining the duties and power of consuls, senators, tribunes, and prefects, together with those of the legislative body—all without any bond of political union, and without any national guarantee.

"We were at peace only with Austria; England did not dismantle her fleet. The choice of Europe

lay between the tyranny of Bonaparte's bayonets on the one hand, and the tyranny of the English government's subsidies on the other."

Bonaparte's keen instinct enabled him to discern the aversion with which his Corsican origin was regarded, as well as the dread of his despotic and aristocratic principles, which had rightly arisen in the minds of all the men who had contended since 1789 for the rights and liberty of the nation.

It is certain that at this period, being informed by his police of the hatred and discontent of the patriots, he removed the latter from all offices, even from the most subordinate appointments.

He organised, with the aid of his tools among the police, a pretended conspiracy by means of which, without any risk, he found a pretext for exterminating, transporting, and banishing all persons who adhered to those patriotic opinions which he had always detested cordially, even before the 18th of Brumaire, and hated still more strongly since his attack on the national sovereignty and representation. These fears of factitious plots had spread everywhere; but neither the means, nor the instruments, nor the objects of the plots could be ascertained.

Everything originated in the palace of the Tuileries, without the knowledge even of the Ministry or the Prefect of Police.

The real instigators of the plots were MM. Bourrienne and Talleyrand, who arranged the whole affair, and then reported the results to Bonaparte.

About the early part of Vendémiaire, year IX., I received a letter from the First Consul, inviting me to the Tuileries, whither I proceeded at once.

There I found M. Ramel, a former minister of finance, who, like myself, had been summoned to the palace for some unknown reason. We waited together.

He was received first, but his interview was short, and I was ushered in immediately afterwards.

On seeing me, the First Consul said, "You are doubtless pleased at the victory of Marengo?"

I am not naturally a flatterer, and I have no liking for victorious despots, so I answered coldly: "General, the only glory you have not yet attained is that of Scipio Africanus."

I saw by his reserved manner that he was displeased at my reply. Then, recovering his serenity with an effort, he replied in a pensive and prophetic tone: "If England is not wise she will fall."

Who would have thought that in these words the great general was predicting his own fate?

After these preliminary remarks, the First Consul said: "You are well acquainted with the spirit of the English government; its writers continue to denounce and slander me in the European press. They are paid to do so by the London cabinet. Here is a treatise by Sir Francis d'Yvernois which has just been sent to me, but which I have not yet had time to read. Please to look through it, make a summary of it, and tell me if it requires an answer."

I received this pamphlet of more than two hundred pages, and I promised to bring him an analysis of it within a week.

"That is too long," said he, "three days will be enough. Read the pamphlet and let me have your opinion about it."

I very much disliked this kind of reading, which

related to finance, to the conduct of the Directory, and to that of the First Consul. I regarded it as a tedious and distasteful labour to reply to all these statements which were so uninteresting to me, and to spend my life in composing polemical works for an ungrateful and malevolent government. But the First Consul had restored my liberty; he had rescued me from the unjust persecutions of the Convention and the Directory. I must therefore display my gratitude by undertaking this distasteful and fruitless toil.

Three days afterwards I returned and submitted to him my brief analysis of this pamphlet. Addressing me familiarly, he said: "Well, what are we to do with these English pamphleteers? Have you read this defamatory production? I have been informed that it is very virulent."

"General," I replied, "this work is divided into two parts; the first part relates to the Directory only, which oppressed *me*, and was overthrown by *you*. In defence of the Directory I have therefore nothing to say; its acts will be inexorably judged by history. As to the second part, it concerns you entirely. You are here accused of usurping the power of the Directory, of upsetting the finances, of delaying the general pacification, and of acting exactly like Cromwell."

Hitherto the First Consul had listened in silence, but at the word "Cromwell" he was violently enraged, and said to me, stamping his foot, "But I am not a Cromwell. Study his character as depicted in English history, and draw a parallel between his conduct and mine."

I responded: "I hope France will never have a

Cromwell, and I will write this parallel in order that my fellow-citizens may never have reason to dread his advent."

This appeared to calm him, and he then terminated the interview, after requesting me to undertake this new work.

I was not accustomed to the caprices of the General First Consul, and I wished never to see him again. This wish was gratified, for after Vendémiaire, year IX., I never sought any opportunity of entering his presence. When it is discovered from my papers and historical documents how many treatises and political pamphlets I composed at Napoleon's request, it should also be remembered that he had rendered me a signal service by annulling the infamous decree of the counter-revolutionary Convention, which had condemned me to transportation without hearing my defence or granting me a trial. He had freed me from the persecutions I had experienced for five years, from that "powerful handful of dust" which called itself the Executive Directory.

My debt of gratitude for this great benefit of restored liberty could be discharged only by defending my benefactor against his enemies. Therefore all my writings in favour of the Emperor should be attributed to this "memory of the heart." Although he was guilty of many faults, and committed grave errors, I am so grateful for his decree of the 5th of Frimaire (Dec. 25th, 1799),[1] that, should similar circumstances again occur, my course of action would be precisely the same as before.

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[1] This should be 25th of November.

I worked slowly and without relish at this refutation of Sir Francis d'Yvernois. The month of Vendémiaire was nearly ended before I had written the first three pages of the treatise. I was still less inclined to continue the work when I heard that the police were making enquiries with the object of implicating me in an incident which had just occurred at the Opera House. On this occasion Bonaparte narrowly escaped assassination, it was said, at the hands of some patriots who had conspired against him. In this unfortunate affair several persons were implicated: among these were M. Arena, a military commissary, a Corsican, and a friend of Lucien Bonaparte; M. Ceracchi, a famous Roman sculptor; M. Demerville, a native of the same town as myself, who was a devoted friend of mine, and had been chief clerk of the Committee of Public Safety; and a Provençal artist named Topino-Lebrun.

At this time I was living in the country, and seldom came to town. At about the end of Vendémiaire, hearing that Demerville had been poisoned by eating a pie, and was extremely ill, I called upon him on the very evening before this unfortunate occurrence. I told him that I was going to the Opera next day (Friday), and he tried to dissuade me from doing so on the ground that public excitement was then at its height. I attached no importance to this remark, and went to the Opera, where so little excitement was caused by the affiair of Ceracchi and Arena that the news did not reach me till next day, through the newspapers.

Demerville was still confined to his bed, and it was reported that the weapons to be used by the conspirators had been carried to his house by a certain M.

Harel, whom he had once laid under an obligation, but who was now acting as a secret instigating agent in the pay of the police.

All that I heard on this subject in the streets and the newspapers appeared to me so incredible, that, in the hope of finding Demerville, I called at several houses where he was well known.

I was being "shadowed," I do not know why, by policemen and detectives who appeared to take more interest in me than in the Corsicans, Italians, and Provençals implicated in the conspiracy, when suddenly Demerville stood before me.

"Come with me at once," he said, "to the Minister of Police. I will tell him what I know of this strange affair, and he will doubtless discover the clue to the plot, which appears to me to have been devised at the Tuileries more by your personal enemies than mine. But I will speak the truth, and it will soon be perceived that we are quite innocent. I myself, when ill and confined to my bed, was deceived and misled by that wretch Harel, who abused Bourrienne and Talleyrand to me. His feigned indignation against those men ought to have inspired me with distrust of his motives."

I was so astounded at what I heard that I made no remark, but immediately started in a hackney-coach with Demerville for the office of the Police Minister. The minister was still in his bedroom, but he received us immediately, and listened calmly to Demerville's candid declaration. Then this M. Harel entered, who proved to be a detective police officer, and had been arranging the plot at the Tuileries with Bourrienne. This conspiracy was a sort of fiendish

machine in the hands of the police, for destroying other persons besides those directly accused, as I shall explain later.

M. Harel did not notice the visitors who were conversing with the minister, but began to talk to two individuals who were standing by the fireplace. Their conversation turned on this matter, and one of them said to him, "Do you know Barère?" He replied, "No."

Hearing this, I approached M. Harel and asked him somewhat sternly whether he knew this M. Barère of whom he was speaking, and whether he had ever seen him. He answered that he did not know him, and that he had never seen him at the residence o M. Demerville.

"Well, sir," I said, "I am M. Barère; and now have the goodness not to forget your statement that you never saw me enter or leave M. Demerville's house."

"That is quite true," he said.

After a few minutes' conversation the minister told us to go to the Prefecture of Police, as he had no further communications to make on the subject.

We went to the Prefecture; there Demerville was detained in the office of a M. Bertrand, who seemed to be very severe, and much embittered against the accused. He referred me to M. Dubois, the prefect, to whose office I proceeded. The prefect addressed me in the tone which is no doubt usually adopted there by officials in dealing with accused persons, but which did not suit me. I soon made M. Dubois understand this, and proceeded to explain to him, with some warmth, my conduct and mode of life in Paris since my return to liberty.

M. Dubois, convinced of the truth of my statements, informed me that I might now return home in safety. I replied that I was able to defend myself against all the snares of the detective police, and that I was well known to be capable of displaying considerable energy in the maintenance of my rights.

M. Dubois repeated his request to me to return home, but I wished to see poor Demerville again. This, however, appeared to be impossible at present, as he had been abandoned to the tender mercies of these wicked conspiracy-mongers.

Returning home, I reflected indignantly on the cunning displayed in charging me with complicity in a plot of which I knew nothing. I then resolved to apply to the First Consul himself, and wrote the following letter:

General First Consul,

I am intensely surprised and extremely indignant at the insertion of my name in the list, which has been made up by your detectives, of persons accused of complicity in the plot attributed to MM. Arena, Ceracchi, and their accomplices.

If you had received information that "Barère presided over a public meeting assembled for the purpose of claiming the restoration of national rights," such a statement might possibly be credible; but it is extremely improbable, and indeed absolutely impossible, that I, a former representative, should engage in police and tavern conspiracies, and be implicated in such squalid crimes as those of which I am falsely accused.

I hope that you, First Consul, to whom I owe my liberty, will not wrong my gratitude by the slightest suspicion, as the persons who are seeking to use your authority and your apprehensions for the purpose of destroying me, are my personal enemies, who have hitherto failed to attain their object by means of the reactionary crimes from which your power has rescued me.

I have the honour to be,
General First Consul,
Yours most respectfully,
B. Barère.

M. François de Nantes, councillor of state, whose duty it was to submit to the First Consul a daily analysis or summary of the various applications and petitions, was much struck with my letter, which he placed in the bundle of papers to be gone through that day.

This letter must also have impressed the First Consul, for my name was erased from the list of accused or proscripts, which MM. Bourrienne and Talleyrand had placed at least six times on his desk. He also struck out the name of another member of the Convention, a Corsican named Mottedo, who, by the influence of some bitter enemies, had been included among the proscribed.

Thus in every political change we see that the vilest and most depraved persons are enabled to insert in the proscription lists the names of their enemies, or of those persons whom corrupt motives have induced them to betray to vengeance.

October, 1800.

I was congratulating myself on my immunity from arrest, when I received, on the 27th of Vendémiaire, year IX., a letter inviting me to call at the Prefecture of Police, on personal business.

All political communications were more or less ill-omened at this time, and especially those which proceeded from such a source. I hastened, however, to comply with the request. I saw M. Piis, the general secretary, who told me that this affair was in the hands of the prefect himself, M. Dubois. The kind courtesy of M. Piis somewhat mitigated the repulsive characteristics of the place to which I had been sum-

moned. I accordingly visited M. Dubois, who informed me that orders would be communicated to me by the general secretary; and he sent his private secretary to M. Piis with a message to this effect. Thus was I sent from Herod to Pilate. M. Piis then said:

"This is an order from the First Consul, forwarded by the police department, which banishes you to a distance of twenty leagues from Paris, until further orders."

"But what motive exists for this molestation? How have I deserved to be the victim of an arbitrary decree, when only a year ago the First Consul restored my liberty and authorised me to remain at Paris as long as I pleased? It is an unprovoked act of gross injustice, which I had no reason to expect."

M. Piis replied coldly: "These are the orders which it is my duty to communicate to you. Choose the place to which you intend to withdraw."

"Sir," I replied, "I will not obey an arbitrary order banishing me twenty leagues from Paris. I select as a place of purely *voluntary* retirement my native district, and my family residence at Tarbes, in the Hautes-Pyrénées."

"You may act as you please in that respect."

"I will proceed there in ten days; and I will employ the interval in making the necessary preparations for my *voluntary* return to my native home. But before receiving my passport and leaving you, I demand an authentic and duly attested copy of this decree of banishment, since, otherwise, the fact may be disputed at some future time; and, besides, I request you to commit to writing my positive and emphatic statement that it is my intention to visit my family

in the department of Hautes-Pyrénées of my own accord, and not in consequence of any compulsion."

This request was granted very willingly by M. Piis, who was too enlightened a man not to perceive the injustice of this arbitrary measure. He immediately handed me a copy of this *lettre de cachet*, which I carefully preserved, to be used as official evidence of a fact otherwise almost incredible.

This copy is as follows (the original document I always retain in my own possession):

PARIS, *28th of Vendémiaire, Year IX. of the Republic.*

LIBERTY—EQUALITY.

I, the Prefect of Police, in consequence of an order from the Minister of Police, dated the 27th of Vendémiaire, requested Citizen Barère to attend at the Prefecture on important official business affecting his interests.

The said Citizen Barère having immediately complied with my request, I acquainted him with the decree stating that "within ten days he must remove to a distance of twenty leagues from Paris." I also duly notified to him that if he disobeyed the said decree, or that if, after obeying it, he returned to Paris without my permission, I should be unavoidably compelled to arrest him.

In reply, the said Citizen Barère stated that it was his intention voluntarily to visit his family at Tarbes, his native town, which is situated in the department of Hautes-Pyrénées, at a distance of about two hundred leagues by road from Paris, and that he should employ the ten days' respite allowed in arranging his private affairs and preparing for his journey.

In testimony whereof he has added his signature to mine, in order that this document may be produced in evidence if required.

He has also demanded that a duly attested copy should be supplied to him.

(Signed) PIIS,
General Secretary of the Prefecture.

Provided with this copy of the decree of banishment, I hastened to M. Fouché, the Minister of Police,

and complained bitterly to him of this oppressive and unjust measure.

"It came to me from the First Consul's office," he replied, "and it was my duty to send it to the Prefecture. But I am going to Malmaison to-morrow, and I will speak to the First Consul on the subject. This decree has evidently been inadvertently issued."

In the meanwhile, M. Garat, a senator, called on the minister, and heard me complaining of being thus treated as a suspected person by the very government that had restored my liberty.

M. Garat told the minister that he also would be at Malmaison, and that he would exercise his influence with the First Consul to induce him to revoke this unjust decree.

Several days elapsed without any further results.

At last, on the day before the expiration of the ten days' delay granted by the prefect, I returned to the Police Minister, when Fouché at once informed me that I should be permitted to remain in Paris. Little did I suspect that this permission would be still more injurious to me, since my political enemies at Paris never swerve from their aim, but pursue it without scruple, impelled by furious hatred and desire of vengeance.

The pretended conspiracy of Ceracchi, Arena, Topino-Lebrun and Demerville aroused doubts and incredulity in the public mind. It was a got up conspiracy; it had been hatched in the Palace by MM. Bourrienne and Talleyrand, and carried out by detectives who received their orders only from these two officials. Bourrienne, a former emigrant noble, who had become the private secretary of the

First Consul, was very intimate with M. de Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs.

From the first they endeavoured to devise means for alienating the First Consul from the republicans by denouncing these as his bitterest enemies. They also invented pretexts for removing from the Council of State some of the leaders of the Revolution, with which movement, according to Bourrienne and Talleyrand, the consular government ought to have no connection and no sympathy.

It was in accordance with this system that Bourrienne and Talleyrand, without the knowledge of the Police Minister, Fouché, got up, with the aid of the prefect's detectives, the feigned conspiracy of Arena and Ceracchi, whose hasty words and feelings of dissatisfaction were magnified into a plot against the head of the state. The president of the Supreme Criminal Court, M. Aymard, who was devoted to the consular government, conducted the preliminary proceedings, and tormented the accused with searching questions. Figuratively speaking, he put them to the torture in order to arouse suspicion and to secure evidence against the persons secretly denounced by the instigators of this plot.

The details of these proceedings have always hitherto remained comparatively unknown to the public, but my connection with the trial enabled me to become thoroughly acquainted with them. M. Aymard was pleased to summon me as a witness, not being able to place me in the dock either as a principal or as an accomplice.

The management of these proceedings at the Prefecture was entrusted to M. Bertrand, who was at the

head of a deparment of police administration, and was an expert in such matters, being very cunning in entrapping the accused and extracting important evidence from the witnesses. This Bertrand drew up all the preliminary documents, and indicated the line on which this monstrous prosecution was to be conducted, with the object of securing the conviction of men who were excited and exasperated, indeed, but had been guilty of no crime.

During the preliminary proceedings, I was twice summoned to the Courts of Justice as a witness; and on these occasions I saw an officer of military police named Laborde prowling round me, who was trying, cunningly and craftily, to enter into conversation with all the witnesses. He was accompanied by a Corsican named Ornano, one of Bonaparte's relations. Ornano, a man of depraved and infamous character, was himself appearing as a witness against his countryman Arena, who, as will be seen later, was implicated in this affair only as a secret agent of Lucien Bonaparte. This police conspiracy was thus positively fiendish in its methods, in its instruments, and in its ultimate aim.

It was reported that there were no proofs of guilt, and that there were not sufficient grounds to condemn the accused for an alleged crime which no one had even begun to commit. In reality, the evidence related only to conversations, boasts, threats, and imprecations against the First Consul; but as to plots, and the means of executing them, there existed none, except those which the Tuileries detectives had themselves devised, in order to provoke a conspiracy calculated to implicate all the patriots of Paris, and to justify their expulsion or transportation.

In consequence of this lack of evidence, the proceedings now began to flag, until the "infernal machine" of the 3rd of Nivôse aroused public feeling again in favour of the First Consul, who was represented as running the gravest risks.

On that evening I went to the Opera to hear Haydn's oratorio sung by Garat and other famous artistes. The house was full; I could find no room except in the Opera manager's box, M. Bonnet de Treiche, my former colleague. This was a front box in the second tier; in it were M. Esmenard and his wife, as well as the manager, with whom I remained all the evening from half-past six.

At about eight o'clock a report spread through the house that the First Consul had narrowly escaped death by the explosion of an infernal machine. Everyone was indignant at this occurrence. I exclaimed that this was very much like the English tricks and plots, and everyone expressed his own suspicions and ideas on the subject.

Next day M. Esmenard (it was from him and from M. Bonnet, to whom he repeated it, that I learnt this fact) dined, as usual, with M. de Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The "infernal machine" was the general subject of conversation. Nothing else was talked about at the minister's table.

"I should very much like to know," remarked M. de Talleyrand coldly, "where Barère was at that time."

"Oh! Barère was in my company all that evening," eagerly replied M. Esmenard, urged by a generous impulse to declare the truth and thus dispel unjust suspicions.

"You will never convince me of that," retorted the minister ironically.

"My wife, M. Bonnet, and I can all bear witness to this fact, monseigneur; and therefore what I assert cannot be called in question. He was with me from the beginning of the play, and like all honest men he expressed his indignation at this occurrence." This spirited statement of M. Esmenard stopped further discussion; but his frankness was very displeasing to the minister.

On the same day I met M. Regnaud Saint-Jean d'Angely, councillor of state, who stared at me in a sinister manner. Next day I heard from M. Fouché himself that M. Regnaud had called on the Police Minister that day to complain that, while these serious incidents were endangering the life of the First Consul, I was still to be seen at liberty in the streets of Paris! Thereupon M. Fouché replied, "Barère has no ideas in common with the royalists, who have organised the whole of this plot."

It may be remembered that the constituted authorities of the capital—the senate, the legislative assembly, the tribunate, the judges of courts of every grade, the prefects, and even the mayors and justices of the peace—came to the Tuileries with great pomp to demand vengeance for the outrage. In these addresses, which were suggested and inspired by the wire-pullers of the palace, it was positively asserted that the object of the crime was to liberate the notorious criminals confined in the prisons, such as Arena, Ceracchi, etc., and it was claimed that against these the full penalties of the laws should be enforced. Then, curiously enough, the prefect of police discovered, by the mark

on the shoes of the horse harnessed to the cart which carried the infernal machine, that this conspiracy had been planned by men who had resided in Paris for some time. Information received by the police threw suspicion on the republicans, whom it was the fashion to persecute and sacrifice. Those who acted thus knew very well that by so doing they were pleasing their master.

In consequence, many Parisian patriots were denounced and arrested, one hundred and eighty of them being transported to the Isle of Oleron, and afterwards transferred to the pestilential and uninhabited coast of Madagascar. There they perished, as if they had been guilty of devising this "infernal machine," which was well known at the time and was afterwards proved to have been constructed and used by royalists and Vendeans.

It was proved at this time that the First Consul was cognizant, a month before the discovery of the infernal machine, of the fact that the royalists and the agents of the emigrant nobles were planning a serious attempt on his life. But in spite of this information which he received from the police, the First Consul, influenced by his aides-de-camp, by General Rapp, by his principal private secretary, and by M. de Talleyrand, still persisted in attributing this murderous plot to the republicans.

The Tuileries cabinet made use of the effect produced by this event on public opinion to hasten the condemnation of Arena, Ceracchi, and the other prisoners, as well as to transport one hundred and eighty fathers of families who were active partisans of liberty to Madagascar. At the same time certain persons,

whose names had been inserted in a secret list under the personal direction of the First Consul, were removed from the capital and banished, either to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, or to foreign countries. But amidst these falsehoods and official slanders, the courageous frankness of Fouché, the Minister of Police, should be remarked. The Police Minister impressed upon the First Consul the important truth that the royalist and English agents, and not the patriots, were responsible for this outrage. Conclusive evidence of this fact was not lacking; but the First Consul and the devisers of this fiendish snare did not cease to persist in their accusations. Bonaparte, impelled by his machiavelism and hatred of the Republic, sought for nothing more eagerly than the means of crushing the patriots, and ridding himself for ever of the troublesome criticism of those men who blamed his despotism.

This was a sure means of influencing public opinion against the accused, viz., Arena, Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun and Demerville. Accordingly the *Moniteur* (the obsequious newspaper), the detectives, and public officials did not fail to lay the whole burden of suspicion on these unhappy victims.

I will not comment on an opinion which prevailed for several days, but was carefully suppressed. It was alleged that this infernal machine had been deliberately devised by the managers of conspiracies at the Tuileries, in order to prejudice the public mind against the accused and produce a feeling in favour of the expulsion of the patriots. Future events and the secret history of that period will perhaps disclose all these odious machinations.

Soon the trial commenced. I was present as a

witness, and my evidence was very favourable to the accused. At the same time I eulogised Demerville's humane and moral character, whom I had known for a long time. M. de Talleyrand had been pleased to describe him as my secretary, in order that it might be generally believed that it was I who had directed and instigated him in this unfortunate matter. His emissaries spread this report in public, with the object of causing me to be included among the accused. My subsequent acquaintance with the proceedings proved to me that this was the aim of the agents or promoters of this pretended conspiracy.

How could I resist the violence, the adroitness, and the secret influence of an unscrupulous government which was endeavouring to destroy a few feeble, isolated, and forsaken men? The Criminal Court did not fail to pass a capital sentence on all the accused, who then appealed to the Supreme Court. On this occasion I availed myself of an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the whole course of the legal proceedings against them. Demerville sent me, by one of the porters of his prison, the documents and writs which had been served on him; he requested me to peruse these legal papers in order to see whether they contained any flaw or technical breach of the law. Alas! I found that the proceedings had been characterised throughout by an appalling violation of the divine laws of justice and truth.

I determined, however, to consult a countryman of mine, who was, like myself, an advocate practising before the Court of Appeal, and a friend of Demerville. He examined the papers which the latter had just sent me, and said indignantly and sorrowfully,

"This is an iniquitous and infamous prosecution, on a charge which has been trumped up by the police; but all the legal forms have been carefully observed by the Criminal Court, and there is no ground for an appeal."

I was overwhelmed by this decided opinion of a sound lawyer, but I again endeavoured to devise some arguments in support of the appeal. I spent six consecutive hours in reading the official report of these protracted and barbarous proceedings. I noticed especially the numerous and captious cross-examinations which the accused had been compelled to undergo at the hands of the president, M. Aymard. My attention was particularly directed to three questions which he had asked Demerville and Ceracchi:

1. Who had supplied the money, or orders on the public treasury, which had been traced to Arena, a military commissary, one of the accused?

2. Had the accused received any money from Salicetti or Masséna?

3. Had they any connection with Carnot and Barère?

These questions left no room for doubt as to the guiding hand which, from the seclusion of a study in the Tuileries, had directed both the conspiracy and the prosecution. I saw plainly that the real objects of the prosecution were not so much these unfortunate and obscure defendants, as Salicetti, Masséna, Carnot, and myself, against whom the author of the proceedings was especially embittered.

It appeared that Arena had been merely the tool of Lucien Bonaparte, and that the orders on the public treasury, which he had cashed, and with which

he had relieved the distress and urgent need of the famous sculptor Ceracchi, came from the wealthy Minister of the Interior.

I do not know the effect produced by these proceedings on the First Consul's mind with regard to his brother. It is certain, however, that a heated conversation took place between them on the subject of Arena and his prosecution, and that shortly afterwards Lucien Bonaparte was sent to Spain as ambassador, because the First Consul dreaded his proximity to himself, and his influence as Minister of the Interior.

Lucien was more fortunate in Spain, where, for simply signing the treaty of Badajoz, he received from Portugal the sum of six million francs, insisting on actual payment in advance before affixing his signature to the treaty.

That fact was related to me by M. Izquierdo, my intimate friend, who was then attached to the person of the Prince de la Paix. This prince, who was present at the signing of the treaty of Badajoz, himself stipulated that six millions should be granted by Portugal to Lucien Bonaparte, this sum being payable out of the amount due from Spain to that power. But for this interposition of the Prince de la Paix, the treaty with Portugal would not have been signed, and Lucien would not have received his six millions.

I return to the story of the trial. The persons accused in connection with this fabricated conspiracy became its victims; and I, for my part, was suspected by this consular government, which was republican only in name, and had adopted all the methods of Oriental despotism.

1803.

After the events which happened in connection with the treaty of Amiens, I received many visits from famous Englishmen and leading members of the British parliament.

Mr. Fox often visited the Tuileries. He seemed to be trying to fathom the character and plans of the First Consul, with whom England had just ventured to conclude a treaty, and to whom she had now accorded solemn recognition and accredited an ambassador.

I did not see Mr. Fox, but I often had the honour of receiving Mr. Erskine, a famous advocate, the immortal defender of Thomas Paine, and of many other accused persons whose lives and honour he had saved.

Mr. Erskine wished to introduce his son to me, and brought him several times to breakfast at my house, as well as his friend Mr. Mackenzie Loftus, a man who was remarkable for his keen observation and political insight. Lord Gretton and Mr. Green, a member of the House of Commons, sometimes joined these gentlemen at my table. We always talked about the First Consul; they were never tired of making the head of the French government their principal subject of conversation.

It might have been said that the distinguished Englishmen who visited Paris during the six months' truce in connection with the treaty of Amiens, came to conduct an official enquiry into the plans, views, and character of Bonaparte. They were quite fascinated by the ambition and energy of the master of the Tuileries. I thought I had satisfied their curiosity when I de-

scribed this general as the most ambitious, arrogant, and haughty enemy of liberty that had ever existed.

"I am convinced of this," said Mr. Erskine one day in the presence of Mr. Mackenzie; "I was presented to him at the Tuileries. He certainly does not like lawyers, and he no doubt formed the same opinion of me as of the Parisian advocates; he spoke very little, and displayed a very slight interest in me. But his features and manners betray his real sentiments more than he thinks, and from what I have seen of him, I consider him no friend to liberty."

"He will take care not to be that," I said. "But what does Mr. Fox say about him?"

"I think that in reality he is no more satisfied with him than I am, in spite of his display of regard for him. We believe Bonaparte to be at heart an uncompromising aristocrat."

Mr. Green often called on the First Consul's wife. His manners were genial and agreeable, and he enjoyed the company of this really good and amiable lady.

Mr. Green sometimes invited me to dine with him at the Hôtel Tivoli, Rue Saint-Lazare. There I met Mr. Erskine and his son, Lord Gretton, Mr. Mackenzie, and, on two or three occasions, the famous tragic actor Mr. Kemble, whose energy and love of liberty I much admired.

At one of these dinners, these gentlemen conversed with me on the subject of the First Consul; and I spoke to them with the frankness of a man who had laboured in vain to establish a republic—a form of government so incompatable with our national temperament that its realisation seems impossible in France.

We also spoke of the liberty of the press, and I proved to them that it would be extremely difficult to establish this, in its full extent, in a country where the people are excitable, passionate, fickle, prone to extremes, and easily induced to acquiesce, almost unconsciously, in abuses of all kinds.

I told them that they would require all their imperturbability, as well as their calm and impartial critical acumen, to enable them to endure the liberty of the press, with its hostile accompaniments, its slanderous attacks, and its turbulent license. "For example," I said, "your newspapers are a daily source of irritation to the haughty disposition of the First Consul, who is so passionate and vain that he is capable of declaring war against you merely on account of the insulting attacks of the English journals. Would it not be better for your ministers to suppress these newspaper insults, and preserve harmony between two strong, powerful, industrious, and civilised nations, which are formed for union and mutual esteem, so that a sincere friendship between them would unquestionably produce a world-wide peace?"

At these words Mr. Kemble struck the table with his fist and exclaimed: "M. Barère, if any English minister, even Mr. Pitt himself, ventured to forbid the journalists to allude to the First Consul, and indeed if he endeavoured to exercise any control over the liberty of the newspapers, I would at once place myself at the head of a popular insurrection, and we would pull down the house of the man who should even contemplate destroying the freedom of the English press!"

I saw that the tragedian was becoming excited at

the mention of this bulwark of English liberty, and we made no further allusions to the First Consul or to the English journalists.

Before the breach of the treaty of Amiens, I often seized the opportunity of conversing with these illustrious Englishmen; and Mr. Erskine strongly urged me to take advantage of this interval of peace in order to visit England. "But," I said, "I have written so much against England! How shall I be able to cross London without being very unacceptable to some Englishmen, especially to those who are infatuated with their country?"

"Then you do not know us yet. We like those who defend their country, because we love our own native land, and we never blame that in true Frenchmen which we admire in good Englishmen. Come to London, and I promise you a hospitable reception at my own house. There you will see worthy and honest citizens, who will appreciate your conduct and talents."

All these courtesies, although tendered with cordiality and frankness, failed to attract me. A few days afterwards I bade farewell to Mr. Erskine and his friends, without feeling the slightest inclination to follow them.

Shortly after their departure, a handsome fair-haired man called upon me, who spoke French well, and wished to converse with me. When I asked his name and his reason for desiring an interview, I was astounded to hear him refer to my various speeches, statements, and expressions of opinion in the Constituent Assembly and the Convention.

"I am," he said, "Sir Francis Burdett. I, like you, am a lover of my country and of liberty, and I did not wish to leave Paris without seeing you."

I expressed my regret that I had been unaware of his arrival at Paris, and that I had therefore been precluded from offering him that hearty welcome which his fame and devoted patriotism merited. I continued: "As to my love of liberty and of my country, I scarcely dare to speak to you of a passion which has caused me so many misfortunes. It is only in the British Isles that men are free to speak of their country and of liberty. Here our country is not loved, and liberty is dreaded. I fear that a long time will elapse before liberty and patriotism can be naturalised among us."

"You Frenchmen are rather thoughtless in this respect, and unmindful of your national rights," courteously replied Sir Francis Burdett, "but liberty requires an apprenticeship of time."

"The French," I replied, "have had no experience of this kind yet. The lessons of our history are useless to us; the oppressions endured by our forefathers have taught us nothing. We are too passionate and too irritable. When ambition is not urging us to undertake foreign wars, the fury of faction impels us to civil strife. Weariness will do more good than reasoning; the course of events will advise us better than our orators, and since a hundred years of liberty were needed to make you really free, you ought to concede to *us* a few years of mistakes, as we are still only within a short distance of 1789."

I forgot the pleasure which I had derived from conversing with these able and famous Englishmen as soon as the intriguers of the cabinet of St. James' thought fit to violate the treaty of Amiens and to capture the ships which we had sent to San Domingo

on the faith of this treaty. It was then pretended that the First Consul had refused to consent to a commercial treaty between France and England, and that this broken promise had produced the rupture of diplomatic relations. Be that as it may, my English acquaintances returned home; Mr. Green alone remained in Paris, and frequently called upon me, treating me with great cordiality.

Political events had arrived at an acutely critical stage. The policy and measures of the government had completely changed. I was urged to establish a newspaper in opposition to the English government, which was renewing the war and ruining our commerce. Accordingly I undertook, at my own expense and of my own free will, the editorial and financial responsibilities of the *Anti-British Journal.*

I asked only for the First Consul's official license, which he granted to me unconditionally, but without taking the slightest interest in my enterprise. He held in mental reservation the theory that England must never be seriously attacked, but that she must be induced to consent to a general peace by the fear of an invasion which he would never have attempted.

When I founded this newspaper, I determined to prove to those who had slandered me that, not only had I resumed, in spite of their injustice and clamour, the exercise of my rights as a citizen, but that I had also cast off the fetters of proscription. I proposed to prove these facts by placing my name, as that of a good and true Frenchman, on the front page of my periodical.

Therefore, contrary to accepted custom, I asked that, in the license granted to me, express permission

should be given to me to place my name, B. Barère, on the front page of the *Anti-British Journal.*

I determined not to be like those journalistic knights-errant who attack all comers with lowered visor, and hide in anonymous obscurity the source of the perfidious blows which they inflict. Accordingly, I attached my name to my shafts, and I considered that I was performing an act of patriotism when I aimed them at the English government, which had just violated the treaty of Amiens, and which, as I had foreseen, was organising anew a military coalition of European states to humble, to ruin, and perhaps to blot out France—to treat her, in fact, as Poland had been treated.

Such were my patriotic motives for undertaking at my own expense, that is to say, at the cost of my private fortune, the *Anti-British Journal.* In a very short time I had secured a thousand subscribers. The number never rose above fifteen hundred, which proved to me that the French, who furnished twenty thousand subscriptions to the petty stage scandals circulated in Geoffroi's sheets, sympathised very slightly with the true interests of France.

Paris is the great inn of Europe, rather than the capital of France; therefore, Paris supplied few subscribers to a newspaper which dealt with the interests and requirements of the country. A few libraries subscribed to the *Journal;* the other subscribers were all in the provinces. Patriotism only exists in the provinces; at Paris this virtue is at a discount, and a patriot is looked upon as a fool.

The leaders of fashionable society were the principal opponents of my paper and of the French spirit

which inspired it. An irrepressible Anglophil mania prevailed in the highest circles, and had reached such a point that they would have more willingly accorded a friendly reception to an English corporal than to a French general.

I had the courage and disinterestedness to expend time, thought and money on conducting this newspaper. I sent several copies of it gratuitously to the head of the government, to the ministers, and to a great number of public officials, who no doubt received the paper as a tribute due to them.

I received no mark of gratitude except a note of two lines from General Duroc, who directed me to send only one copy to the First Consul henceforth. I had paid him the useless compliment of sending him every day six copies printed on vellum for his household.

Accordingly I reduced the number of these presentation copies, seeing that the organiser of the war against England regarded his flotillas at Boulogne, and the insignificant little wherries he had constructed at great cost, as more likely to impress the gentlemen of London than the blows I was striking at the English power in the region of French and European public opinion.

The diplomatic agents employed at Paris by the Emperor Alexander welcomed me much more warmly. I had made the acquaintance of the Count de Balck, chamberlain to the Emperor of Russia, M. Zatrapesnoff, a very able man, who was private secretary to his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine. He alluded to my newspaper, and I offered him two copies, one for his Imperial Majesty, and the

other for the Grand Duke Constantine. He was pleased to accept them, and I confess that I preferred to lavish my vellum paper copies on a foreign prince who was renowned for fostering liberal ideas, rather than to send them to a Corsican upstart who seemed to regard my labour and capital as a contribution which was due to him. M. Zatrapesnoff, at least, was so anxious to possess a complete file of my newspaper, that he ordered several numbers which were missing, or which had not reached St. Petersburg.

This agent, who placed great confidence in me, showed me several times the diplomatic notes and the confidential intelligence which he was collecting at Paris, and which were intended for the private perusal of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia. In these I discerned considerable keenness of observation respecting Bonaparte's character and views, as well as the events which were occurring in Paris. He was curious to know my opinion about this personage who was termed by all his flatterers a great man, a profound politician, and an illustrious general. I proved to M. Zatrapesnoff by undoubted facts (1) that he public opinion of all patriots rejected Bonaparte on account of the armed force employed on the 18th of Brumaire, as the French do not like military and absolute government, and will tolerate only a civil and constitutional rule; (2) that Bonaparte was pursuing a despotic course which sooner or later would ruin him, the revolution of July 14th, 1789, having been entirely directed against the ancient despotism of the Bourbons; (3) that there would be considerable difficulty in maintaining the consular government, because under its rule the Republic had become

merely nominal, and its tyrannical treatment of the patriots had ruined it in popular opinion.

Several times did I repeat the same prophecies and the same sentiments to the Count de Balck, and afterwards to General Hytroff, the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp, who came to Paris on behalf of his master, with the object no doubt of studying the progress and stability of that new power which had arisen in France under the name of the Consulate. General Hytroff called on me twice, and often extolled the enlightenment and civilisation of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg. It is certain that he and the Count de Balck, as well as M. Zatrapesnoff, everywhere produced a favourable impression of the Russian national character.

In France important events rapidly followed each other, until nothing was mentioned except plots, conspiracies and usurpation. Bonaparte himself was beset with terrors, and he therefore determined to strike terror into others. Such crimes as the violation of the Baden territory and the odious arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, who was confined at Vincennes and was shot the same night, were successively perpetrated by his orders. For this deed especially, Bonaparte was styled in the English newspapers a midnight murderer.

M. de Talleyrand (if we may credit the assertions made in the Memoirs of M. de Rovigo, in the whole of the last chapter of vol. ii.) presented to Louis XVIII. an attested statement, signed by the Princess de Rohan-Rochefort, in which it was alleged that the Duke d'Enghien had been warned to flee from danger some days before his capture. At the same time he pretended that this warning was des-

patched by a special messenger, who was prevented from reaching his destination by unfortunately breaking his leg at Saverne. Evidently this is only a fable, for such a statement can always be proved to be either true or false. It is highly improbable that Talleyrand would have dared to send a special messenger for that purpose, but if such had been his intention, so many persons would have been only too delighted to undertake such a mission that there would be no difficulty at the present day in naming the envoy. However, it is now well known what authority exists for the statement of Madame de Rohan. M. de Talleyrand obtained this document at Paris after the Restoration, owing to the earnest entreaties addressed by Madame Aimée de Coigny, formerly Duchess de Fleurus, to Madame de Rohan-Rochefort. The fact is that M. de Talleyrand sent no message. The advice given to the Duke d'Enghien, and attested by Madame de Rohan-Rochefort, without naming its author, emanated from another source.

It was the King of Sweden, who was then at Carlsruhe, as well as the Elector himself, who warned the prince that he was in danger, and who advised his instant flight.

A witness whose testimony even M. de Talleyrand will not reject admits this fact in his letter of the 13th of November, 1823. This advice was the result of the diplomatic note sent by M. de Talleyrand to Carlsruhe, before March 10th, in which he demanded the arrest of the committee of French emigrant nobles at Offemburg. The Duke d'Enghien's delay in complying with the advice of the King and the Elector was fatal to him.

Subsequently General Pichegru was strangled in prison; then occurred the trial of Georges and the unjust exile of General Moreau. The useless and execrable crime perpetrated on a young prince of the house of the great Condé had so terrified and enraged the minds of the people that they were on the brink of a serious revolt, especially when the trial of Moreau was warmly discussed by the whole of Paris, because he was obviously on the point of perishing as a victim of the hatred and jealousy of the First Consul.

25th of December, 1804.

Such were the bloodstained steps by which Bonaparte ascended the imperial throne. I felt that my calling of journalist was no longer suitable either to the state of affairs or to the consistency of my principles. On the day of his *promotion to the rank of Emperor* (for at that time the monarchy was only the highest military grade), I contented myself with inserting in the *Anti-British Journal*, by way of epigraph, the fine eulogy which Montesquieu pronounces on Charlemagne in the "Esprit des Lois," from which it might be gathered that there was no comparison between that prince and the new upstart.

This epigraph was displeasing to the authorities, so I was informed, and I therefore perceived that I must cease to issue my journal, which, besides, was quite out of harmony with an absolute government and an Oriental monarchy. Moreover, it created personal enemies for me in fashionable Anglophil society, and also among those who are called honest people, but have no idea that they are Frenchmen.

I informed the government that after a certain date I should cease to issue my *Anti-British Journal*, and I punctiliously fulfilled my promise.

I transferred my subscribers to the manager of *L'Europe*, and we gave it the name of the *European Journal*, printing it in a different size and style. It was afterwards combined with the *Courrier de l'Europe*, and some years afterwards it was incorporated in the *Journal de Paris*, by order of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, then Minister of Police.

Finding myself at last liberated from all government supervision, and having nothing to expect from the authorities, I retired into my own district for some months. When I arrived, during the month of March, 1805, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, I resumed, at a meeting of the electors of my department, my civil rights, which had been suspended by the Conventional and reactionary tyranny of 1795.

The electors were required to select two candidates for the Senate and two for the Legislative Assembly.

I renewed my acquaintance with some old friends and fellow-citizens who had not forgotten me. In the first ballot several votes for the senatorship were given to General Bernadotte and myself. This ballot astonished the minor nobles and petty reactionists of the neighbourhood. They conspired to fix the second ballot for the next day, in order to influence the electors during the night against Bernadotte and myself.

The president of the Electoral College was General Noguez, of this department, principal aide-de-camp to Prince Louis Bonaparte. I knew what kind of influence he was likely to exercise, and I thought it my duty to come to a definite understanding with him

before the second meeting of the electoral assembly. Accordingly I called upon the president and asked him whether he thought that Bernadotte and I would secure as many votes as at the previous ballot, adding that he probably knew the state of public feeling, and that he might speak to me with perfect frankness.

His reply proved to me that he was opposed to Bernadotte, being influenced by local and professional jealousy.

"As to you," he said, "I cannot help you in any way. Before leaving Paris I received a formal order to oppose your election." I exclaimed, "Is that what you call the liberty of the electors to exercise their sovereign rights? How fairly the elections will be conducted under such circumstances!"

"What can I do?" he replied. "Prince Louis particularly directed me, when I was taking leave of him, to prevent Barère from being elected, and to impress upon the electors that such a choice would be a disgrace to the department." I replied that such a remark was a disgrace only to him who had uttered it, and that the new princes had no more right than the presidents of the Electoral Colleges to control the elections, which should depend solely on the freely-expressed will of the people.

I was speaking to a very ambitious general, who knew only how to obey like a Mameluke.

The second ballot, however, produced different results, and two men who were unknown to the Emperor and to Paris were selected as candidates, but they were never actually nominated as members of the senate. These were the Chevalier d'Angos, a celebrated astronomer and mathematician (at Malta),

and M. Saint-Vergès, a former sub-delegate of the Intendants.

During the same electoral session I was nominated as a candidate for the Legislative Assembly by the district of Argelès in our mountains of Lavedan, inhabited by men of independent spirit, who never allow themselves to be influenced by the powerful or by intrigues, but obey the impulses of their own opinions and consciences.

This is my grandmother's native land, who belonged to the Ney family; it is also the birthplace of my mother, who was the niece of M. Dantin d'Ouront, surnamed the Good. The Dantin family have been nobles from the time of the Crusades, and formerly possessed a large number of estates and domains in Lavedan. At the mansion of M. Dantin d'Ouront, near Argelès, my childhood and youth were passed, in the midst of marks of the sincerest attachment. The inhabitants of these valleys still retain that interest in me which their ancestors displayed in my grandmother, my mother, and her uncle, M. Dantin d'Ouront.

I voted on this occasion with my fellow-citizens for the election of M. Dauzat, a captain of veterans, who was the husband of a niece of General d'Embarrère, my uncle.

I had not a single vote in Bonaparte's senate, and this was a clear proof of the disfavour with which I had the honour to be regarded by the imperial government. I consoled myself with literature and with the friendship of my fellow-citizens, and I withdrew entirely from politics, which had hitherto brought me nothing but accusations, transportation, and slanders.

I returned to Paris. There I published "Studies in Tasso," "The Poetical Beauties of Young," and a "Collection of Academical Panegyrics," which, in the happy days of my youth, had gained prizes at the academies of Toulouse and Montauban.

The senate of newspaper pressmen treated me no better than the senate of imperial flunkeys. My little works were attacked and abused in the newspapers, because it cannot be admitted for a moment that a good patriot is capable of producing good literary work.

It was then that I made the acquaintance of M. Izquierdo, a Navarrese or Biscayan gentleman, a native of Estella, full of learning and genius. This Spaniard had visited all the different courts and capitals of Europe. He was at once a naturalist, a chemist, a botanist, a metallurgist, a political economist, and a clever politician. King Charles IV. had bestowed upon him the same distinctions and position at Madrid as Count de Buffon had possessed in France. He was sixty years of age when an altered destiny brought him back to France, which he had visited previously, both before and during the Revolution. Up to this time he had been merely a witness, and an unofficial observer of the course of events; but in 1805 he arrived in Paris, accredited as the envoy extraordinary of King Charles IV. He was an intimate friend of the Prince de la Paix, with whom he corresponded regularly.

Spanish Events.

M. Izquierdo, whose memory I love to recall, and whose friendship was a comfort and an honour to me during the last seven years of his life, became so

intimate with me that I used to see him twice a day; and he reproached me when I spent a day without seeing him. No one who is not acquainted with the Spanish character, and with the excellent heart of M. Izquierdo, can form any idea of the devoted and courageous friendship of which he was capable.

One day he quarrelled with some old acquaintances at Paris because they had spoken disparagingly of me.

On another occasion he fought a duel in the Bois de Boulogne with M. de Mouton, because the latter had blamed him for receiving me, and had founded this reproach on the commonplace slanders of the drawing-rooms, and on the calumnious traditions of fashionable society at Paris.

M. Izquierdo himself informed me of this. I entreated him not to be my champion again, not because I did not feel highly honoured by his valuable support, but because this kind of loyal and devoted chivalry is more suitable to the heart and soul of a Spaniard than to the manners and customs of the French.

On reflection he agreed with me; he estimated at its true value the opinion of society; and finally he ceased to actively oppose the prejudices, the passions, and the habitual influence exercised by the fashionable cliques. He often alluded to the change produced in his own views by my sentiments and opinions about the French, especially those of Paris.

My intimacy with M. Izquierdo was at its height during the years 1806 and 1807. In the capacity of Spanish envoy extraordinary he exercised the strongest influence on the policy of that court. As he possessed considerable shrewdness and perspicacity, he foresaw

the dangers which threatened his country, especially in connection with so ambitious a man as the Emperor Napoleon. He had often discussed with me the false and machiavelian character of the fortunate soldier, whose projects he dreaded as most hurtful to the interests of the court of Madrid.

M. Izquierdo, in order to allay the Corsican Emperor's feverish desire for conquest, availed himself of the influence of General Duroc, Marshal of the Palace, who had married the daughter of M. Herivaz, a Spanish banker, subsequently appointed ambassador of his Catholic Majesty (the King of Spain) at Constantinople. He also utilised for the same purpose the restraining and sobering influence of M. de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whom he had been so intimate for a long time as to be allowed to see him every day, and to play whist every evening in the apartments of Madame de Souza, widow of M. Flahaut.

M. Izquierdo, being compelled to pay Bonaparte part of the subsidy of sixty million francs exacted from Spain, was obliged to go to Holland in order to negotiate a loan on behalf of his government with the firm of Hope. The piastres of Vera Cruz were, it might be said, sequestered in America, as the English infested the seas and had lately captured three frigates laden with gold and bound for Cadiz. My friend wished to take me with him to Amsterdam; but my interests imperatively required that my name should not be mentioned in the cabinet of his Corsican Majesty in connection with diplomatic affairs, and especially that no political relations of any kind should be supposed to exist between me and the representatives of any foreign power.

M. Izquierdo understood my motives, and proceeded with his sister-in-law to Holland.

1807.

At the time of the journey to Fontainebleau, M. Izquierdo, whom I had not seen for a fortnight, called on me and said, "I have just concluded the Spanish affair, and I hold a treaty signed by the Emperor; but the most remarkable circumstance in connection with the matter was the meeting which preceded the signature. I was present with the imperial court at the Court Theatre. General Duroc sent for me during the performance, and ushered me into a cabinet where he left me alone, requesting me, on behalf of his master, to read the draft of the treaty which lay on the table, and to insert in it, without leaving the cabinet and without communicating with anyone, any alterations, additions, or modifications which I might consider suitable, and at the same time to state my reasons for such changes. I did not refuse the proposal, and during the play I was engaged in writing on the margin of the treaty my corrections and variations. At the end of the performance General Duroc returned, took possession of my notes, and said that he would immediately submit them to the Emperor. At midnight I was conducted into his presence, and after a few unimportant remarks the treaty was drafted afresh. This was soon accomplished, and the treaty was then signed. We thereby avoid war, and cement our union with France. If you peruse the treaty you will see whether I have really promoted the interests of Spain."

Accordingly, two days afterwards, when we hap-

pened to be alone, he allowed me to read the treaty, an authentic copy of which he was forwarding to his government. Amongst other provisions, I read that the Emperor Napoleon promised to cede to Spain the whole of Portugal, which was then occupied by the Duke d'Abrantès and his troops, on condition that Charles IV. should grant to the Prince de la Paix a principality in the Algarves and pay a suitable indemnity to the Queen of Etruria and her son. The King of Spain was permitted to assume the title of Emperor of Spain and of the Two Indies, and he undertook to supply troops, ships, and subsidies to France, etc., etc.

"But I gather from this," I said, "that the grant of a principality in the Algarves will remove the Prince de la Paix from the direction of the Spanish government. Napoleon wishes to deprive Charles IV. of his chief support, his most trusted adviser and his most able minister, in order that he may first isolate the Spanish court, and then ruin it by internal discord and foreign complications."

"Oh!" he replied, "you look too far ahead. 'Fair and softly goes far, slow and sure out-travels haste.' This treaty will at least allow us breathing time."

I did not venture to tell him that every man esteems his own work highly, because, although he was responsible for the treaty, the matter was really too serious to admit of jesting.

My suspicions were correct, and my friend shared them by the end of the month, after having in vain requested, through M. de Talleyrand and General Duroc, that his Imperial Majesty would consent to

publish this treaty in the official journal. The Emperor persistently refused to do so, and this refusal at last inspired M. Izquierdo with such distrust that he tried every method, even entreaty, to induce the ministers to communicate to France, to Spain, and to Europe the provisions of this treaty of October, 1807, concluded at Fontainebleau.

It appears that his Imperial Majesty was much beset on the subject of this treaty, for one day, on concluding a meeting of the council, the Emperor turned to his secretary of state, the minister Maret, and said, "Publish the treaty of Fontainebleau in the *Moniteur* to-morrow."

These words were reported to M. Izquierdo, no doubt with the intention of restoring his confidence in the Emperor. He repeated them to me in an elated and even triumphant manner.

"We shall see, to-morrow," I said; "in the case of this great Emperor, I believe only what I see, and even *that* I look at twice."

I was not mistaken. The utterance of these words by Bonaparte was evidently a stratagem which he had arranged with his secretary of state; or else, in the evening, he must have privately forbidden that minister to obey his order, for the *Moniteur* never mentioned the treaty. The publication of the Spanish treaty was delayed until the spring. During that time the Emperor so effectually organised his system of promoting dissension and disunion in the court of Aranjuez, both by the efforts of his ambassador, the Count de Beauharnais, and the intrigues of Esmenard's brother, who had been sent to Madrid, that at the end of December a parricidal plot was formed

by Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, against the throne of his father and the life of Emmanuel Godoï, Prince de la Paix.

At this critical period M. Izquierdo acquainted me daily with the course of events at Madrid, with their causes, with the names of the persons employed as tools, and with the baleful results expected by the court of the Tuileries.

The conspiracy of the Crown Prince and the Duke of Infantado having failed, the Emperor suddenly became interested in the fate which he had himself forced upon Ferdinand by his diplomatic intrigues. This time the imperial intrigues were contemporaneous with those of England, which were directed by the Duke of Infantado, who has since married the niece of General Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington. When M. Izquierdo proceeded to the Tuileries to announce the news from Madrid officially, he found the Emperor completely acquainted with all that was happening.

Napoleon suggested some methods of arranging this matter, and of complying with the wishes of the Queen, who loved and warmly defended Ferdinand.

The Emperor assumed the manner of a justice of the peace, although he had been really the secret agent and sole originator of these family dissensions, which he now affected to deplore and endeavour to heal, his real object being to obtain possession of the kingdom, on the pretext of extinguishing the germs of civil war. This crafty court-policy is so well known and hated everywhere that I do not understand how nations can be so foolish or so imprudent as to allow it to deceive them again.

My reason for narrating all these facts in my private memoirs is that I am anxious to state the exact truth regarding the history of my own times, especially as people are usually ignorant of contemporary history, because it is falsified by the powerful. Besides, my friend Izquierdo often used to say to me, "I write nothing; I tell you everything, because when you write memoirs of this period you will not suppress the truth concerning facts with which posterity ought to be accurately acquainted. Future ages shall know the infamous part taken by your Emperor in the moral and practical overthrow of the court of Madrid. It is the duty of history to narrate these diplomatic intrigues, these insinuations emanating from France, which caused dissension between a father and his son, in order to disorganise the government and gain possession of Spain more easily."

I frequently promised my friend that I would recount these events, and in these Memoirs I fulfil my promise, adding further facts which will indicate more clearly the character of the men whom destiny, chance, or the laws of nations condemn to reign. The following are the facts of the conspiracy.

It was the confessor of the Prince of Asturias who informed Charles IV. of the plot formed against him and the Prince de la Paix. The King disclosed it to the latter and to the Queen; then he proceeded to Ferdinand's apartments, and severely reprimanded him for his conduct towards his father and king. Ferdinand fell at his father's feet, and handed him the key of the cabinet which contained the lists of the conspirators and the documents relating to the plot.

The King withdrew in anger, after placing the Prince of Asturias under arrest. The Queen came, all in tears, to intercede for her son. The judges and ministers of state appeared at court with grave looks, and, no doubt remembering the precedent of Don Carlos, they were terror-stricken and deeply grieved at this double political and domestic crisis which was shaking the monarchy to its foundations.

Throughout the day intense excitement prevailed. Everyone was afraid of finding his own name or the names of his friends among the list of the conspirators. The next morning the Prince of Asturias entreated the King to come into his apartments, stating that he wished to make an important communication to his Majesty.

The King came, but his surprise and indignation can scarcely be conceived when he heard the Prince say, "I have been reflecting all night on my wicked conduct towards your Majesty, and I have been trying to remember those conspirators' names which were not inserted in the list."

At these words Charles IV., horrified at such a proceeding, which he warmly denounced, left the room, saying that he wished to hear no more. This incident is highly characteristic.

During the following month all the influence of the Emperor Napoleon was exerted to obtain Ferdinand's pardon, and to prevent these events from being discussed in the council of his Catholic Majesty. M. Izquierdo wrote to the Prince de la Paix to this effect, although personally he was of opinion that the exemplary treatment of Don Carlos had once saved the Spanish monarchy. But his

desire to prove to the Emperor that Spain only desired peace and order, even at the expense of the most pressing family interests, induced him to grant the request. The results of this indulgence were painfully apparent afterwards, although it was in full accordance with the principles of morality, religion, and humanity. Some months afterwards its evil effects were experienced by the whole family of Charles IV.

Perfect tranquillity prevailed at Paris, except in the ambitious mind of Bonaparte. Forced by the treaty of Tilsit to remain at peace, unable to assail England, which was safe from his attacks, he devoted his attention to devising means for stealing Spain and the Indies from the Bourbons. He required kingdoms for his brothers, sisters, and brothers-in-law. In order to ensure the success of the secret conspiracy he had planned against Spain, the Emperor had demanded from Charles IV. thirty thousand of his best troops, including infantry and cavalry, for service in his new German dominions and in the Hanseatic towns. At the same time he had despatched large bodies of troops to Portugal, but with secret orders to enter Spain and capture San Sebastian, Saragossa, Pampeluna, and other fortified places.

Several French detachments, concealing their arms under their cloaks, had taken possession of some places on the Spanish frontier, and this circumstance at once disturbed and alienated the cabinet of Madrid. M. Izquierdo demanded reparation for this species of clumsily disguised military occupation, but in vain. Pretexts and subterfuges were employed to cloak the beginning of the invasion. After this the Emperor's

forces adopted a different course at Aranjuez, as we shall see.

In March, 1808, a new storm burst upon Aranjuez. The life-guards were in favour of the movement originated by the Prince of Asturias and the Infantado party. What had been only begun unskilfully in December, 1806, was now completely accomplished. Charles IV. and his Queen became prisoners in their palace; the Prince de la Paix was obliged to hide in one of the garrets of his castle. He was discovered and betrayed by a gardener, at the moment when, driven from his retreat by heat and thirst, he was trying to find someone whom he could trust. The principal remaining events are narrated in the memoirs of M. de Cévallos.

I shall confine myself to recounting certain events not generally known, which I learnt from my friend M. Izquierdo. I will only add that after the government of the Emperor had avowed that he was taking an active part in the events at Aranjuez, and that he had directed Prince Murat to proceed to Madrid to re-establish order, the friends of the Prince de la Paix petitioned Murat to set him at liberty. Prince Ferdinand declared himself King of Spain, and succeeded his unfortunate father.

The Prince de la Paix was compelled to pay eight or nine million francs as a ransom to the soldiers and their commanding officer, who came from Madrid to liberate him. Murat, who commanded this expedition, and escorted the prince as far as Bayonne, also received a handsome reward; but liberty is priceless, especially to one who possesses the wealth of Mexico and Peru.

Thus commenced this execrable intrigue, in which Bonaparte played the part of judge at Bayonne, establishing a constitutional junta, entangling the whole of the royal family in his snare, and kidnapping Spanish princes, as the London press-gangs kidnapped English sailors. Thus began the monstrous political crimes committed by the Emperor Napoleon against the independence of states and the good faith of treaties. This is the epoch both of the decadence of his empire and of his own greatest renown.

In vain did Bonaparte pretend that the King of Spain had sought his aid to repair the harm caused to the monarchy by Ferdinand's treason. The truth is that the Emperor had fomented the ambitious pretensions of Ferdinand's party by means of his diplomatic agents, and had fascinated the Prince of Asturias to such an extent that he was about to ask in marriage one of Napoleon's adopted nieces, or another of his female relatives. This request was contained in an autograph letter from Ferdinand, which he handed to the Count de Beauharnais, the French ambassador. It is a fact that after the crime of December it was the Emperor who sought and obtained Ferdinand's pardon, which was officially demanded from Charles IV.

During the interview between this King and Napoleon at Marrac, near Bayonne, he warmly denounced the Emperor's participation in his son's criminal conduct. "Yes, it is you," he said to him, "who have armed the son against the father. You and your ambassador arranged all your plans with this object."

The Emperor did not reply to this just reproach, but insisted on the King's immediate abdication.

Charles IV. was compelled to consent to this on terms which have never been fulfilled.

When the Queen came to Marrac, she thought it her duty to endeavour to influence the Emperor in favour of Charles IV. and Emmanuel Godoï, Prince de la Paix. With this object she presented the Empress Josephine with a great number of very beautiful diamonds and other precious stones which she had brought from Madrid.

It is an undoubted fact that a short time afterwards, the Emperor, having received the Prince of Asturias privately, demanded his abdication. The prince at first firmly refused to obey this command, and in order to strengthen or soften his refusal, he renewed his request to be permitted to marry a relative or an adopted niece of his Imperial Majesty, but the Emperor's reply consisted of these words only: "Prince, abdicate or die!" The order was absolute. Mindful of the Duke d'Enghien, the Prince of Asturias yielded to force, and signed his abdication. He was then confined with his brothers in the castle of Valençay, belonging to M. de Talleyrand.

1808.

That year I visited the Pyrenees to drink the waters of Cauterets. Marshal Lannes spent some time there too, and was constantly cursing this Spanish war, and predicting that the imperial ambition would cost Napoleon some of his ablest generals, and would eventually hasten his downfall.

The trickery and utter lack of integrity evinced in his dealings with the King of Spain and his sons

may indeed be regarded as the most obvious cause of Bonaparte's ruin.

From the moment when Savary, his faithful henchman and aide-de-camp, had deceived these princes by bringing them from Madrid to Bayonne under various specious pretexts (the inhabitants of Vittoria alone detected the snare; twice in the public square they unharnessed the carriage horses, and endeavoured to prevent their departure, saying that Spanish princes must not cross the frontiers of the kingdom)—from that moment, I say, no one in Europe ever again placed any confidence either in the Emperor's word or his treaties. France was scandalised; this was proved by the honourable and affecting reception accorded by the people to King Charles IV. and his sons. In the eyes of political observers, it was with the impious war against Spain that the fall of Bonaparte's colossal empire commenced. Unhappily this important lesson will always be lost alike on kings and peoples.

I spent a few days at the baths of Saint-Sauveur, and also at Barèges. At the latter place I saw Prince Murat, who had been recalled from Madrid after the terrible day when the French troops under his command fired on the people and massacred the families of two rich bankers. But let us cast a veil over these horrible violations of the good faith of treaties and promises. I saw Murat, then, at Barèges; he was thin, yellow, and hollow-eyed; he suffered from shortness of breath, and did not appear likely to live long. However, the pure mountain air restored him; after a few days he resumed his journey to Italy, where, by the Emperor's command, he was going to

reign over Naples. When I returned to Tarbes, at the end of August, I saw Napoleon pass through the town. He had just arranged the affairs of Spain according to his own method, that is to say, by officially insulting the Spaniards, and by terrifying them on the subjects of the maintenance of the Catholic faith and the integrity of their territory.

It had been already perceived that the Emperor's declarations were very ambiguous on these two points, which the inhabitants of the Peninsula regarded as of the greatest importance. It was also shrewdly suspected that his Imperial Majesty coveted the banks of the Ebro as the frontier of his empire, because they had formed the boundary of Charlemagne's dominions. When the Emperor arrived at Tarbes, where I was staying, I was very careful not to solicit an audience at the Prefecture, where all the principal inhabitants called to pay their respects to him. I contented myself with watching him pass through the market-place, where the country people, who are frank and fearless, and who know very well that an emperor is only a man, addressed him familiarly, and touched his clothes and his boots. He appeared somewhat uneasy at this, and asked M. de Noë, who was in command of the guard of honour at Tarbes, what those people meant by their gestures and exclamations uttered in a dialect which he did not understand.

"Do not be anxious, Sire; your Majesty is surrounded only by honest people. This is their way of expressing their joy at seeing you."

The Emperor then rode away with Generals Lannes, Duroc, and other officers, who accompanied him as

far as Patte-d'Oie, where three roads meet at the extremity of the Adour bridge. I longed for his Majesty's departure, because he caused such unwonted excitement in our town. He left us after midnight and proceeded through Auch, Toulouse, Montauban, Agen, and Bordeaux, returning to Paris through the Loire Inférieure.

The fact that I was the only one of the leading inhabitants who had not sought an interview with his Imperial Majesty caused considerable astonishment in my native town. Besides, it was known that I had been intimately aequainted with the Empress when she was Madame de Beauharnais, and wife of one of my illustrious colleagues in the Constituent Assembly. I did not inform my countrymen how unacceptable I was to that insolent court of upstarts which detested the men of the Revolution. However, I experienced a feeling of pleasure at witnessing the departure of this ambitious monarch from our peaceful Pyrenees, who was involving us in a war with our neighbours, and was about to inflict on us all the calamities inseparable from such a disaster. One reflection occurred to me at this period. I had just traversed several departments, from Paris to the Pyrenees, and everywhere I had seen the population in a state of ferment, applauding the sovereign and his consort in order to disguise their real sentiments, and concealing their poverty behind triumphal arches raised at great expense in the thoroughfares of the towns, and even in the poorest villages. At that time these same towns of Toulouse, Agen, and Bordeaux, which to-day are fighting for the Bourbons and are hounding down the adherents of the Emperor,

were ruining themselves by the payment of voluntary contributions for fêtes, triumphal arches, guards of honour, fireworks and illuminations in Bonaparte's honour.

Napoleon had scarcely returned to Paris when he resolved to proceed to Erfurt, where he intended to preside over a conference of European sovereigns. He had been preceded in his journey to this German town by the numerous members of the imperial household, and by the most famous actors and actresses from the Parisian theatres. It should be remembered that at this time Talma and Fleury, by their admirable talent, had reasserted the superiority of the French stage.

It is beyond the province of mere personal memoirs to direct the attention of the reader to the extraordinary congress of Erfurt, or to the secret political object of Napoleon in planning and convoking this meeting.

Paris entirely ignored these imperial and royal conferences, which were attended by the sovereigns of Russia and Austria, as well as those of Prussia, Bavaria and Würtemberg. But the English, whose diplomacy disregards nothing, and who make it their maxim to publish everything, printed all the information they could obtain about these Erfurt conferences. They arrived at the conclusion that the congress was intended to enable Napoleon to establish a system of European despotism, which would prove to be the most foolishly planned, but the most elaborately organised, system since the despotism of Gengis Khan and Mahomet.

I wish to draw particular attention to the last

chapter of a work styled "Travels in Italy and Asia," by Yougalt (1 vol. 4to, London, 1810). In this chapter, which is entitled "Political Considerations," the author speaks of the ancient power of France and the modern designs of Napoleonic ambition. He also refers at some length to the ideas and plans proposed by Bonaparte to the Emperors and Kings of Europe. He describes the French government as the type of a dangerous and revolutionary government, and as an object-lesson which might be very injurious to the other European governments.

I translated this volume of travels, but I have hitherto been unable to print my work, because the Bonapartist authorities were alarmed at Yougalt's last chapter and the frankness of his disclosures. I am anxious to publish it, especially on account of this execrable plan of European despotism which Bonaparte originated, propounded, and endeavoured to execute. France, and indeed the whole of Europe, will some day be horrified at this machiavelian plan, which was calculated to enslave the minds and alienate the rights of future generations.

The merciless and sacrilegious war which the Emperor had declared against Spain continued to be fiercely waged, and the conscription became so severe and comprehensive that every French family wore mourning in order that the feeble Joseph might be placed on the usurped throne of Charles IV.

Public opinion in Paris strongly denounced this unparalleled war, and it was still more the case in the southern departments of France, which were burdened with the support, at the same time, of the

French troops proceeding to the seat of war and of the Spanish and Portuguese prisoners drafted into France. The country was ruined by requisitions, and the lucrative trade between Spain and Southern France was annihilated.

It was at M. Izquierdo's house that I ascertained, through several Spaniards who used to bring him their letters, the amount of infamy and cruelty, robbery and immorality caused by this war. One day when we were at a window of his apartments on the Boulevard, one of his friends arrived from Spain with frightful details of what had happened at the town of Cuença, and of the extremities to which the French had proceeded, even against that sex whose attractiveness renders it less capable of defending itself against violence. While we were deploring the calamities of this impolitic war, we watched the dense crowds which every Sunday promenade the Boulevard in search of pleasure and amusement.

This contrast between the public gaiety and the melancholy subject of our conversation suggested to us sad reflections on the selfishness of the Parisians, and on the general indifference to human suffering displayed by dwellers in capital cities.

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Izquierdo, "what does it matter to the Parisians that the tears of the human race are flowing copiously, provided those tears do not flow at Paris?"

This profound remark, which was worthy of a Navarrese heart, impressed me to such an extent that I here record it for the benefit of those who are capable of appreciating it.

During the progress of this horrible war, the direction of which, by a singular error of judgment, the Emperor had entrusted to marshals who were rivals, and therefore jealous of each other, it was at one time supposed that Bonaparte was about to conclude a treaty with the Spaniards of his own accord, and at last restore to Europe that peace which his insatiable ambition had destroyed.

The Emperor advanced to the Ebro, and immediately afterwards to Burgos; he even arrived at the gates of Madrid, and it was believed in Paris that the war was drawing to a close; but it was subsequently continued with greater fury than before. Bonaparte seems to have trembled with fear on the banks of the Manzanares, for, shortly after his arrival there, he precipitately withdrew to Bayonne, and retired from Spain as he had retired from Egypt.

The only result of these proceedings was an increased exasperation on his part against Spain; but he abandoned the further prosecution of this atrocious war to newly-appointed marshals, who were to act in concert with the former commanders stationed in Andalusia.

An additional army crossed the Pyrenees, headed by new commanders; but guerilla bands had now been formed in all parts of Spain to repel this unrighteous aggression. The English advanced from Portugal along the Douro, and distinguished themselves under Wellington's command at Talavera, and afterwards on the Portuguese frontiers.

What was Bonaparte doing at that time? He was pompously styling his foolish blockade of England a "continental system," and he was regulating his

customs, his patrols, and, in short, all his machinery of oppression, with diabolical ingenuity. From the Pyrenees to the Baltic all trade was entirely controlled by his will, and all the dues came into his hands. He was already contemplating the extension of his prohibitive system as far as the ports of Riga and Dantzic, and the extremity of Livonia, when at length the Czar offered a righteous and courageous resistance to these restrictions, since Russia could not exist without exchanging her productions for the indispensable products exported from the British Isles. Moreover, French commerce was hampered. No French vessels could leave port without a license from the Emperor, for it was calculated that the prohibition to cross the Channel would result in a loss to Mr. Pitt's government of at least a million in customs duties alone.

At this period an imperial decree was issued, which from sheer shame was concealed from all except the police commissaries in the harbours. This edict condemned to death every ship captain who brought English newspapers into France; both the cargo and ship were to be confiscated.

I noticed the evident progress of public discontent, especially among the working classes. It was felt that such a government would destroy itself by its own excesses; but it was quite uncertain how or when this catastrophe would occur.

The imperial power and glory were now at their height; and since Napoleon could rise no higher, and political changes were imminent, obviously his fall was inevitable. The forces of destiny effected what had hitherto been impossible. At the moment Europe seemed

at peace, with the exception of the military occupation of the Spanish peninsula. Haughty and warlike Austria had become the ally of the new dynasty which had been victorious at Wagram. Holland and the Hanseatic towns were united to the great Empire. The Illyrian provinces were governed by France. The English and their enterprising commerce had been banished from the coasts of Europe, from the Adriatic and Ionian shores, as far as the North and Baltic Seas. Russia, with her encroaching and perfidious policy, had slumbered in her steppes ever since the battle of Friedland and the treaty of Tilsit.

France needed only her liberties, and suitable guarantees for their preservation. She had expected since the commencement of the peace that durable institutions would be established, capable of ensuring her internal prosperity and external safety. These expectations were disappointed when the demon of war suddenly suggested the clumsy and impolitic expedition to Russia. The burning of Moscow and the cold of a premature winter destroyed seven hundred thousand heroic Frenchmen, without a single battle being fought. Only twelve thousand survived, and these were rallied at Posen. The other warriors never saw their native land again. From that moment the star of Napoleon's destiny paled. The great Empire disappeared amidst the ruins of the Kremlin.

1812.

During the spring of 1812 the component forces of the great enterprise projected by Bonaparte were to be combined. He had spent the winter in changing his ministers, chamberlains, prefects, and generals.

He had procured and studied all the available maps of Russia, and had thought of nothing but this expedition.

The council of state had decreed a fresh conscription; the senate was as obsequious as usual, and was prepared to surrender France with her whole population to the demon of war, provided the senatorial privileges and emoluments were respected.

When this projected expedition against Russia became known, it excited more disapproval than even the unrighteous war with Spain. It was discussed one day at M. Izquierdo's residence, and everyone agreed that an attempt to wage war simultaneously at the two extremities of Europe would entail utter ruin on the Emperor.

M. Izquierdo, no doubt adopting the language of of the bull-fighters of his country, said, "Bonaparte is seizing the bull by the horns, and will be worsted." The bull was the type of Europe, while the horns signified Spain and Russia.

In the midst of the palace festivities the Emperor was drawing up his plan of campaign against Russia. The noble loyalty with which the treaty of Tilsit had been signed, and the exemplary patience with which numerous acts of injustice respecting trade and customs had been endured, ought surely to have averted from that nation the horrors of war.

A scarcity of food prevailed in the southern and western departments, and a famine was anticipated at Paris. Everywhere popular disturbances seemed to warn the Emperor not to advance like a political adventurer to Vilna and Moscow, but rather to devote his attention to home administration, to end the war

with Spain, and to enable France at last to enjoy the long-promised peace. But the baseness of the councillors of state and the madness of military ambition were encouraged to the utmost. The Emperor ordered that the instigators of the food riots should be arrested at Caen; the prefect had been insulted, it was said, and this was a sufficient reason for shooting women in the citadel of Caen.

This policy of the imperial government alienated all honest minds in Paris, and in spite of the police gags, no difficulty was experienced in uttering angry protests and clamouring loudly for a different state of affairs.

In May, 1812, I was extremely surprised to receive a letter inviting me to proceed at noon to the official residence of the Minister of Police. I could not understand what motive existed for an invitation so *agreeable* to one who, like myself, was horrified at the mere mention of the French police, and regarded them as on a par with the Inquisition of Madrid or Goa. However, I felt compelled to obey the summons immediately.

I enquired for M. de Rovigo. He was in his garden, and I joined him there. He accosted me, saying, "Are you not a shareholder in a newspaper?"

"Yes, monseigneur; in the *Courrier de l'Europe*."

"Well, although we are making many changes in newspapers, yours will continue to appear as usual."

"This newspaper," I said, "is moderate in its views and ably edited."

"Possibly; take care that it retains that reputation, and communicate my remarks to your fellow-shareholders; the government is not interested in its suppression. I sent for you to tell you so."

As I was thanking the Duke de Rovigo for such unexpected justice, I perceived that all this was only a pretext, for he added, "I have to speak to you about something else. Do you know what is happening in Paris?"

"I never interfere with any affairs except my own. Unlike you, I hold no office which would make it my duty to know all that happens in the capital."

"Have you not heard that so-called food riots have occurred in the suburbs?"

"No, monseigneur; I never concern myself with executive or government business. I leave this duty to those who have undertaken it."

"But with whom do you live? Whom do you see?"

These questions, which were asked in an abrupt, or rather brutal, manner, caused me to adopt a tone befitting a man who is not amenable to the police.

"Monseigneur," I said firmly, "I live with my books. I see very few persons in a country where no one has any real friends. My personal misfortunes have taught me to live as far as possible from rulers, and to avoid politics and politicians."

On this the Duke de Rovigo appeared to be mollified. Then I saw M. Tallien approaching, who, no doubt, on account of his former fame as a revolutionary leader, or for some other reason unknown to me, had also been summoned by the minister. Never again did I see this duke, who was more like a policeman than a minister of state. His promise to spare the *Courrier de l'Europe*, in which I held a very small share, was so sacred in his eyes that two months afterwards the paper was despotically suppressed and

forcibly incorporated with the *Journal de Paris*, its good-will and subscribers being transferred to the latter journal.

The proprietorship of the *Journal de Paris* was divided into twenty-four shares, and I received a *quarter of a share* as the equivalent of my interest in the *Courrier*. The minister retained six shares in his own hands to enable him to pay his poets, his literary tools, his ballad-mongers and spies.

A whole share in the *Journal de Paris* was awarded to M. Alissan de Chazet, because that amiable and obliging gentleman had composed odes on the birth of the King of Rome, anniversary poems for the arch-chancellor, and, above all, ballads for the entertainments given by Madame de Rovigo. This was the same M. Alissan de Chazet who was subsequently known as "the champion of the throne and the altar," and who displayed the same zeal and ability on the side of the Bourbons as he had previously displayed on behalf of Napoleon.

At last the Emperor departed on his final expedition. His partisans and hired flatterers could talk of nothing but the "great crusade in defence of European safety." The Emperor had, it was said, united all the Continental nations against the tool of England, against that Russia which, four years before, was according to Bonaparte, the only power worthy of an alliance with France. It was reported that his army was as large as that of Xerxes. He carried with him all kinds of stores and supplies suitable for the climates of Russia, the Crimea, the Bosphorus, and even Persia.

Never did the expedition of the Golden Fleece kindle

the ardour of poets to such an extent as this Russian expedition aroused the aspirations and premature boasts of all Napoleon's officials and agents. But this colossal, impolitic, and haughtily reckless enterprise was regarded very differently in the other countries of Europe, even in those which had been incorporated in the Empire, but which had assimilated neither its spirit nor its manners.

At Rome, Governor-general Miollis had just erected a large theatre after the model of the French theatres. He had placed over the entrance this inscription: "Theatrum Imperiale" (Imperial Theatre). During the night, an artist substituted the more appropriate version—"Imperium Theatrale" (Theatrical Empire). This epigram was suggested by profound judgment and a prophetic spirit; for the Empire, whose chief resembled a tragic actor rather than a real prince, fell as suddenly as on the stage a palace falls and is replaced by another at the whistle of the scene-shifter.

Napoleon's advance into the country of the brave Sarmatians was preceded by an Auvergnat priest, who had long been notorious for his opposition to the revolution of 1789, and to the constitution of 1791, and who, after prudently emigrating beyond the Rhine, had returned home to make himself useful by composing political pamphlets under the Directory and the Consulate. The name of this priest was De Pradt.

The Emperor was not long in discerning the value of such a man for the purposes of his arbitrary government, and he laid the Abbé de Pradt under obligations to him by grants of money, and by the bestowal of those favours which are at the disposal of sovereigns.

The priest was metamorphosed into a bishop. The bishop became archbishop of Mechlin. Soon afterwards he was appointed special preacher on the occasion when the Emperor assumed the imperial crown before the altar of Notre Dame cathedral at Paris. This eloquent prelate did not fail to impress very strongly upon the faithful, from the pulpit of truth and peace, that "Napoleon was the envoy of God." He attained all the honours of the Church, but he never secured the friendship of the Pope. However, his kind master indemnified him for this, in 1812, by appointing him his ambassador extraordinary at Warsaw.

Nothing less was intended than the regeneration of the glorious Polish nation—its formation into an independent state, and its deliverance from the three monarchies which had held it in subjection since 1772, after dismembering and dividing it among themselves. It was with this object that his Grace the Archbishop of Mechlin forsook his Belgian flock and the palace of the Tuileries, where he was at once almoner, political preacher, pamphleteer, and, so to speak, *spes altera Romæ*.

Such were the men whom the Emperor esteemed and enriched, honoured and employed with marked partiality.

In 1809 he had acted in the same way; honouring with his confidence a M. Fiévée, who had formerly been a foreman printer, then the author, in 1790, of some plays in honour of liberty (Feydeau Theatre), and subsequently the printer of a newspaper, which must have been very unpopular among the people of Paris, as they proceeded to the extremity of destroy-

ing his presses in 1793, the year when M. Fiévée definitely joined the party opposed to the Convention.

I had lost sight of him during the reaction of 1795, in which he took a leading part in order to obtain some appointment. I did not encounter him in the realms of political intrigue until the time when the Consul Bonaparte thought he could utilise his talent, and sent him to London as a spy upon Louis XVIII. (so it was said at that time) and the Bourbons who were residing at Hartwell House, a few miles from the capital.

The new office which Bonaparte had created for M. Fiévée became known to the Parisians by the appearance of a small pamphlet of a hundred pages, entitled "Some Ideas about the English." This pamphlet was intended to conceal the fact that its author was playing the part of a spy in London. It will be seen in the sequel what fidelity this able and ambitious observer was capable of displaying.

The government of the day appointed chief editors to every newspaper; no doubt in order to ensure for the French people the enjoyment of the liberty of the press. The position of editor-in-chief of the *Journal de l'Empire*, formerly known as the *Journal des Débats*, was the most lucrative in the gift of the First Consul.

In consideration of the appointment of M. Fiévée to this post, with a salary of thirty-six thousand francs a year, the Emperor expected the most devoted zeal for his honour and glory. Nevertheless, at the period of the battle of Tilsit, M. Fiévée boasted, at a meeting of poets, ballad-writers, and political scribblers who were devoted to the Empire, that he

had at his own disposal a large army of two hundred thousand subscribers and readers.

This remark, which was reported in the secret bulletins sent from Paris to the headquarters near the Niemen, was very displeasing to the conqueror, who dismissed M. Fiévée, and conferred the post and emoluments of chief editor on M. Etienne, a clerk in the office of M. Maret, secretary of state. M. Etienne had first attracted the Emperor's notice during a certain evening on the battlefield of Preussisch-Eylau. M. Fiévée, somewhat disappointed at this loss of favour, awaited a suitable opportunity for reinstating himself in Napoleon's good graces. He availed himself of such an opportunity in 1809, and in that year he obtained a confidential post in the Emperor's cabinet, and was subsequently appointed master of requests. This was his nominal title. It was his duty to draw up minor reports for the council of state, and every evening a detailed summary of the incidents which had been observed either by himself or his spies. The latter document it was his rule to submit to the Emperor's study.

At this period commenced my chance acquaintance with this master of requests, who, feeling obliged to maintain a certain appearance of wealth and position, rented a handsome suite of apartments on the first floor of No. 6, Rue Lepelletier, where I had been residing for fifteen years on the second floor. I saw him take up his abode there, with a fine carriage, elegant furniture, a well-supplied kitchen, and several servants.

I could not understand how an ex-printer and present master of requests could support such an

establishment on his salary of six thousand francs a year. I was informed, however, that he received an additional allowance of thirty-six thousand francs for his services as detective-superintendent. Indeed, every morning I saw several men calling at his house who were obviously police agents, besides other persons of the class usually employed in subordinate detective work. The regularity of these visits confirmed me in the belief that this gentleman was the chief of the Emperor's secret police.

This constant police supervision did not frighten me at all, because I never interested myself now in any government, but contented myself with merely enduring them, and keeping aloof from them all. However, as I used to see M. Roch de Montgaillard frequently, and as he was in the habit of expressing himself loudly and frankly in my rooms on the subject of the political and military operations of the Emperor, I thought it my duty to induce him to moderate his tone on political matters, in order that he might not be overheard by M. Fiévée, who lodged on the floor below. "If this master of requests," I often remarked to him, "is really one of Bonaparte's spies, as they say, and if he is ever so slightly acquainted with the laws of acoustics, how can we be certain that he will not bore holes in his ceiling for eavesdropping purposes? And in that case all your candid criticisms of the Emperor's wars, policy, and despotism will reach the ears of Napoleon (for whom you have written so much) through the echo of this domiciliary police which surrounds me." This rendered M. Roch de Montgaillard more circumspect.

I thought it my duty to call upon M. Fiévée, in order to form an independent idea of the kind of security ensured to me by my neighbour. I could not doubt that I was suspected by the distrustful tyranny of his Imperial Majesty, and I knew that my name had been inserted, with unfavourable remarks attached to it, in the great book, or personal index, kept at the central police office, by a former Norman priest named M. Havas. I was regarded as a bugbear by this government, that only wanted devoted and faithful, or rather fanatical, adherents. Therefore I was compelled to be more prudent than others.

I went down to M. Fiévée's room. He was in his study, and my visit appeared to astonish him, owing to the marked difference between our political opinions and careers. I was, however, still more astonished at my own temerity. He chatted in a lively and humorous manner about the Emperor, whose conversation he described as piquant, cheerful, and sometimes very original. "I often remain with him for two hours in private, and every time I leave him I am more astounded than before at his commanding ability."

"Do you not go sometimes," I said, "to the arch-chancellor, whose mind is of a different cast, and who is a man of vast experience and imperturbable discretion?"

"Yes, occasionally; but he is worn out by the numerous eventful changes he has witnessed, and he is tired of revolutions. He is like those men who think that everyone must stop when they themselves are tired of advancing."

This little revolutionary remark from the lips of a former reactionist was intended to entrap me; but he thereby proved that he was determined to adapt himself to the Emperor's extremely revolutionary spirit. The result of my visit was that I had seen an upstart of some importance, who discussed everything with that self-sufficiency which is to be found only in Paris.

M. Fiévée honoured me by never returning my visit, and I considered myself fortunate in being forgotten by this spying master of requests, who was sent next year by the Emperor to Hamburg, one of the fresh acquisitions of the Empire. He was instructed to arrange the payment of the public debt of this state.

This change of office proved to us that his services as a detective were no longer satisfactory to Bonaparte, and that the great tavern and drawing-room spy was now out of date. I do not know what thoughts on this subject passed through the imperial brain at that time, but it is nevertheless certain that in 1813, in the spring, M. Fiévée was unexpectedly appointed prefect of Nevers, and his servants said that this appointment was very unwelcome and disconcerting to him.

He was however compelled to leave Paris for his prefecture. It is well known how he behaved a few months later, in 1814 (January and February), when the allied forces invaded Champagne and Nivernais. At that time a committee of mayors met at the residence of the prefect of Nevers, so I was assured by the sub-prefect of Autun. This committee decided the policy to be pursued towards the allies, in the interests of the country. Each mayor received a card

from the committee, which enabled him, if necessary, to pass through the enemy's lines, and thus to promote the interests of a person who shall be nameless. In April, 1814, the Count d'Artois made his public entry into Paris, amidst general enthusiasm (public opinion having now entirely abandoned the Emperor). On the evening of this day of triumph, one of the prince's footmen called at No. 6, Rue Lepelletier, to see M. Fiévée. The Mlles. Saulnier, the landladies of the house, to whom this retainer from the Tuileries applied, informed him that M. Fiévée was at Nevers, where he had been prefect for the last twelve months.

"Where is Nevers?" asked the ignorant footman.

"Why," replied the ladies to this geographer of the servants' hall, "Nevers is in Nivernais, more than sixty leagues from Paris."

"That makes a difference," said the footman; "I will report your answer."

I heard this fact from the lips of the Mlles. Saulnier themselves, who wished to prove to me how highly M. Fiévée was esteemed by the Bourbons.

A few days afterwards M. Fiévée, ex-agent of the Emperor at London, ex-detective in the service of the Emperor at Paris, ex-master of requests to the council of state, ex-liquidator at Hamburg for his Imperial Majesty, and subsequently his prefect at Nevers, became one of the favourites of the Bourbons. I do not profess to explain these circumstances. I am only narrating contemporary events.

Having now related the historical episodes associated with the names of the Abbé de Pradt and M. Fiévée, I will resume the thread of my story, which has been interrupted too long.

I left the Emperor on his way, like Charles XII., to bury his fame and his sceptre in the plains of Russia. Everyone knows his imprudent alliances with Prussia and Austria, both of which he had been ravaging and humiliating for so long a time. This alliance formed the primary cause of his hairbrained expedition to the Vistula. The easy triumphs at Vilna, the more glorious battle at Smolensk, and the triumphant entry into Moscow, were soon eclipsed by the courageous devotion of the Muscovites, who burnt their own capital in order to drive the imprudent invader out. In the lurid glare of the conflagration of Moscow, France perceived the ruin of her army, and foresaw a terrible future.

Even among the still smoking ruins Napoleon was deluded by vague hopes of peace, and a few days afterwards, being unable to penetrate into the Crimea through Tula and Kalouga, which were both very effectually defended by the Russians, he witnessed the disappearance, during a few days of frost and famine, of six hundred thousand men, who reached Moscow, but were never afterwards seen.

Thus Nature, more powerful than politics, thwarted in a few moments the gigantic projects of this formidable ambition, which aimed at nothing less than the possession of Constantinople, and hoped at some future time to effect a descent by means of the rivers of Persia on the British dominions in Bengal and Hindostan.

In March, 1813, I translated an English pamphlet, entitled "Better Late than Never; or, the Necessity for making Peace between France and England." In this pamphlet Bonaparte, although regarded as a man

of straw and an ambitious upstart, was nevertheless praised to excess for the magnificence of his designs. This pamphlet discloses Bonaparte's ulterior plans. Its author warned England that if she did not conclude a treaty of peace as soon as possible, Napoleon would succeed in dividing the Russian empire into several states, and would invade the Crimea; that he would then capture Constantinople, and render it once more an imperial city. It was also prophesied that he would drive the Turks back into Asia, and subsequently either form an alliance with the Shah of Persia or invade the mountains of the north of that country, in order to make a descent by means of the rivers into Hindostan, by the route indicated in Colonel Taylor's "Letters about India," which I translated in 1812, and published at Paris.

Bonaparte, more accustomed to flee than to retreat, deserted his army, or its miserable remnant, as soon as he had crossed the bridge of Beresina, sacrificing twelve thousand Frenchmen to ensure his own safety. But such is the insensate fanaticism with which the French adhere to chiefs or rulers, that they sacrifice themselves readily for their sakes.

Bonaparte concealed his shame at Vilna, Warsaw, Posen, Dresden, Frankfort, and Mayence. He at last took refuge, ashamed and dishonoured, in the inmost recesses of the Tuileries.

January, 1813.

If at that time there had been in France any sound national feeling, any duly assembled representatives, any sincerely patriotic advisers, or any brave marshals, Napoleon would have been immediately de-

posed or forced to make peace, and allow the universe to rest. Far from this, the official flatterers, the court flunkeys, the traitorous counsellors, and all the base and servile minds in Paris, rallied round the monarch who had deserted his army—this ambitious criminal who had been justly punished.

The senate came first to cheer him in his dejection, and to represent to him that the nation would be only too glad to prove afresh its devotion and its fidelity. The prefect of Paris (Chabrol) followed, in great pomp, at the head of a procession representing the department. The prefect tendered to his Imperial Majesty a civic offering of several horsemen, fully armed and equipped, in order to set an example to the other prefects and departments; as if they wished, by a fresh sacrifice of conscripts to the Emperor's mania for war, to encourage a repetition of the terrible loss of six hundred thousand Frenchmen on the icy plains of Russia.

Immediately his courage revived, he issued orders, he levied troops, and he imposed taxes. He again threatened the powers. He said that he was unfortunate, but that he had not been vanquished. He organised a fresh army of three hundred thousand men, which he concentrated on the Spree, the Elbe, and the Vistula. The battles of Lützen and Bautzen were only fresh misfortunes for France. A few more victories of that kind would have utterly ruined the nation.

Napoleon, inspired by his evil genius, rejected all peace proposals. His most trusted advisers, in full accord with his heart of bronze and head of iron, advocated war; and while he compelled Paris and

France to sing the Te Deum for his "victories," his enemies were driving him from the mountains of Bohemia, as well as from the banks of the Elbe, he was losing the battle of Leipzig, and he was once more in rapid flight towards Hanau and Frankfort across heaps of French corpses.

His army in disorder, his artillery and cavalry terrified at the successes of the allies, were marching over the dead and dying. Thus the great conqueror fled once more to Mayence, and thence to Paris. There, at the end of 1813, were tendered the same perfidious advice and the same civic offerings. Napoleon either ignored or forgot the important fact that the court is not the state, and that the senate and council are not the nation. He accordingly resumed his empty boasts in the *Moniteur*. He declared to the allies that, were they masters of the heights of Montmartre, he would not cede to them a single village in the countries which he had added to his Empire.

The public officials, who were his accomplices in these political crimes, supplied him with fresh means of waging war when they ought to have compelled this haughty and inflexible savage, by threats and by the refusal of men and money, to consent to a peace which even then might have secured the honour and safety of France.

Bonaparte, emboldened by the fatal compliance of the constituted authorities, did not hesitate to impose taxes and conscriptions without consulting the national representatives. According to him, all national power was vested in himself; he mobilised the departmental contingents and the national guards of the whole Empire, and doubled the taxes at his pleasure.

End of 1813.

Observant minds saw plainly that the Emperor had already lost his head, and that he would soon lose his crown. Consequently public opinion was violently opposed to him.

His military and financial operations were loudly blamed. No longer dreaded, he became the butt of diatribes, satirical songs, lampoons, and all the other offensive weapons employed by French public opinion.

He contrived, however, to reign at the Tuileries from December, 1813, till January 20th, 1814, remarking jocosely to his generals and councillors, "Gentlemen, we must not let the Cossacks make love to our fair ladies." These odious jokes suited neither the occasion nor the French people, and only added feelings of utter contempt to the sentiments of deep hatred with which he was regarded by the whole nation.

January, 1814.

The recruiting of the National Guard of Paris was a subject of deep anxiety to him, so desirous was he of defending the city of Paris by military force, an enterprise as cruel as it was impossible.

He hoped that the National Guard, composed as it was of fathers of families, would run the risk of being cut to pieces in defence of a government so iniquitous, despotic, and oppressive as his own. Everyone attempted to secure exemption from this uselessly dangerous service.

When I received a summons to perform my military service, I called on M. Dacier, in order to plead exemp-

tion on the ground of my age and chronic infirmities. This subordinate official received and treated me very kindly, but he was of opinion that he had no power to grant my request.

I then petitioned Marshal de Conegliano. I represented that at my age, after enduring so many proscriptions and misfortunes, and suffering as I was from ill-health, I was physically incapacitated from becoming a soldier of the Empire, and that as my name had also been entered on the roll of National Guards in my own department, I could not serve in two contingents at the same time.

The marshal referred me to the prefect Chabrol, from whom I received no reply. Soon afterwards the Emperor's first successes at Montereau were announced, but I indulged in no illusions respecting the victories reported with so much emphasis in the bulletins of the *Moniteur*, and I therefore determined to accompany the widow and daughter of my cousin, Hector Barère, to the Pyrenees.

It was not altogether without regret that I quitted Paris at the most interesting moment of the political drama, in which the Emperor Napoleon was evidently about to play the last act before the eyes of all Europe, assembled in arms on French soil.

It has always afforded me much pleasure to witness the fall of a bad and ambitious sovereign. Besides, it was an encouraging and beneficial sight for the conquered nations, to behold their tyrant descend to the obscure level from which he ought never to have risen. Certainly Fortune, in deposing him, showed herself just, at least once in the course of twenty-five years. No one, either among the politicians, philo-

sophers, or intriguers of the day, was capable of forseeing the results or the end of that terrible drama, the enormous cost of which both France and Europe had been sorrowfully paying for the last fourteen years.

Everyone felt that this state of affairs must soon be ended, but no one could foretell how this consummation would be effected.

Before leaving Paris I wrote to the Duke de Conegliano to explain my reasons for requesting him to erase my name from the muster-roll of the Parisian National Guard. I also pointed out that I did not regard Paris as my fatherland, but as a general house of call for the whole of Europe.

This marshal replied to me through his aide-de-camp, who was the adjutant-general of the National Guard, that his Excellency M. de Moncey was not authorised to decide the question of my exemption, as the Emperor had only appointed him second in command, and that I must therefore apply to the prefect of the Seine.

Next day I forwarded to the prefect my application for exemption, but as I could not rely on his favourable response any more than on the impartiality of those officials whose duty consisted in drawing up the lists of recruits for the National Guard, I obtained from the police ministry a passport to enable me to visit the department of Hautes-Pyrénées, my only real native land.

I left Paris on the 14th of February, three days after the Emperor had pacified his panic-stricken capital by forwarding three bulletins of victories gained over the allies, and by sending five or six thousand

Russian, Prussian, and Cossack prisoners. Moreover, the crowds of carriages which had been so noticeable a few days before on all the high-roads and at the posting stations had considerably diminished. Wealthy and timid Parisians were escaping to Brittany, Touraine, Anjou, and Normandy. On the road between Chartres, Vendôme, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, and Bordeaux, the only travellers proceeding to Paris were troops mustering in defence of the capital. This road from Paris to Bordeaux presented an appearance as animated and crowded as that of the Parisian boulevards on public holidays. The government was withdrawing large bodies of troops from the army in Spain and thereby weakening that force, as if with the object of increasing the easily won fame of Lord Wellington. At the same time the National Guards of Brittany, Normandy, and the other western provinces were called out, while the Minister of War ordered the transfer to depôts at Tours and Angers of the prisoners of many different nationalities who were now thronging the highways.

Everywhere Napoleon was execrated ; a general wish prevailed that the foreigners might be defeated and driven from France, and yet the victories of the Emperor were dreaded because they were likely to encourage him in his despotism. It was to be hoped that a chance bullet would kill him at the moment of victory, and that the victorious army, freed from his control, would then establish that equitable rule which the senate was powerless to originate and still more to maintain.

Never had the French nation been troubled by misfortunes so extraordinary, so complicated, and so

fatal in every respect. When I left Tours for Montbazon, a postillion belonging to the last relay, returning from Tours, joined our carriage and conversed with our postillion: "You will find our post-horses exhausted and half-dead with fatigue; during the last three nights we have been driving twenty-two carriages full of state prisoners, who are to be imprisoned in the castle of Saumur."

It was the abandonment of the castle of Vincennes, caused by the dread of the approach of the Russians on their way to Paris, that opened this new Bastille, which had been stained by the useless assassination of the young Duke d'Enghien.

Ah! when I heard these two postillions chatting coolly about the transfer of a hundred victims of imperial despotism, I pictured to myself those twenty-two hearses as resembling those floating coffins, those slave-ships in which negroes are huddled by avaricious traders; or, rather, not to advance beyond the scope of royal justice, this incident reminded me of the victims whom a certain King of France used to have murdered during the night in the Louvre, and then to be secretly deposited in one of the charnel-houses of Paris. Some indiscreet men, wishing to secure reliable evidence of the crimes of the sovereign, once stood at the gate of the Louvre, on the side near the river, at the hour usually fixed for these ghastly proceedings. The soldiers, seeing some spectators in the way, cried out in gruff, harsh tones, "Make way for the justice of the King!" Thus, at dead of night, on the highway of Touraine, passed the justice of the Emperor Napoleon. I was glad to leave this execrable and fatal road, which any

friend of liberty and of France might some day be forced to traverse.

At Angoulême, a very royalist place and full of adherents of the Bourbons, a friend of mine assured me that soon everything would be settled, and that an understanding existed between the allied army and the city of Paris.

I could not believe this, although generally the most incredible and anti-national conjectures are the most likely to be correct. I arrived at Bordeaux on the 25th of February.

I have never heard Bonaparte and his atrocious government so loudly and fiercely denounced as in this town which he had utterly ruined and laid waste. The secret overtures of Wellington had won over the inhabitants, already impoverished by the loss of the French colonies, by the tax on commercial licenses, and by the excessive duties imposed on colonial produce.

An anecdote on this subject was related to me, which proves how far avaricious military governments surpass all others in acts of oppression.

The imperial duty on sugar, coffee, and indigo amounted to forty-five sous per pound. The custom-house authorities claimed this duty on produce which had been deposited at Bordeaux for several years, and the government, then in great need of money for the prosecution of the war against the allied forces, rigorously exacted payment. The owners and consignees submitted to the authorities a proposal to surrender these colonial goods to the custom-house in full payment of the duty. The government rejected this compromise and determined to exact pay-

ments in cash. This circumstance caused still further exasperation in the popular mind, and helped to ruin, in public opinion, an imprudent and grasping government which extorted, or, rather, monopolised, the wealth of the nation in order to execute plans and projects which time alone would reveal.

At length the fury of the inhabitants reached such a height that I heard, in society, a high-bred lady of very refined manners, express her astonishment that the French army did not contain any man brave enough to deliver his country from this political scourge. I heard this remark myself, and it was often repeated in the popular vernacular.

The National Guard was very slowly and reluctantly organised at Bordeaux. Wellington's troops were expected, and the people were assured that the English commander would permit no acts of outrage or plunder, such as were often perpetrated by our own troops in Germany, and especially in Spain.

An Irishman (a countryman of Lord Wellington's) named M. Lynch, a former councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, who had been created a baron and appointed mayor of the town, owing to the short-sighted policy of the Emperor or his minister Montalivet, won all hearts for Wellington by his assurance that the English would not harm the trade of Bordeaux, but would, on the contrary, render it more flourishing. At all events, this rumour was current in the town.

So well acquainted were the citizens of Bordeaux with every stage of Wellington's advance that several merchants advised me not to proceed further, as the English would arrive at Tarbes as soon as I reached

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that town, and in that case, they assured me, I should incur useless risks.

I attached no importance to their cautions, which I regarded as originating in their hatred for the Emperor's government. I continued my journey through Agénois, where all the boats, together with their captains and sailors, had been requisitioned in order to convey to Agen the stores and supplies provided for the French army in the principal military stations of the Landes. The orders either arrived too late or were imperfectly executed, for a few days afterwards the stores fell into the hands of the English, who had received very correct information from the inhabitants.

I arrived at Tarbes on the 27th of February, and I had scarcely greeted my family when the roar of the cannon at the battle of Orthez, where Wellington's troops were victorious, forced me to travel by coach to Toulouse, and to take refuge there for a few days. Everyone was hoping that during March the Emperor would have the good sense to make peace on the terms so often suggested, which fixed the Rhine as the boundary of his Empire.

Numerous details of these events, which have been omitted by historians, are known only to those who visited the localities concerned. Generals and conquerors are lauded and extolled, but little is said of the methods they adopt.

Wellington availed himself by turns of the violence of barbarians and the venality of civilised and wealthy nations. He connived at pillage, devastation, and rape in the Basque town of St. Palais; he purchased with English guineas the treason of several Basques and Bearnese, to guide his troops by mountain

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paths unknown and inaccessible except to natives of the district.

It was thus that Marshal Soult, who occupied a formidable position at Orthez, saw his flank turned by the English troops. As soon as the marshal perceived that he was attacked on all sides by superior forces, he retreated by the moors towards Aire; he left Pau and Tarbes entirely unguarded, and enticed the enemy into the north of the department of the Hautes-Pyrénées.

While the marshal concentrated the main body of his forces in the woods between Pau and Tarbes, advancing along the Lembége road, the English were reinforced from the direction of Dérisèle-Maubourguet, and drove the French troops from these feebly-defended positions. The French attempted to make a stand at Vic, but were repulsed and routed as far as Tarbes, Carnouilles, Serveca, Pietat, and Tournay. There Marshal Soult, who some days before had occupied a favourable position at Villeconteil, where his artillery might have successfully defended the Toulouse road, suddenly abandoned it, fell back on the Tarbes road at St. Gaudens, and sent on his artillery in advance to Toulouse by that fine road which extends along the banks of the Garonne.

During this flight or retreat, Lord Wellington took possession of the double road at Auch, with the object of marching to Toulouse, where he encountered the French about the 25th of March. He encamped at Leguevin, and explored the fords of the Garonne, both in the direction of the abbey of Aulnes near Muret, up the river, and above Blagnac, down the stream.

The slopes of Pech-David offered positions too favourable to Marshal Soult's army for Wellington to think of crossing the Garonne near Muret. Accordingly, about the beginning of April, he determined to cross the water at Blagnac; and, singularly enough, it was with the planks and pieces of wood found in General Compans' beautiful country-house at Blagnac that the English effected their crossing.

The engineers had determined to destroy the splendid new bridge at Toulouse, but the inhabitants opposed this step; besides, their feeling was decidedly hostile to the Emperor's government, which they had been cursing with good reason for many years. They publicly uttered imprecations against him, and also prayers for the success of Wellington. Marshal Soult's army, thirty thousand strong, occupied Toulouse, in a formidable position at the head of the bridge. His position near Cartemel and on the road to Lower Languedoc secured his communications with the army of Catalonia, commanded by the best of military administrators, and one of the ablest marshals of the Empire, the Duke of Albufera.

I have always detested government by force; military glory has never appeared to me to be anything but a decorative exterior, concealing from other nations atrocious butchery and all other crimes united in one. I have never appreciated and honoured the courage of armies, except when I have seen them fighting for the sacred cause of liberty, and defending the independence of their country and the rights of their nation.

With this exception, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" remind me only of Oriental despotism, or

of the reign of the Mamelukes. With these principles and sentiments what should I have done at Toulouse? I should have merely witnessed the protracted assassination of our brave soldiers, who were always in a minority, and were sacrificed in detail to the brutal avarice and despotism of the English ministers.

I proceeded to Cahors on the 28th of March, and I awaited, in the most dreary district of France, the result of our ineffectual defence of the South, a defence enfeebled by the orders of Bonaparte himself, who withdrew twenty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery from the army which he had entrusted with the defence of Bayonne and the southern departments. Therefore the much lauded fame of Wellington is mainly based on Napoleon's selfishness. My stay at Cahors was, at this period (March 25th), extremely disagreeable, as the town was most inconveniently crowded with Spanish prisoners, who were mingled with the unfortunate soldiers adhering to King Joseph Bonaparte. These were known in the South by the nickname of "Josephins."

The public squares were thronged all day with this swarm of unfortunate Spaniards, some of whom were habitual beggars, in spite of their national pride. But even pride and vanity are compelled to yield to gnawing hunger.

The "Josephins" behaved very well, and spent their time solely in reading the newspapers, for their fate depended on war and politics.

At that time crowds of landed proprietors from the districts that Wellington had invaded took refuge in this capital of Quercy. Those who did not conceal themselves in the mountains of Auvergne or

Aveyron, at Figeac or at Saint-Affrique, remained on the coach-road, or on the military line of march, which afforded them more security at this time of general ferment.

The peasants in the district of Gourdon and Martel (Upper Quercy) endured the execrable and ruinous yoke of the customs duties with impatience. They flocked together to Gourdon on market-day to the number of four thousand, piled up the books and registers of the custom-house in the middle of the public square, and set fire to them, after expelling all the officials. These insurgents then sent for some wine, which they drank without paying any duty either to the Emperor or his collectors, as may be supposed. I was informed of these riots by the postmaster, for no one dared to mention them in the town of Cahors, where the prefect summarily suppressed all news of this kind.

An inspector of police was stationed in one of the principal inns, who was instructed by the government to take notes of all political opinions expressed in his hearing, and to devote especial attention to the proceedings of all strangers. Therefore a traveller was most unpleasantly situated, being inconvenienced by the herding together of the Spanish prisoners, and by the riots of those peasants who were the sworn enemies of the customs duties, as well as supervised both by the police of the prefect and the detectives of the Emperor.

This state of affairs, together with the rapid march of the English troops on Toulouse and Montauban, rendered my visit to Cahors the reverse of agreeable. I resolved to leave for Limoges on the 1st of April,

and to remain there as a spectator of the events which were now hurrying onwards to an important crisis. But Limoges was no quieter than Cahors; there indeed I found additional elements of excitement and turmoil. The numerous convents and churches of this town were all crammed with Spanish prisoners, to the number of about fifteen thousand; besides these, the place contained vast numbers of "Josephin" soldiers, in addition to Prussian, German, Russian, Cossack, Bavarian, and even English prisoners. This immense captive population was more numerous than that of Limoges itself.

The Limousins were also in mortal dread of conspiracies on the part of the Spaniards. It was reported that some of the Spanish officers, wishing to join the allied Spanish, Portuguese, and English armies at Toulouse and Montauban, intended to set fire to the town, and, with the help of the prisoners, to take possession of Limoges, pillage and capture it on behalf of Wellington. It was stated at Limoges, when I arrived there, that the principal authors of this pretended conspiracy had been arrested and sent to the Emperor's commissioner (M. de Sémonville) at Bourges. (Subsequent events proved that this was the wisest course to adopt.) There, it was reported, the Spaniards were to be tried; but it is probable that this report was only the result of a panic among the Limousins, and that the events of the beginning of April diverted suspicion from the poor Spaniards, whose sad fate and dire necessities aroused the pity of the most unfeeling. Public feeling was in an intensely excited state at Limoges when I arrived—either on account of the alarming intentions imputed

to the numerous unfortunate prisoners, or in consequence of the popular riots in opposition to the customs duties.

Another cause of excitement may be mentioned, in addition to those previously named: this was the fact that no letters or newspapers arrived from Paris from the 29th of March till the morning of the 11th of April. Then only did we know the events which had occurred at Paris: the fall of Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons, their attractive promises, and the cowardly, impotent acts of a provisional government, which lasted some days, and consisted of the Abbé Maurice de Talleyrand, the Abbé de Montesquiou, a former representative of the clergy, General Beurnonville, a senator, and M. de Dalberg, also a senator, of German extraction.

The day before the 11th of April was Easter-day. I attended service at St. Michael's church, where the Bishop of Limoges officiated. All the best society of Limoges was represented in the congregation. When at the conclusion of mass the choir struck up the "Domine *salvum fac* Imperatorem" (God save the Emperor!), the fine ladies near me turned, laughing, towards the gentlemen, who had no doubt received the news from Paris through the confidential channels of trade, and remarked to them, "It is too late for the *salvum fac* —it is too late!"

During the whole of that day this incident caused me to entertain strong suspicions that the Emperor had ceased to reign, and these suspicions were confirmed on the morrow by a glance at the newspapers. But it is a remarkable fact that on Easter-day a

proclamation issued by the Empress-Regent was affixed to the walls of the town. This document was dated the 9th of April, and signed by Marie Louise and by Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, and acting secretary of state to the Regent. This obsolete proclamation consisted of fifteen or twenty lines, the purport of which was as follows:

"All recognised military or civil authorities are forbidden to obey any order not emanating from the Emperor or the Regent.

"It is positively and officially announced that the Emperor's army has hurried to the aid of the capital, and will immediately deliver the city of Paris without fail from the horde of barbarians who threaten it."

The prefects of Orleans and of Châteauroux had intercepted the postmen, and the carriers of the newspapers and the provisional government's proclamations, ever since March 29th.

April, 1814.

Never did I find any place so dull and uninteresting as Limoges. The inhabitants of this town, like all those of the central provinces, are less intelligent and civilised than the people who live on the frontiers, in the important maritime towns, or in the capital; they understand nothing but trade and the money which it produces.

In politics they are royalists from confirmed habit, and not from conviction. They hated Bonaparte on account of their hatred of customs duties, trade licenses, excessive taxation, everlasting wars, and the conscrip-

tion with all its abuses. Everywhere the same reasons existed for hating this Emperor and his despotic government.

I left Limoges as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself. A friend of mine, whom I greatly esteem for his courageous probity and sincere expression of opinion (M. Lamarque, a judge of the High Court of Appeal), was passing through Limoges on his way to Paris. I joined him, and we arrived on April the 25th.

The capital was in an indescribable state of joy and enthusiasm. The people had received a few days previously, with unanimous acclamations, Monsieur (the title of the King's brother), commonly known as the Count d'Artois, who had been appointed Lieutenant-general of the kingdom by the King at London, and afterwards recognised as such by the senate at Paris; but this joy arose most of all from the unexpected deliverance of Paris from the barbarous hordes who had threatened it.

At the barrier of Maine, National Guards and Russian soldiers guarded the entrance, without even asking anyone for a passport.

The Parisians seemed to think that the golden age had returned. The name of Henry IV. occurred in all the acclamations, and rejoicings, and in all the plays composed in honour of this extraordinary event. One might have thought that the Bourbons were bringing with them immense treasures, everlasting peace, decreased taxes, and the return of trade and manufactures. The white cockade was obligatory; the King's arrival was expected daily; and the Parisians rejoiced in the hope of soon seeing

the prince who had so readily forsaken them in 1791, in order to preach a European war against France.

With what pleasure did I again approach my library, my pictures, and my home! To return to my fireside, and especially to that obscurity and tranquil repose which can be enjoyed only in Paris, was doubly enjoyable after my perilous wanderings amidst the tumults of war and the discord of civil broils. I longed for the morrow, in order that I might ascertain the state of public opinion after so many unexpected political changes.

From March 31st, 1814, to July 29th, 1830.

The royalists had laboured to arouse popular enthusiasm in favour of the Count d'Artois by repeating the words which he is reported to have uttered on his arrival at the Tuileries: "No change has taken place in France; there is only one Frenchman the more."[1] It remained for this saying to be realised.

Intelligent Frenchmen were not duped by the delusive hopes which were aroused in the minds of the credulous by cunning politicians. They believed in the peace which had been forcibly established, but not in the hypocritical peacemakers.

Louis XVIII., who had been residing for a few days at the palace of Saint-Ouen, entered Paris on the 4th of May, but not before he had been compelled by the Emperor Alexander, who had been in Paris since the 31st of March, to sign and publish a solemn guarantee of political rights and

[1] Footnote subsequently added by the author: "It was proved to him in 1830 that there was one Frenchman *too many!*"

liberties. Louis XVIII. received this declaration, which was forwarded from Talleyrand's mansion to Saint-Ouen, as a "ticket of admission to his capital."

It was observed that the verbal declaration of the Count d'Artois did not prevent the King from surrendering to his allies, the foreigners, fifty-five fortresses hitherto occupied by French troops, or from ceding to England and Prussia the departments of Belgium and the Rhine.

The royalists hailed the Restoration with delight, as they had previously received with enthusiasm the Cossacks and "our friends the enemies." But the nation was sullen and distrustful.

The public mind was uneasy about the future; but the general treaty of peace, signed on May 31st, and the approaching departure of the allied armies, which had been unwillingly supported at great expense, diverted general attention for some time from the doubts and aversions of the public.

On the 4th of June the King opened the two Houses of the Assembly, and granted them, by virtue of his "divine right" and right of birth, a so-called constitutional charter. The Chancellor, M. d'Ambray, delivered a long speech as well as the King; but, more candid than his master, he avowed that the charter was only an ordinance of reform. No deputy and no peer opposed this royal decree, nor did anyone object to the Chancellor's definition.[1]

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[1] The constitution of 1791 was not submitted to the primary assemblies for acceptance; that of 1793 was issued subject to the sanction of the people. Some constitutions have been sanctioned by as many as four millions of votes; others have

The House of Peers was composed chiefly of those senators who had basely proposed and voted for Napoleon's deposition. The Chamber of Deputies consisted of the silent members of the Imperial Legislative Assembly.

Louis XVIII. made use of these men, who were prepared to serve all governments. The legislative actors on the stage of the Empire continued, as political actors on the stage of the Restoration, to vote the heavy taxes which were urgently needed by the King. The ministers, too, were not slow in violating the charter the King had granted; the royal words may not inaptly be described as an official lie, and to them may be primarily attributed the events of the 20th of March, 1815.

None of the powers of the State, none of the constitutional authorities demanded that the charter should be presented for the acceptance of the nation. The sovereignty of the people had disappeared in face of the King's will and pleasure, and of the royal so-called omniscience and power.

I expected no favours from the Bourbons; I desired neither their honours, which they lavished so freely, nor their toys, ribbons, crosses, etc.; accordingly they left me alone. My votes and opinions were protected both by the inviolability of the repre-

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been supported by comparatively few electors. The constitution of 1791 was too democratic for three-fourths of the French people. The constitution of 1793 contained so many democratic elements that for a long time no republicans could be found on French soil who were inclined to adopt it. But the royal charter granted on the 4th of June was not sanctioned by the national vote; it was forcibly imposed on the nation, and could never have been voluntarily accepted by the people.

sentatives of the people and by the royal promise and charter of 1814.

One day I called by chance on M. Véron, justice of the peace, in the Rue Vivienne. I met there M. Roch de Montgaillard and a Swiss bookseller named Fauche Borel, a former secret agent of Louis XVIII. in Germany, Russia, England, and France. The conversation turned on the very delicate position of the King with regard to the allies and the nation. It was remarked that a very simple method might be adopted for placing the King and France in a very advantageous political position.

This method appeared to be that an alliance should be concluded between France and England, with a commercial treaty less illusory, more evenly balanced, and more reciprocal than the treaty concluded in 1783 by the minister De Vergennes.

I explained to M. Fauche Borel that every nation, however powerful it may be, requires allies; that Austria, for example, will always be the ally of England; that Russia will always ally herself with Prussia and England; that Spain is the natural ally of Italy and France.

In accordance with this system, a nation which is isolated seeks support or additional strength in revolutions, and in changes of public opinion. This circumstance forced France to concentrate her resources and to revolutionise her methods in order to resist the combined forces of hostile Europe.

If then we wish to prevent a repetition of revolutions and to secure for France the power, prosperity, and strength which she has the right to enjoy, a great treaty of commerce and alliance should be concluded

between the two strongest and most civilised European nations, and such a course would undoubtedly ensure the peace of the world. These ideas, casually uttered in conversation, were so pleasing to M. Fauche Borel that he requested me to commit them to writing, and promised to bring them under the notice of the King, intending to name the author subsequently, should the proposal be accepted on its own merits.

August, 1814. We parted, and I did not hasten to write this political essay. M. de Montgaillard came three days afterwards with M. Fauche Borel to secure it. At last I promised it for the day after the morrow. M. Fauche Borel, after perusing it, assured me that it would be laid before his most Christian Majesty. I never even expected the honour of being named at Court. However, M. Fauche Borel called a few days afterwards and informed me that the Duke d'Avray was very pleased with my work, and that he had undertaken to submit it to the King. I never made any enquiries on the subject. M. Fauche Borel left for Neuchâtel, his native town, and I never saw him again.

The appearance of numerous pamphlets and political writings of every kind was a prominent feature of the period immediately following the abdication of Bonaparte. He had tyrannised over the press and over public opinion, therefore public opinion and the press had aroused a terrible reaction against their oppressor. The Parisian writers were influenced not only by this general idea, but also by their usual tone of feeling, which inclines them to attack all who have fallen, and to praise all who have risen. At Paris it is the custom to sacrifice to the "rising sun."

Bonaparte was the setting star; he was bitterly attacked, or rather, his faults and political crimes were exposed; a just estimate of his character and career was beginning to be formed.

This inspired me with the idea, not of making a cowardly attack upon him in his fall, like so many others, but of calmly and soberly writing a complete and impartial account of the organisation and methods of his tyranny, with the object of preventing his return, and thus rendering a service to my country. Accordingly, from the month of May until the end of the year, I laboured at the "History of the Consular Tyranny and the Imperial Despotism from 1799 to 1814." I hoped some day to take this work to England, where real liberty of the press prevails, and where the leading statesmen are capable of appreciating enquiries into the methods of the most extraordinary government ever established in Europe. I wrote also at the same time some "Contemporary Remarks" on the succeeding government, and on the proceedings of Europe with respect to France. When I am in London, I shall try and arrange these "Remarks," which were written from day to day, as I was inspired by political events, and may suggest some useful ideas to those who are destined to write our national history.

Towards the end of autumn, M. de Montgaillard informed me that a personage of great importance at Court wished a good pamphlet to be written on the necessity of uniting the republicans and royalists in support of the constitutional charter. As M. de Montgaillard desired me to begin immediately, we commenced writing it at once, and in three days the pamphlet was completed. It was printed under the

nom de plume of "A friend of his country and of peace," and this three days' work was very successful because it frankly admitted the political benefits of the charter, while enlarging on the vices of the imperial government which had preceded it, and on the hopes aroused by the royal government which had succeeded it.

This work should have commanded the approval of every royalist, on account of the monarchical opinions and sentiments favourable to the Bourbons which were therein expressed, frankly but not slavishly; but it was also perfectly consistent with the sound principle of liberty and social organisation to which all republicans are so strongly attached, and which have been firmly established as the result of twenty-five years of revolutions. Let those who, through hatred, ignorance, or habit, falsely accuse me of courting the favour of the Bourbons, read this production, and learn to do justice, though somewhat tardily, to my character and motives.

It might have been expected that able men would be commissioned to ascertain my views and to discover my opinions as to the duration of the monarchy. A M. de Vieil-Castel, from Perigueux, a young man whose courteous manners and lively wit rendered him a very pleasant companion, and to whom I had recently been introduced at the house of a relative of mine, M. Lavigne, informed me that he had been very unfortunate since his arrest at Bordeaux, during the previous summer, by order of the Duke d'Angoulême; that he now desired to leave for Guadeloupe or San Domingo, where the government proposed to employ a confidential agent to enquire how far the chiefs were disposed to favour France and the King; and, finally,

that he would be very grateful if I would write an address to the government on the necessity of treating with the two chiefs of San Domingo. I replied that I possessed no information respecting the principles and the former or present proceedings of the chiefs, and that I did not even know whether England would allow French agents to land on the island, which indeed seemed to be an English possession. M. de Vieil-Castel persisted in his request, but I adopted my own course. I told him that the Secretary of the Admiralty must be consulted, in order to ascertain whether he was in accord with my ideas regarding the establishment of commercial settlements, instead of the present system of military colonies; and I also promised that, if the government would consider my colonial plans, I would willingly explain the details to the King and his Minister.

Eventually, after M. de Vieil-Castel had conferred on this matter with M. Beugnot, the Secretary of the Admiralty, and had also spoken strongly to him on the subject in the drawing-room of the Count de Castellane, a former prefect of Pau, I drew up an address on the subject, which I addressed to his Majesty.

M. Beugnot appeared quite satisfied with this document, and promised to submit it to the King. He attempted to do so, I was assured by M. de Vieil-Castel; but his efforts were unsuccessful in a court which believed that the King was already master of San Domingo by *divine right*, and that a King of France and Navarre should not lower himself to treat with his own subjects, and still less to arrange terms with negroes who had formerly been slaves.

As a reward for my memorial, which was handed to M. Beugnot on January 15th, 1815, and presented to his Majesty the next day, I was informed by a friend of mine, M. Bannet de Treichef, a former deputy, that he had just received trustworthy intelligence of certain orders given by M. Dandré, Minister of Police, to M. Saulnier, the general secretary, to the effect that police in plain clothes should be stationed on January 21st in the streets where any "voting ex-conventionals"[1] resided. When I expressed my surprise at such orders, he told me that a meeting had been held at Paris of devoted royalists and Vendean heroes, who intended to assassinate the "voting" deputies in their own houses, in order to strengthen the constitutional charter and increase the popularity of the King. He persuaded me not to sleep in my own house until after the requiem service of January 21st.

Fortunately, these murderous plans were thwarted by a providential event. Mademoiselle Raucourt died four days before the anniversary service, and the religious prejudices fostered at the palace of the Tuileries incited sacerdotal fanaticism to refuse the rights of the Church to a Christian lady who had played the leading parts in the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire.

This refusal, which was directly opposed to public opinion, aroused such excitement in the Rue Saint-Honoré and around the church of Saint-Roch that a special report on the subject was submitted to the

[1] This was the name given in fashionable society to the members of the Convention who had tried the King by express command of the nation after August 10th.

King. The courtiers and the officers of the guards, more fanatical but less religious than the parish priest, prevented the King from being consulted, and also hindered the revocation of the orders respecting the remains of Mlle. Raucourt. They were, however, compelled to yield to public opinion, as well as to the riotous mob which assembled to support it, and thronged the Rue Saint-Honoré as far as the entrance of the Tuileries. The church received the excommunicated actress, and scandal was averted by the energy and tact of sensible citizens and dramatic artists. In this way the pulse of popular opinion was felt, and from that moment began the extinction of these projects for exciting fanatical minds, and for establishing a violent reaction by means of catafalques and funeral processions. The ceremony was chilled by the frost, not only of winter, but also of public opinion. There was no excitement, and consequently I was able to remain unmolested in my own apartments.

In spite of these intrigues and of English agents, the political atmosphere remained perfectly undisturbed, until a sudden impulse or certain timely warnings caused to emerge from the Isle of Elba the conqueror who, by abdicating in obedience to the superior power of treason, had delivered France from the greatest of evils, a foreign war, but had thus inflicted upon us the greatest of scourges, the Restoration. When he landed on the coast of Provence with seven or eight hundred men, the success of his bold enterprise was not anticipated at Paris, and impartial minds foresaw no fortunate issue and no beneficial results therefrom.

The Court was exasperated and peaceable citizens were appalled, while the constituted authorities were in terrible perplexity. A few agents or former officials in the Emperor's service trembled with mingled joy and hope at the prospect of seeing their master's return; numerous time-servers were silent and expectant; the lower classes of society, who had for some time been very discontented, and were influenced by a species of superstition in favour of the military, or rather the turbulent, glory of Bonaparte, seemed to long for his arrival at Paris.

The wily proclamations, spread broadcast between Lyon and the Gulf of Juan, promised the French a chief who had abandoned war, conquest, and despotic ambition; a chief who offered the nation what it had desired in 1789—liberty, equality, the limited and regular authority of a constitutional monarchy, as well as the abolition of the nobility. These promises had excited the minds and aroused the hopes of all to such an extent, and had so endangered all the interests of the Revolution, that on the road from Cannes to Grenoble, Lyons, Dijon, and Paris the popular ferment had become general.

The Bourbons were obliged to bow before the storm, and to flee to the Belgian frontier without seeing a sword drawn or a blow struck in defence of their ancient dynasty by any of those gallant knights or those noble, devoted, and faithful servants who had welcomed the Restoration.

The return of Bonaparte did not affect me in any respect. I did not hold, and during his reign I had never held, any public appointment of any description, either legal, administrative, legislative, or executive.

I had obtained nothing from the consular government but exile, on the 27th of Vendémiaire, year IX.; I had received from the imperial government only the honour of being deprived of public rights and excluded from all offices of state. Therefore it was not for me to rejoice at such a return. I could gain nothing by it except the cessation of persecution on account of my votes and political opinions, and the discontinuance of the insults and calumnies heaped upon my head by the journalists and other writers in the pay of the Restoration.

But when Bonaparte arrived at the Tuileries on Monday, March 20th, the King having fled during the night of the 19th, I walked sadly along the boulevards, where military force and civil consternation were alike conspicuous. The crowds assembled there did not disperse until the evening, when it was reported that Bonaparte was to make his formal entry into the Tuileries.

That evening, as I intended to take no part, either actively or mentally, in any of the movements connected with the counter-revolution, which seemed to me to foreshadow only new storms and fresh contests, even in view of Bonaparte's promises, I returned home, desiring neither to witness his entry into the Tuileries nor to join the crowds which were moving in the direction of the Carrousel.

On the morrow I was informed that, from five o'clock in the evening, the state apartments of the palace of the Tuileries were thronged with officers of every grade, with inquisitive persons of all kinds, with public officials of all ranks, with decorated persons, with intriguers who wished to attract notice,

and especially with councillors of state, masters of requests and auditors, who all endeavoured to prove their zeal and devotion to the Emperor. As for me, I should have blushed to find myself in the palace, or in the act of congratulating his Imperial Majesty under such strange circumstances, when in times more favourable for France I had never attended his receptions, his court festivities, or his state operatic or dramatic performances, and I had not even witnessed his reviews on the Carrousel, whither so many curious spectators used eagerly to flock.

Since Bonaparte had banished me from Paris, on the 27th of Vendémiaire, year IX.,[1] I had never attempted to see him. When I saw the First Consul in the year IX. it was for his sake, and not for my own; besides, it was by his order and at his invitation. In the month of March, 1811, a suitable opportunity presented itself for visiting the Tuileries. This was on the occasion when I was deputed by the Electoral College of my department, in conjunction with General Dembarrère, president of the college and a relation of mine, as well as MM. Peré (senator), Laporte (imperial attorney-general), and some other electors, to present an address of congratulation and gratitude to the Emperor.

I considered it my duty to join this deputation, although the circumstances were somewhat embarrassing, as I knew that Bonaparte forgot nothing, and that he hated me on account of the unjust sentence of exile which he had passed upon me, as well as for the opinions I had so often expressed in opposition to his tyranny.

M. Laporte wrote to the Count de Ségur, master

of the ceremonies, requesting him to appoint a day for the reception of the deputation from the Hautes-Pyrénées, and enclosing a list of its members. No doubt my name was not acceptable, for the master of the ceremonies replied that only the public officials of the department could be admitted. Thus I was excluded, and I was not sorry for it, as such servility has always been most distasteful to me.

The new imperial government issued frequent communications through the medium of the official journal. But already a marked difference existed between these declarations and the previous proclamations of his Imperial Majesty, whose lavish promises of liberty had been constantly increasing in profuseness on his route from the Gulf of Juan as far as Grenoble and Lyon, where they had assumed a still more liberal character. This character had been maintained in Burgundy and Champagne, and as far as Paris, by speeches to the constituted authorities, mayors, and inhabitants of the districts traversed triumphantly by his Majesty. It was soon observed how completely these proclamations contradicted the official declarations issued at Paris.

From that moment all thoughtful persons became incredulous. The speech of the ministers to his Majesty and the political manifesto of the council of state which immediately followed this speech insisted on the need of a new constitution, which should blot out the despotism and infamy of the senatorial decrees.

But it was observed that the Emperor inspired these plausible political statements which were uttered by his agents, his ministers, and his councillors, and

that all this official nonsense was really only a "domestic declaration" (*i.e.*, a declaration emanating really from the Emperor, although professedly a spontaneous utterance of his ministers and council).

The crafty prince stood behind the curtain, but did not fulfil his promises made at Grenoble and Lyon, and only slightly modified his tyranny.

I did not conceal my apprehensions of this fresh despotism, which would, I feared, more thoroughly impregnate the imperial institutions, and be more cunningly devised than before. My friends induced me to express in writing and to publish some views which might compel the Emperor to observe the agreement to which he had pledged himself at Grenoble and Lyon.

This was a difficult mission in a country where the press is not, never has been, and never will be, free. I preferred to submit my ideas on this subject to the Tuileries; and after maturing my plan, I proposed to the Emperor that, as the sole means of dispelling the anxiety of all patriotic minds, and the alarm caused in France by his return, he should promptly publish two solemn declarations, emanating from himself alone. In the first, which related to foreign policy, he was to abandon his former conquests, to renounce utterly all military ambition, to frankly propose a peace in the name of the nation, to limit his dominions to the ancient boundaries of France, to observe the treaty of Paris, and to insert in a new constitution that article of the constitution of 1791 which contained an express renunciation on the part of France of all aspirations of conquest, and forbade the monarch, under any circum-

stances, to place himself at the head of an army. In the second, which defined his home policy, he was to abolish the governmental system of the year VIII., the organic *Senatus-consulta*, the conscriptions and the cumulative duties, to diminish the taxes, to forbid all arbitrary acts affecting person and property, and to submit a truly liberal constitution to the representatives of the people for unfettered discussion.

This document must have been perused solely by some secretary or political flunkey; for it produced no results. Not long afterwards a wretched and cunning masterpiece of statecraft appeared, under the degrading name of an enactment supplementing the constitution of the Empire. Thus a sort of additional charter was granted, although France already possessed six complete constitutions, all better expressed and more liberal in their terms than the document composed secretly in the cabinet at the Tuileries by Bonaparte, the Emperor, Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-king, M. Maret Bassano, the secretary of state, and M. Benjamin Constant de Rebecque, councillor of state for this occasion only.

As soon as the additional charter was published, public opinion denounced the Emperor and his perfidious advisers. There was no doubt that Napoleon was incorrigible in his despotism, and that, like so many other powerful personages, he had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing during his exile in the Isle of Elba. Never had the public voice expressed so decided and unanimous an opinion as on this occasion. The electors no longer arrived from the departments to testify their approval of this new measure; even the officers themselves inserted their

names in the registers as opponents of the additional charter; the public officials, a cowardly and selfish crew, were almost the only signatories of this document who appeared at the mayoralties and public stations.

The Champ de Mai meeting seemed to be only the reflection of the national will. Everyone censured these additional articles, which they were never tired of tracing back to the reviled and execrated *Senatus-consulta*. At last, the majority of the nation entertained no doubt that the Emperor intended to reign in the same manner as in the past, to seize upon absolute power, to deceive us with hypocritical declarations, and to substitute grand ceremonials for a free constitution.

For my part, I pride myself on never having given either my assent or my signature to this additional charter; my name will not be found on any of the registers in the hands of notaries, justices of the peace, or mayors.

The state of public opinion and the obstinacy of the Emperor in depriving us of a statesmanlike constitution, resembling that which the nation had decreed in 1789, suggested to me the idea of writing three works which might be useful in enabling us to frame a definite and final constitution, in spite of him and his designs.

I translated a very ably written analysis of the English constitution, intending to use this constitution as a model, and to institute a comparison between it and the additional charter. I adopted the course of writing a preface to this translation, consisting of a brief summary of the constitutions to which France

had submitted during the last twenty-five years. I had the courage, too rare in the reign of his Imperial Majesty, to attack his consular and imperial constitutions, and to prove that they were without adequate security for the rights of the nation, and that they possessed the additional disadvantage of being altogether despotic, unlimited, and illusory.

Some time afterwards I published the "Epochs of the French Nation under its Four Dynasties," in order to prove that the sovereignty of the people, treated as a chimera or as an abstract idea, was as ancient as the monarchy, and had been consolidated and respected even by the most perverse and feeble kings. These two pamphlets were very successful, because they stated political truths during the reign of an Emperor who had never been able to endure them.

By means of my third work I hoped to effect the abolition of the new nobility, a measure strongly opposed by the Emperor, although he had promised in his Lyon declarations that all nobility, new as well as old, should be abolished. But the princes, dukes, counts, and barons who had issued brand-new from Napoleon's title-factory were even more attached to their glittering toys than were the ancient nobility of France, who, since the constitutional attack of 1791, seem to have consoled themselves to some extent for their loss of rank.

Indeed, these three works, published under the rule of the restored or usurping Emperor, who had just left the Isle of Elba, furnished sufficient evidence of the liberty and independence of my sentiments and political opinions.

The Champ de Mai meeting was on the point of assembling. I impressed upon several electors and upon my own friends the necessity of terminating the authority of the Emperor, in order to avoid a sanguinary war, and in order to be able to organise from among the mass of the electors a committee which, exercising real national power, should draw up a new and complete constitution, based on that of 1791. This last-mentioned constitution was adopted by the unanimous votes of all the departments, during a period of perfect peace and freedom of action.

Happening one day to be at the house of M. Jullien, in the Rue Napoléon, in the company of two extreme royalists, I expressed my opinion that the Emperor ought to follow the example of Philip Augustus, who abdicated on the eve of the battle of Bouvines, and that France should then take possession of all public administrative powers in order to treat, through the medium of her representatives, with the congress of Vienna. These royalists appeared to be astonished at my daring to express myself in such terms at the moment (May, 1815) when Napoleon had just regained his authority.

Not knowing how to succeed in repealing this additional charter, and in substituting for it a complete and feasible constitution, I determined to apply to M. Fouché, Minister of Police, who, amidst the arduous duties of his office, has always supported the true principles of public liberty.

I drew up a statement, in which I described the defects, the dangers, and the insufficiency of the additional charter, so that the people might be induced to regard the meeting of the electoral colleges at

Paris as the opportunity for a great national renovation, with regard to the sovereign, the terms of peace, and the constitutional laws. I handed him my statement, and, contrary to his custom, he immediately perused it in my presence. Then he induced me to draw up beforehand, according to the system which I proposed, a general plan of constitutional laws, including all the portions of each ancient constitution which experience had proved to be useful and profitable.

I proposed that each of the eighty-seven electoral divisions should elect a deputy. These deputies would then assemble, and select a committee of twenty-one members, invested with full powers. These twenty-one members would draw up a complete constitution, and would cause it to be adopted[1] by the deputies of the eighty-seven departments. Afterwards it would be submitted to all the electors assembled in the Champ de Mai, and to the monarch, who would swear to observe it, provided it had been solemnly accepted by the primary assemblies.

On the eve of the Champ de Mai meeting, deputations of five members from each Electoral Division assembled in the hall of the Legislative Body. Thus more than four hundred electors were hastily summoned to count the votes of each department. Several had not yet forwarded their registers, but sixty were now audited and found correct.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly, out of the midst of this assembly, over which Cambacérès presided,

[1] Since that time this method has been adopted for choosing the members of the constitution committee, organised in the House of Representatives in June, 1815.

emerged an orator in spectacles, who moved the presentation of an address to the Emperor. This motion was intended to introduce another proposed address, devised by the electors of the department of Hérault. The orator was M. Carrion de Nisas, well known as the author of several dramatic works. He read this address in a very declamatory tone. There were too many electors assembled to admit of the correction of the draft, which aroused much applause and many criticisms. It was, however, adopted, because the adoption of some form of address was inevitable. I have been since informed that MM. Chaptal, Cambacérès, de Gérando, and other able men amended and lengthened this document, which was read next day to the Emperor by M. Dubois, barrister and deputy for Angers, during the ceremony of the Champ de Mai. If, instead of fawning upon Napoleon by means of this "inspired" and semi-official address; if, instead of speaking to him only of the absolute devotion of the French nation, they had described the frightful sacrifice of human lives, of material resources, of repose and prosperity, which was caused by his obstinacy in retaining imperial authority, better political results might have ensued; but at that time, either through fear, ambition, or habit, everyone yielded to the fugitive from Elba. Magistrates, ministers, dignitaries, councillors of state, courtiers of every grade, writers and soldiers, all lavished their flatteries upon him. During the first period of the Empire all public bodies, from the senate to the communes, had exhausted the formulæ of servility and fulsomeness to such an extent that good citizens were tired of expressing their contempt. A few days

afterwards, on June 4th, the two Houses assembled in the Legislative Palace, and the Emperor opened the session, receiving the oath of fidelity to his person and to the constitution of the Empire. Thus did he follow in the track of the former imperial despotism.

If the energy of this assembly could have risen to the height of refusing such an oath in a body, the Emperor would have been powerless, the additional constitution would have become null and void, and France would have been able to treat for peace with the allies.

But such a course was too daring for the prominent politicians of that time, and they were of opinion that extreme measures would be attended by considerable risk, on account of the imminence of the war, the unprotected state of the frontiers, and even the severity which, in that case, the assembly might expect at the hands of the Emperor, who was accustomed to employ military force in dealing with the representatives of the nation, as he did on the 18th of Brumaire, year VIII., and to shut up the Legislative Palace despotically, as he did on December 31st, 1813.

Resuming my duties as a representative, I obeyed the wish of my fellow-citizens. They had already chosen me seven times; and although I had gained nothing from obeying their mandates but the ruin of my fortune, the wasting of my life in unproductive labour, and the slanders of all the base scribblers who sell their pens to those who hold power for the moment; although I had gained, as the sole reward of my labours, the gloomy honours of a sentence of transportation to Cayenne or to

Madagascar, I thought it my duty not to refuse the trust confided to me by the electors of the district of Argèles in the Hautes-Pyréneés.

An elector of the Hautes-Pyrénées, whom I had not the honour of knowing, but who was indignant at the insults offered to me by some of the Paris newspapers, published a reply to these hireling slanderers. This letter is as follows:

TARBES, *June 9th*, 1815.

GENTLEMEN,

I read in your last number an article containing a satire or epigram directed against M. Barère and the Electoral College which elected him as their representative.

Your estimate of his character is coloured by your political prejudices. The royalists have always persecuted him, and we know why they have calumniated him; but he has never been convicted of any offence or crime against his country. A man who, in the service of France, has expended or lost one hundred and fifty thousand francs of his private fortune, while ranking among the foremost politicians, has at least offered more guarantees of fidelity than many others who have gained millions by deceiving their countrymen.

Hired libellers flourish in all periods and in all ages. To act such a part is unworthy of you, gentlemen, who have just loudly insisted on the respect due to the votes of the Electoral Colleges. Public opinion is strèngthened by sound moral instruction, but it is deadened by jests and frivolity.

Six times has my vote aided in electing M. Barère; as, however, only slaves and mutes were then required in the assemblies, I was consoled for not seeing him there; but now that members are able to think, speak, and reason, I consider that he will be in his right place, and I have accordingly assisted to place him among our representatives.

As you see, I am not a Gascon Liberal, or a half-Liberal. I avail myself of the right of free speech.

I esteem you too highly, gentlemen, not to be convinced that you will insert my letter.

I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

VALENCE (*an Elector*).

I promised myself that I would only speak on really national questions and constitutional laws, keeping myself aloof from all that might encourage or arouse passions, party-spirit, and fanatical strife. I kept my word; the *Moniteur* testifies to that fact. I mounted the tribune only twice during the first fortnight; the first time, to speak on the subject of the ministers from a constitutional point of view, and on the second occasion, to speak on the right of taking the initiative in legislation, which should only belong to the House of Representatives.

During the last fortnight the constitution was the only subject discussed. I had been selected to serve on the committee which was considering this subject, —a matter of the greatest importance to the peace and future of the nation.

I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of contending only for principles and useful decisions. I thought it my duty to support the presentation of a "Declaration of Rights" of the French nation. By means of the thirteen articles composing this document, any enlightened nation could resist monarchical and ministerial despotism.

Moreover, after Bonaparte's abdication, I proposed a manifesto—or, rather, I drew up the plan of a manifesto—to the French armies, which was, however, rejected. The draft presented by M. Jay was preferred to mine. I do not complain of this, but I confidently assert that the most malignant hostility could not reasonably disapprove of a single sentence of my projected address. It is not long, and I may therefore perhaps be permitted to quote it here:

"*Monday, July 3rd, 1815.*

"BRAVE SOLDIERS,—The country is in danger; the independence of the nation is threatened; a great sacrifice has been demanded, in consequence of disasters long unfamiliar to the armies which were formerly the masters of the world.

"Napoleon has abdicated his throne; plenipotentiaries have been despatched to treat for an armistice and for peace.

"When you fought lately under the orders of an illustrious commander, you were fighting for your country, for your homes, for your families. Although you have changed your general, you are still defending the same cause. Remain at the post of glory and honour, as we remain at the post of national representation. Consider that otherwise your country would have reason to reproach you for not displaying the same courage in defence of your own homes as you have so often displayed for the sake of effecting futile and sanguinary conquests.

"Brave armies, whose glory and exploits already equal the most brilliant feats of arms recorded in the sacred annals of antiquity! remember that the eyes of your grateful country are upon you, and that she is preparing rewards for youselves and consolations for your families.

"Should any attempt be made to cause dissension among you, by inspiring you with feelings of regret for past glories, and to attach you exclusively to an illustrious leader whose fame now belongs only to history, remember that it was not only for their king, but also for their country, that the generous sacrifice of Thermopylæ was made. It was for

Sparta and her sacred laws that in the hour of public danger the Lacedæmonians crowned their heads with flowers and swore upon their weapons to conquer or to die."

When, in the early days of July, the dangers of the country became more imminent, and the chamber beheld itself importuned by two dynasties, one of which represented the imperial constitution and the military spirit, while the other pleaded its constitutional charter and the support of the allies, no other course could be adopted, consistently with the probity and political morality of this assembly, but that of adhering to the religious obligation imposed by its oaths, and refusing to break the solemn promise made by the nation in the Champ de Mai. They should then have waited, if necessary, in courageous silence until the foreign invaders arrived and forcibly interrupted their deliberations.

I was of opinion that the House of Representatives, finding itself in this terrible and dangerous position, ought to issue a solemn manifesto, explaining its sentiments and principles, to the whole of Europe. It was imperative that this course should be adopted without delay, as the Assembly would not sit for a longer period than one month from that date, and as it was at present situated between the Scylla of Monarchy and the Charybdis of Empire, it was also compelled to deliberate and decide while actually under the fire of the French and allied armies.

It was with the view of executing this design, which I regarded merely as the fulfilment of our duty

towards our country, that I drafted a manifesto which I read from the tribune, but which was not without a rival in the shape of a more diplomatic composition, read by M. Dupont of the Eure, a deputy who was highly esteemed for his talents and virtues, as well as for his sound principles.

This alternative declaration had been composed by M. Jullien of the Drôme, sub-inspector of reviews, who was distinguished for his patriotism and ability.

The first part of my manifesto was combined with the end of Jullien's composition; and this combination produced one of the ablest state papers ever submitted to the Chamber of Deputies. History and posterity will appreciate it: they are natural and incorruptible judges.

These two projected manifestoes to the allied powers were examined and recast in a new form. This work was accomplished by MM. Dupont of the Eure, Tripier, Romiguière, de Vimar, and myself. The members chiefly responsible for the amended draft were MM. Tripier and Romiguière. The last was appointed chairman of the committee, and at the permanent evening sitting of the House he proposed and carried the manifesto as altered by the committee with conspicuous success.

The last hour of the Chamber of Deputies had just struck. General Blucher had entered Paris first, being desirous of eclipsing Wellington, who had concentrated his forces between Versailles and Saint-Germain-en-Laye. Blucher had stationed his artillery in the Place de la Révolution; and several guns were placed on the bridge, with fuses ready lighted, in such a position as to command the House of the National

Assembly. These warlike preparations had not prevented General Blucher, impelled by his hatred for the Duke of Wellington (who was himself secretly negotiating with Fouché, president of the Executive Council), from proposing to place one of his picked regiments at the disposal of the Chamber of Deputies, in order to protect its freedom of debate.[1]

This proposal, which was as dangerous as it was unexpected, was rejected by the representatives, who declared that they would rather perish than submit to the ignominious protection of our enemies the allies.

The Chamber continued to discuss its declaration of principles, which it entrusted to the future, and to the courage of those Frenchmen who are worthy of liberty.

Posterity will appreciate, far more than cotemporaries, the noble and heroic attitude of these representatives of the nation, in proclaiming the rights of the man and of the citizen, together with public and individual liberties, as well as the legal guarantees to which the assembly was entitled, in the very presence of the foreign armies, and at the mouth of the Prussian guns.

The sitting had lasted until eight o'clock in the evening. It is well known, as Cardinal de Retz has remarked, that "it is impossible to alter the usual hours observed by the French people." Several representatives in vain proposed that the House should

[1] This proposal of General Blucher had been addressed to Fouché, the president of the Executive Council. Fouché showed the letter to the deputy Bédoch, who informed the different members surrounding the tribune of the circumstance.

sit permanently. This was undoubtedly the only course which would prevent the invasion of the chamber by armed foreigners, and enable the deputies to continue their deliberations on the interests and dangers of the country.

The president of the Chamber, M. Lanjuinais, before the commencement of the sitting of July 7th, finding himself surrounded by deputies who were anxious about the future, had declared that he saw no means of quelling the storm except by deserting the Bourbons. M. Lanjuinais, yielding to the opinion of certain representatives, especially that of the deputation from Paris, which was opposed to a permanent session, closed the sitting abruptly, and adjourned it till the next day.

The representatives had scarcely left the hall, when the National Guard, which occupied all the military posts, disappeared as if by magic. We had been in safety as long as Marshal Masséna commanded it. But General Dessoles, one of the first of those who had offered their services to the Restoration, had gone to meet Louis XVIII. at Louvres, and had received from the King, at Saint-Denis, orders to place himself at the head of the National Guard, superseding Marshal Masséna; also to take possession of the palace of the Legislative Assembly, to close its doors, and to prevent the deputies from reassembling, dispersing them by force.

The order given to General Dessoles was rigorously executed. The National Guards themselves, who, a few hours before, had been entrusted with our defence, were now engaged solely in expelling us, and treating us as rebels.

Marshal Masséna, on receiving his dismissal, proceeded, during the night of the 7th, to Saint-Denis, where his most Christian Majesty had taken up his abode. He was received with marked disfavour. The King first observed that it was grossly improper to appear in the royal presence with tricolour ribbons. "But, Sire," replied the marshal, "those colours are now worn by the whole of Paris, and I would suggest that your Majesty should wear them during your public entry into Paris, as such a proceeding would, I am certain, ensure your Majesty a more cordial reception."

Louis XVIII., striking the floor with his crutch, exclaimed in a loud voice, "No, sir, I will never wear the colours of a rebellious nation."

The King had forgotten the conduct of the prince. In 1790, to avoid being regarded as an accomplice in the conspiracy of the Marquis de Favras against the Constituent Assembly and the safety of the State, the Count of Provence (Monsieur) had gone to the Hôtel de Ville, and solemnly protested his innocence and his attachment to France and to liberty. This prince then wore the national colours, and he seemed to be quite proud of the enormous cockade which ornamented his hat.

Marshal Masséna narrated this interview to us on his return from Saint-Denis, during the night of July 7th.

While we were waiting for the marshal we heard that, the city gate having been closed by order, the National Guards had attempted to scale the wall at several points in the neighbourhood of Clichy, Mousseaux, Batignolles, and Montmartre, in order to proceed

in a crowd to Saint-Denis and meet Louis XVIII., whose return to Paris was announced to take place on the next day (July 8th) at two o'clock in the afternoon.

That day, from early morning, the representatives came from all parts to the Palais Bourbon, and endeavoured to obtain admittance. They stood in groups in the surrounding streets and devised plans of action under these difficult circumstances; but General Dessoles hastened to disperse all these groups and especially to employ force in dealing with the representatives.

They then resolved to proceed to the house of M. de Lafayette, and there to deliberate on the interests of the nation. M. de Lafayette received us very cordially, but he pointed out to us that it would be more appropriate for us to meet at the house of the president, M. Lanjuinais, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and he placed himself at our head in order to guide us there in person.

We passed through Paris on foot, without being noticed or molested by any of the authorities. Assembling at the house of our president, we discussed several proposals, but, after some debate, the majority adopted the plan of drawing up a simple detailed report of the facts, and a protest in the name of the nation against the violence exercised towards its representatives during the night of July 7th and on July 8th. This protest was soon covered with signatures, and I pride myself on having signed it first. It was placed in the hands of the president, who was requested to attest its authenticity and to ensure its safe preservation for the benefit of future ages.

While we were drawing up and signing our solemn protest the inhabitants of Paris were crowding the northern boulevards; ladies at the windows were waving white handkerchiefs, and acclamations, paid for by the police, attended his most Christian Majesty to the palace of the Tuileries.

Thus ended the session of the Chamber of Representatives, very inappropriately named the Chamber of the Hundred Days, since it had lasted only thirty-three days, from June 4th, to July 8th, 1815.

The representatives returned home by different ways, although they were forbidden to return in the direction of the Loire, this having been strictly prohibited by the express order of General Muffling, the Prussian military governor of Paris.

As to myself, I awaited the progress of events in 1815, as I had waited in 1814, at the time of the first Restoration. But I soon learnt that the new invaders had become more exacting, and that they spoke of nothing but proscriptions, banishments, military executions, and all kinds of severities against the men of the Revolution and the Empire.

Wishing to dispel my doubts, and to ascertain the source of these barbarous arrangements, I proceeded to the residence of the Minister of Police, Fouché, who had just been appointed by Louis XVIII. to that important office, under the present critical circumstances, although he had been one of the most ardent revolutionaries, and a member of the Convention who voted for the death of Louis XVI. Fouché confessed to me that it had been suggested that he ought to banish from France a certain number of individuals named in the lists submitted to the Tuileries, both by

the emigrant party and by the diplomatists of the allies, but that he hoped that these plans of proscription would vanish before the urgent need of conciliating, instead of irritating, the minds of men. "However," he added, "if a passport would be of any use to you, I will forward one to you at once." On July 15th I received this passport, enabling me to retire to the Pyrenees, my native district.

I was warned that the allies allowed no one coming from Paris to cross the Loire without the special permission of General Muffling.

M. Capelle, a barrister, who had been my colleague in the Parliament of Toulouse, was well acquainted with the Prussian Muffling, and undertook to obtain his signature to my passport. He was mistaken; the Prussian general formally refused, as soon as he saw my name: "No representative shall cross the Loire."

The French army had been obliged, in order to show as much consideration as possible towards the inhabitants of Paris and their shops, to encamp beyond the Loire and to avoid all fighting in the Isle of France.

The allies dreaded nothing so much as seeing the representatives join this brave army, and deliberate under a tent in the midst of the camp, where the federated troops, the volunteers, and the National Guards of all the southern departments could be concentrated.

I had met M. Decazes at the minister Fouché's, while he was a subordinate judge of the tribunal of the Seine, and afterwards when he was private secretary to Madame Mère (*i.e.*, Napoleon's mother, Ma-

dame Bonaparte). I hoped that by applying to him, as he had just been appointed Prefect of Police by Louis XVIII., I should be able more easily to obtain the permission of the Prussian general, whom he used to see every day.

M. Decazes received me with that insincere suavity which promises everything and performs nothing. I entrusted my passport to him and I waited three days, without avail, for it to be sent back to me, with or without the Muffling signature.

A relation of mine, M. N. Carles, undertook to go to the Prefecture of Police to regain the passport. M. Decazes replied to him, through one of his secretaries, that he did not understand to what he was alluding. Thus my passport was lost or suppressed. I was obliged to abandon all idea of leaving Paris. I awaited the results of the intrigues at the Tuileries, and of the exigencies of foreign diplomacy. Then the report spread that Louis XVIII., to avoid the odious responsibility of proscriptions, allowed himself to be compelled by the ambassadors, Nesselrode, Metternich, Castlereagh, and by the Duke of Wellington, to bring the French generals before courts-martial, and to banish for ever all the representatives, as well as the former members of the Convention, to Prussia, Austria, and Russia.

The political intrigues of the Bourbons and the allies at length bore fruit on the night of July 24th. The two ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, brought into the King's cabinet the two lists of proscribed, which the little Sulla of Coblenz, of Hartwell, and of Ghent had ordered. Talleyrand first presented a lengthy list of generals, which was at last reduced to

twenty-four. Fouché produced a second list, composed of representatives, imperialists, and ex-members of the Convention, a list which, having, like the first, been revised before signature, was limited to thirty-eight persons.

It is reported that Louis XVIII., provoked at the reductions which the two ministers made, for various reasons, in these two lists, took possession of the papers, exclaiming, "I shall sign them now, for if I leave this matter to you there will not be a single name left." The King affixed his royal signature to the two lists of proscribed persons, to which were given the noteworthy name of royal decrees.

It was midnight; that is usually the hour for *coups d'état*. The news was immediately carried to the two fashionable faubourgs of Saint-Germain and Saint-Honoré. Great was the joy of the fashionable circles on seeing this happy commencement of the return of Bastilles, *oubliettes*, *lettres de cachet*, and royal "will and pleasure."

On July 25th I was walking on the Boulevard des Italiens, in the morning, when the public criers rushed through the streets, yelling everywhere, "Important royal decree banishing the generals and the deputies!"

I bought a copy of this decree. What was my astonishment to see my name inserted in the list of the thirty-eight, after all that Fouché had told me of the futility of the negotiations and intrigues of the ambassadors of the allied powers!

I saw, from this decree, that I was ordered to leave Paris within three days. My first step was to consult Fouché on my present position and about

the loss of my passport, which was retained by Decazes, the Prefect of Police. I waited some time in the minister's reception room, where I saw many of the chief clerks and heads of departments going and coming.

The diplomatic blow had been struck; it remained to be seen what effects it would produce on public opinion, which openly declared itself against this odious proscription of the men who were well known as the defenders of liberty, France, and the Empire.

Fouché no doubt anticipated that I should reproach him for inspiring me with false hopes, and for affixing his own signature to the list of the thirty-eight proscribed persons.

He sent me my former colleague in the Chamber of Representatives, Manuel, who had been an intimate friend of his since 1814. Coming out of the minister's cabinet, Manuel said to me, "Fouché cannot receive you to-day, he has too much business to transact; but he begs you not to be anxious, all this will soon be over. You will only have to wait a few days."

This evasive reply did not raise my hopes. I returned home, and wrote to the Prefect of Police to inform him that, being ill, I was unable to leave Paris, in obedience to the royal decree of July 24th, and that I hoped he would authorise me to remain in my own home. In reply to this communication, M. Decazes sent the physician of the Prefecture to enquire into the state of my health. The official doctor, after listening to me and examining me, said, "Your illness is not sufficiently serious to justify us in exempting you from obedience to the orders of the

police; besides, your name is dreaded at the Tuileries, and I do not think you can be allowed to remain in Paris. I will present my report immediately to the Prefect of Police."

This declaration induced me not to wait for M. Decazes' orders, as he was only the servile instrument of Louis XVIII.'s despotism and proscriptions, and as, moreover, he was always opposing the views of the minister Fouché, whose office he coveted.

The day before, hearing of my proscription by royal decree, one of my countrymen from the Pyrenees, M. Artiguenave of Bordères,[1] secretary of the Théâtre Français, had come to offer me a secret and secure refuge in his own suite of apartments, in the Rue Montorgueil; he had already informed the landlord of the house, M. d'Avillez, of his design. This landlord shared the political opinions of his tenant, M. Artiguenave, about the restored Bourbons. He willingly consented to the plan, promising that my secret should be safely kept.

I proceeded, on the morning of the doctor's visit, to the house of M. Artiguenave, where I remained during the months of August and September. This was the period when the journals of the Restoration, which I read in my retreat, applauded, in true cannibalistic style, the execution of brave Colonel Labédoyère, on the plain of Grenelle, and the shooting of Murat on Neapolitan territory.

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[1] This gentleman must not be confounded with the Artiguenaves of Aureillan, near Tarbes, who were his relatives. The individual who offered me protection was M. Artiguenave of Bordères. He had received lessons in dramatic elocution from the famous Talma, who was very attached to him.

In October, M. Artiguenave was to leave for London, where he was about to establish a school of dramatic elocution in accordance with Talma's system. I was therefore compelled to quit a refuge which had become so necessary to me, at a time when police spies and agents were swarming all over Paris.

The owner of the house came to my aid, and assigned me rooms on the third story; but I no longer enjoyed the attentions and services of the good Artiguenave family. I was left alone, and I informed one of my relatives who lived in my former apartments in the Rue Lepelletier of this circumstance.

M. Nicolas Carles remembered a worthy family in Paris, whom I had assisted in 1803, in the case of one of the sons who had been ordered to join the expedition to San Domingo, commanded by General Leclerc. This young man's sister generously offered me her services in my retreat. She was like a guardian angel to me, and her presence comforted me for the loss of my hospitable countryman. I continued to live at M. d'Avillez' house during the month of October. But some inquisitive persons having made the acquaintance of the porter, the landlord was of opinion, from the questions which they had asked, that they were police spies, and warned me to seek a safer refuge.

One of my former colleagues in the National Convention, who used to call on me from time to time in my retreat in the Rue Montorgueil, sympathised with my troubles, and undertook to assist me, by providing a hiding-place for me in a large house in

which dwelt two very patriotic ladies of Lyon, with whom he was well acquainted.

He came a few days afterwards to announce to me that the hiding-place had been secured, that there was on the fourth floor, immediately under the roof, a small room, let to a journeyman hairdresser at a rental of twelve francs per month. The present tenant had agreed to give up his lodging to me for double this rent.

I readily concluded the bargain, and two days afterwards my former colleague and Mademoiselle Lefauconnier conducted me, at eight o'clock at night, to my cell, which had already been furnished with a bed and some articles of furniture, borrowed from Madame Degt by M. Aisorius, an artist, in his own name.

There I spent the months of November, December, January, and February, in continual terror. My sleep was unceasingly interrupted, the house being full of lodgers.

Several times after midnight, and at four o'clock in the morning, I heard the maddening sound of the front door bell, and every moment I expected to hear Decazes' detectives knocking at my door.

In Paris, at that time, the vengeance of the royalist party occupied the public mind exclusively. The Attorney-general Bellart was the salaried instrument of the judicial proscriptions, which were directed chiefly against Marshal Ney and M. Lavelette, formerly a councillor of state to Napoleon.

Fortunately, I had brought from my library some volumes of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and Bacon. These were silent friends who never left

me, and who caused me to forget this execrable period of the second Restoration. The necessity for acquiring fresh knowledge made me forget my more urgent need of liberty for a few hours.

The love of study had never abandoned me, either in the fort of Oleron, or in the prison of Saintes, or in the retreat at Bordeaux, or during the persecutions experienced at Paris under the Consulate. It is only intellectual work which can divert the mind during the keenest anxiety.

The year 1816 began under unfortunate auspices. Some lifeguards and emigrant nobles, disguised as veterans, had just shot the bravest of the brave in the garden of the House of Peers. Lavalette, by the heroic act of his wife (an act which antiquity would have commemorated by the consecration of an altar to conjugal love), had just escaped Louis XVIII.'s butchers.

The announcement of this event and of the devotion of three English officers who took the fugitive prisoners with them to the hospitable soil of Belgium, had aroused the fiercest passions of the deputies, who saw their prey escaping.

It was amidst this furious excitement that M. de Labourdonnaye, the deputy of the Chouans, moved that the House form itself into a secret committee, to consider a proposal which was important for the safety of the state and the satisfaction of the allies.

At that time it was whispered in Paris that the King had summoned M. de Labourdonnaye to the Tuileries, in December, a deputy well known for his devotion to the Legitimist cause, and for his violent disposition. The King, it was said, had granted him

a special private audience, and had handed him a programme of debate, and a decree of amnesty, the numerous exceptions to which were divided into classes. This measure was really equivalent to a general proscription disguised under the fair-sounding name of amnesty. The effect would be to decimate France by means of exceptional laws.

M. de Labourdonnaye remarked to his most Christian Majesty that the names of so many individuals were included in the list of exceptions, that public interest and opinion might be aroused in their favour; that it appeared to him necessary to shorten these lists. The King, it was reported, replied: "Retain, at least, all the names of officers and ex-members of the Convention. The deputies will no doubt press you hard with amendments. Propose the entire lists, and let them be discussed only in secret committee. In dealing with men, we must always make the most comprehensive demands in order to obtain the smallest concession that will satisfy us."

The discussion of the motion for banishment provoked the most violent debates in the secret committee of the Chamber of Deputies. The vote of the Chamber of Peers was certain to be in its favour, however excessive might be the number of lists of exceptions to the amnesty.[1]

[1] It was the duty of the two Houses to ascertain:

(1) Whether the ministers, by the decree of July 24th, could infringe the constitutional charter in pronouncing sentence of exile against several citizens whose rights and civil liberty were protected by this charter.

(2) Whether the ministers could be thus permitted to violate the royal promises contained in this charter, the breach of which the King himself had solemnly forbidden.

It was on January 12th, 1816, that the Chamber obeyed the wishes of Louis XVIII. All the adherents of the Restoration were delighted, and on all sides preparations for departure into exile were observed. The exiles proceeded from all parts of France to Switzerland, the Netherlands, and the United States of America.

The King breathed more at ease in the palace of the Tuileries. The diplomatic body and the Duke of Wellington undertook, in the interests of their masters, the execution of the Bourbon amnesty.

Before the law of proscription had been passed by the Chamber, on January 12th, 1816, M. Decazes, who had succeeded Fouché at the Ministry of Police, thinking that I had gone to the Hautes-Pyrénées, according to the terms of my passport, which he had retained in his own hands when only Prefect of Police, sent express orders to the prefect of the Hautes-

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(3) Whether the ministers could change the National Assembly into a court of justice, and at their own pleasure confer upon it the judicial power, which must always be independent of the legislative power.

(4) Whether they could establish beforehand a penal law, enacting that the crime which they denounced must be punished by banishment from the kingdom, when ministers are forbidden in any case to inflict punishment without the intervention of the ordinary judges, who alone are invested with the power of inflicting the penalties provided by the laws previously promulgated.

An enquiry into these serious questions of public right is within the powers of the two Houses, and if the ministers had wished to recollect two memorable examples which history has transmitted to us they might have remarked that these did not occur even in the reign of a king who was just and faithful to his word, like Henry of Navarre (Henry IV.), one of whose last descendants they were encouraging in such an abuse of power.

Among the Egyptians, the kings made the magistrates swear

Pyrénées to search for me and send me under a strong escort to Paris.

The prefect and the police paid domiciliary visits to Bagnères. The house of General Arnaud, in the Place des Coustous, was surrounded, and enquiries were afterwards pursued as far as the district of Argèles, where the sub-prefect who was devoted to all governments, was ordered to find me.

I was then hidden in the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, in that little attic immediately under the roof which I owed, as I have said, to my former colleague and countryman, M. Piqué, the ex-member of the Convention, and to the kindness of the two ladies whom I have just mentioned.

I vegetated in this obscure asylum until the end of February, 1816, the period fixed for the expulsion of the exiles from France.

Then a generous lady, whose name I mention with pleasure, Mademoiselle Marguerite Lefauconnier, in-

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not to obey the royal decrees if these were contrary to the laws of the state.

Among the French, we may quote that article of the grand ordinance promulgated by Louis XII., in which he enjoined his parliaments to remind him of this fundamental law if he ever displayed a tendency to evade it.

Before Louis XII., Philip the Fair forbade all the magistrates of his kingdom to pay any attention to his letters or royal decrees if they were contrary to the laws of the state.

How then could the ministers of Louis XVIII. propose a law which violated the constitutional charter, and destroyed the principal rights of the citizens and all guarantees of civil liberty?

How could the Chamber of Deputies legalise this manifest violation of the charter of 1814, and banish citizens without trial, by proscription lists and exceptional categories?

But none of these questions of public right were foreseen or discussed. They only aimed at vengeance, and not justice or right.

curred the gravest risks for my sake. Every day she procured personally from my relative, M. Carles, who lived in my former abode in the Rue Lepelletier, all that I required, as well as my letters and newspapers. I here express my sincere gratitude to this young lady, who, with the consent of her worthy family, had the courage to bring assistance to a proscript. During this enforced retirement, which lasted for more than six months, I composed, partly at Paris and partly during my exile from France, some remarks on the two-fold Restoration of the Bourbons.

These fifteen years of exile were not lost. I collected, during this period, my studies, my recollections, and my contemporary notices, in forty-nine small white-paper volumes, duodecimo and octavo, which I entitled "Senilia." Posterity may, perhaps, find in them some useful ideas and numerous proofs of my devotion to the interests and liberties of France.

Fifteen Years of Exile—Departure from Paris—Journey to Valenciennes—Arrival at Mons.

After living in retirement in France for seven months, I was obliged, at the end of February, 1816, to leave the country, on account of the so-called law of amnesty, proposed to the Chamber by Louis XVIII. My difficulty was how to obtain a passport from the central police office without presenting myself in person. I could not show myself without risk of arrest, by virtue of the royal decree of July 24th, 1815, by which the proscribing King had ordered all persons named in this decree to leave Paris within three days on pain of arrest.

One of my relations applied to a very kind-hearted man, whom I knew well as a man of sense and courage, who had long struggled against the imperial despotism. This was Joseph Thurot, formerly chief secretary of police under Fouché, before and since the 18th of Brumaire, year VIII. M. Thurot obtained a passport from the police office, on the express condition that I should proceed to Prussia, and I was compelled to accept this dangerous passport. But M. Thurot, when he handed it to my relative, Nicolas Carles, said to him, "I have placed on the passport the name of Barère de Roquefeuille. This name of Roquefeuille will throw all the police and diplomatic inquisitors in foreign lands off the scent."

The most difficult problem to solve was how I was to leave the capital. Delay in quitting France would be fatal, especially as February 25th had passed.

I had been awaiting the arrival of one of my old friends who was engaged in coal mining in the Walloon territories. He arrived, went to the office in the Faubourg Saint-Martin towards the end of February, and took three seats in the diligence running from Paris to Valenciennes, and made every arrangement for our secret departure.

The two ladies whose care and kind discretion had been so long useful to me undertook to return the furniture of my hiding-place to its owners, and to settle my small debts. On March 1st, at five o'clock in the morning, we started. Mademoiselle Lefauconnier, my guardian angel, supported me with her arm, so enfeebled was I by an unbroken retirement of seven months, in the midst of the dangers and fears which beset me. We arrived at the diligence

office, where I found my companion, who had preceded us. Some policemen were prowling round the carriages, but they asked us no questions, and we soon started.

On leaving the Saint-Martin barrier I thought myself safe, for I had at last escaped the Grand Inquisitors of Paris. When we arrived at Louvres, where a detachment of police was stationed, our passports were demanded; after these had been examined, a young artillery officer who was proceeding to the garrison of La Fère alighted from the diligence.

The officer's explanations lasted for more than a quarter of an hour, but at last he was allowed to continue his journey, and the policeman returned our passports. At Noyon we were left unmolested, and we slept there that night without attracting any attention.

Next morning, on our way to Saint-Quentin, we passed the fortress of Ham, where the brave General Travot was imprisoned. We saluted this bastille as a mark of respect to the prisoner of the Bourbons.

At Cambrai our passports were demanded. That place was the headquarters of that great persecutor of French patriots, the Duke of Wellington. But when we approached the walls of Valenciennes we were informed that most rigorous measures were adopted there with regard to those Frenchmen who were proceeding to the Netherlands. My companion, who was well acquainted with the town and its boulevards, induced me to alight from the diligence half an hour before arriving at Valenciennes. We looked more like persons who were taking a walk in the town than travellers to a foreign country.

He conducted me over the bridges and quays of the Escaut (Scheldt), and we passed through the gate without being noticed by the sentinels. We crossed the boulevards ; and, directly we arrived in the principal streets, we entered a public-house, where my fellow-exile and I spent an anxious hour, because this public-house was continually full of English privates and non-commissioned officers.

These red soldiers stared at us, but without any signs of recognition. My companion, after going to one of his friends to ask for shelter and food for one night only, returned and conducted me to this generous host, at whose abode we were excused from telling our names or showing our passports.

Next day we hired a fly in order to get to Mons, that we might avoid the usual enquiries to which diligences are liable both at the French and Belgian custom-houses, and in the towns and fortified places.

In my impatience I exclaimed with Vergil:

Heu ! fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum !

I longed to quit the territory of my cruel persecutors. We hastened our departure for Mons. I went out alone, as if for a walk, and I proceeded a quarter of a league beyond the town gate to wait for the fly. Soon we were making our way towards the hospitable country of the Belgians.

When we arrived at the frontier we perceived the two custom-houses of France and the Netherlands. The French custom-house officer demanded our passports, but returned them immediately afterwards, disdaining to notice two travellers whose whole luggage con-

sisted of a carpet bag. The Dutch custom-house officer asked us no questions, and paid no attention to us.

I alighted from the carriage to touch this land of hospitality with my hands. With gratitude I embraced the Belgian soil, which offered me a refuge from the despotism of the Bourbon race, and from the ferocious "emigrants."

At last we rested at Quiévrain, where, for the first time during seven whole months, I was able to partake of a meal in peace.

I was no longer in France; I was no longer a prey to turbulent and vindictive passions. Ah! why should a friend of liberty be compelled to seek happiness outside his country? After this meal, which was delicious because it was taken in complete safety, we left for Mons, where we arrived at nightfall. We avoided the large hotels in the principal square close to, and in front of, the town-hall, and we made for an inn at the extremity of the town, near the gate of France or Maubeuge. This inn bore the sign of the Angel Raphael, and was the favourite inn for carriers. We were supposed to be travellers for a firm of carriers, and we were warmly welcomed. Neither our names nor our passports were demanded. Our companion was well known in the country as a great coal-mine owner at Dom, on the borders of France and the Walloon country. We spent four days in this inn. We dined at the *table d'hôte* with twelve carriers, who talked about commissions and customs dues.

We looked for lodgings in the town. We found apartments at the house of M. Raout, a pawnbroker's assistant. He was a worthy and loyal Frenchman,

who sympathised with my position, and, as well as his family, behaved with much discretion.

My first care on entering my new abode was to tear up and burn my passport, in order that the Dutch authorities might not be tempted to send me to Prussia, the destination indicated by the French police. As I was unprovided with a passport for the Prussian territory, I could be treated only like any other foreign refugee; and I was merely subjected to the police formalities usual in Belgium, but there was no motive or pretext for exiling me.

Nowhere are the police so vexatiously and severely inquisitorial as in France.

For six consecutive years I lived at M. Raout's house, freely visiting coffee-houses, theatres, and concerts, without being molested or in any way disturbed by the authorities.

The first year was the most perilous for the French refugees, because the meddlesome and turbulent spirit of the Duke of Wellington, who was, as it were, the police officer of the Holy Alliance, was supreme everywhere from Cambrai to Brussels. It was he who undertook to persecute the former members of the Convention and the imperialists, and to compel them by his persistent persecution to quit the Netherlands, to emigrate to America, to the United States, or to the despotic kingdoms of Northern Europe. But the firmness and political probity of King William constantly thwarted the designs of the Wellingtonian police and rendered his persistency useless.

My stay at Mons—Fresh Persecutions—Hospitality of the Inhabitants—Departure for Brussels.

The town of Mons contains a population altogether French: their manners, customs, language, disposition, and sympathies, all are French and patriotic. At that time the mayor of the town was M. Edmond Dupré, who showed no toleration to foreigners. He was never tired of directing the former members of the Convention who had taken refuge at Mons to retire to other localities further from the frontiers of France. He resembled an agent of the French police, rather than the burgomaster of a Belgian town.

Every year M. Edmond Dupré visited Paris, and on his return he redoubled his severity towards the French refugees. M. Picquet,[1] the commissary of police, knew me by my real name. He was entrusted with the execution of the burgomaster's orders, yet he told me nothing of this circumstance, although he saw me almost daily in the town.

The governor of the province, the Chevalier de Bouzies, was remarkable for his uprightness, his moderation, and his justice. No complaint was ever made against him, and no arbitrary act or persecution for political opinions had ever taken place under his rule. He was the head of a noble Walloon family, and was a wealthy landowner and an excellent father of a family.

Only once did communications pass between me and this good governor. He knew my name and the

[1] His son is a very distinguished barrister, who used often to talk with me about the French Revolution. It is impossible for me to speak otherwise than highly either of him or his father.

cause of my exile; he respected me for it, and sent me a letter full of kindly interest, discretion, and delicacy. Our French *pashas* are incapable of such a style of letter-writing; they would think themselves wanting in dignity were they not insolent, above all with respect to unfortunate refugees.

But at that time there was in Brussels, as there was in France, a minister of police who was subservient to the will of the Duke of Wellington. King William had just created the duke a field-marshal of the kingdom of the Netherlands, after bestowing upon him a rich grant of forest lands, from which he derived a large revenue.

This minister was M. de Thiennes, a nobleman and a pietist, who lived in his château of Lombize, a few leagues from Mons. M. de Thiennes was well known for his religious zeal, but his political principles were unknown, when he was placed under the influence of the Duke of Wellington, a military and diplomatic agent of the Holy Alliance rather than an English general.

This chief of police organised his department like that of Paris, with the necessary equipment of paid observers, spies who keep watch from the lower stories of houses, and manufacturers of conspiracies after the English fashion, in order to secure the necessary pretexts for persecuting the French refugees, who were numerous at Brussels and Liège.

At first he was engaged in detecting a pretended conspiracy against the Duke of Wellington, whom no one had thought of attacking; afterwards, a feigned plot against the Russian Emperor Alexander, on his return to Brussels from the Congress of Aix-la-Cha-

pelle; lastly, a third conspiracy of French refugees was imagined, the object of which was to place the Prince of Orange on the throne of France, instead of the Bourbons.

The minister fully availed himself of these wretched excuses for dispersing the refugees among the towns of Flanders and Holland, and for exercising arbitrary power over them. Among them were some officers whose extradition had been demanded by the government of Louis XVIII.

But the refugee who was the first to be ill-treated under these unpropitious circumstances was Felix Lepelletier, brother of that Michael Lepelletier who had been assassinated in January, 1793, by the guardsman Pâris.

Felix Lepelletier, like myself, had been a member of the House of Representatives in 1815, and had also the honour of being included in the proscription list drawn up by Louis XVIII. on July 24th.

M. Bonnet de Treiches, who had been my companion at Mons for a long time, being one of the former members of the Convention who had voted for the death of the King, had been staying at Brussels for a few days, where he heard, at the house of Cambacérès, that the police of M. de Thiennes had resolved to expel Felix Lepelletier and Bertrand Barère from the territory of the Netherlands.

M. Bonnet sent me by post a copy of the minister's decree, and recommended me to behave with the greatest discretion.

I continued to reside at Mons in the same obscurity and with the same circumspection as before. Soon afterwards I heard that Felix Lepelletier had been

arrested in his home at Brussels by the police, who were instructed to convey him to the Rhine frontier and surrender him to the authorities of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

As the minister had been unable to find me at Brussels, and as his spies had deceived him in their reports respecting me, since I had never for a moment quitted either the town of Mons or my own lodgings, he troubled himself no more about me; the concert company gave me a free ticket of admission, and I was placed on the roll of taxpayers, like an ordinary inhabitant.

Subsequently, the worthy inhabitants of Mons, who had so generously welcomed me, informed me that, according to the new Civil Code, the first clauses of which had just been passed by the States-General, every foreigner who had been living for six years in the same town had thus proved his intention to settle in the kingdom, and that after these six years of residence he would in future enjoy civic rights. In consequence of this I remained at Mons until 1822, when a serious and protracted illness obliged me to seek change of air and to remove to Brussels.

The French Government demands my Expulsion from the Netherlands—Episode of Merlin's Exile—Noble Reply of King William—Particulars about M. Courtois.

Hitherto I had only suffered one act of persecution, and that was inflicted by a Frenchman. M. de la Tour du Pin, one of those French nobles who are ready to serve under any government that is pleased to employ them, had been Napoleon's prefect in a Belgian de-

partment; he had afterwards become the fitting representative of Louis XVIII. at the Court of the Hague. He justified his selection by the restored Bourbon by persecuting refugees.

One day, at a diplomatic reception, M. de la Tour du Pin demanded from King William, in the name of his master the King of France and Navarre, the expulsion of the former member of the Convention, Barère, from the kingdom of the Netherlands. King William replied that there was no French refugee of that name in his dominions, but that he would make enquiries.

The tenacious French lordling returned to the charge next month, and insisted, in the name of his master, the King, on the expulsion of Barère, who had retired to Mons, which was too near the French frontier. "There is no refugee at Mons," replied the King, "of the name of Barère; there are only MM. Debry, Laloi, and *Roquefeuille*, and these old men are law-abiding subjects. Say no more about them, M. l'Ambassadeur; I have not granted them hospitality in vain."

Two years before, the same diplomatist had urgently solicited the expulsion of the former member of the Convention, Merlin, the most learned lawyer in Europe, who has done so much to honour France by his works, which have been translated into all languages for the instruction of lawyers and magistrates.

King William had been induced, from religious motives, to order M. Merlin's expulsion from the kingdom, on account of the false reports which had been circulated concerning his character and behaviour in Belgium.

M. Merlin had embarked at Amsterdam on board an American ship which was to convey him to New York, but he had scarcely begun his voyage when a tempest drove the vessel back on to the coast of Holland, where it stranded. The passengers and all the crew succeeded in reaching land by wading waist-high in water.

M. Merlin retired to Amsterdam and concealed himself there in a miserable hut, near the Champs-Elysées of that town. But, thanks to the French espionage imported into Holland, by his care and probity (?), M. de la Tour du Pin very soon ascertained that M. Merlin was concealed in Amsterdam. Louis XVIII.'s ambassador lost no time in informing King William of this circumstance, and renewed, in the name of his master the French king, his definite demand for the expulsion of M. Merlin.

King William replied that he would make enquiries as to the truth of the ambassador's allegations. A few days afterwards, M. de la Tour du Pin, intent upon his prey, requested a definite answer from his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. "I know all about this affair now," replied King William; "M. Merlin has been very unfortunate; he embarked, but the sea has given him back to me, and I shall keep him now."

That reply, which was worthy of the golden age of antiquity, confounded this petty proscriber; and M. Merlin was authorised to reside at Brussels, where he has been engaged for several years in revising and enlarging a new complete edition of his "Cyclopædia of Jurisprudence," and his "Legal Questions," reprinted in fifty-two volumes octavo, at Brussels.

About this time a new exile had arrived at Brussels

named Courtois, who was well known for his share in the reactionary acts of violence which occurred after the 9th of Thermidor. His motives for becoming a reactionary fanatic were strictly personal, and not very honourable. He was coldly received by the ex-members of the Convention who had taken refuge at Brussels, and he died shortly afterwards, utterly forgotten.

Subsequently his son came to collect the remains of his effects and papers; and he then had a letter printed at Brussels which he distributed to the refugees, in which he tried to defend his father by recounting the persecutions which, since the so-called amnesty of Louis XVIII. (Jan. 12th, 1816), he had suffered at the hands of the new Minister of Police, M. Decazes. This letter stated that M. Courtois, who under the Empire had retired to a small estate purchased by him in the Vosges, believed that he had been overlooked at the time of the proscription of the *voting* ex-members of the Convention; but that, feeling rather anxious owing to the reports which he had heard, he had hoped to obtain permission from M. Decazes to remain in France at his Vosges manor-house, offering to place in the hands of that minister several historical documents relating to the Bourbons, and some letters found among Robespierre's papers, the seals of which he had removed in his capacity of commissary appointed by the Committee of General Surety.

He especially offered to place in his hands the will of Queen Marie Antoinette, which he had found in the Tuileries when he was delegated, after the 10th of August, to make an inventory for the Legislative Assembly of the effects contained in the palace.

M. Courtois' letter had scarcely reached Paris, when M. Decazes hastened to order the prefect of of the Vosges to expel this ex-member of the Convention from French territory, who had been condemned to exile by the law of the 12th of January, 1816, and to seize all his papers and documents.

The prefect of the Vosges immediately surrounded M. Courtois' house, took him out of his bed, although he was ill, and ordered him to give up all his papers. M. Courtois replied that they were no longer in his possession; but he was removed from his dwelling, and passed on from one detachment of police to another, until he reached the frontier of the Netherlands.

After his departure, the whole house was searched, the mattresses of his bed were opened, and in them were found the papers coveted by M. Decazes, to whom they were immediately forwarded. The favourite of Louis XVIII. hastened to display his zeal by laying on the King's table the papers he had seized at M. Courtois' house. The document which impressed Louis Stanislas Xavier the most was the holograph will of Marie Antoinette; and he displayed his political hypocrisy by publishing it, with expressions of deep respect for the memory of Marie Antoinette, forgetting that when he was Count of Provence he had endeavoured to slander this lady by laying certain papers before the Parliament of Paris, in which the parentage of her children was called in question.

This communication from M. Courtois junior[1] pro-

[1] Since the revolution of 1830, M. Courtois junior has brought an action against M. Decazes before a Paris court, to obtain restitution of the papers, deeds, and documents which he

duced great indignation in Belgium, but it only confirmed the refugees in their conviction as to the ill-treatment and persecution which were to be expected from this lawful King of the "emigrants" and of the counter-revolutionary party.

Some time afterwards, France made arrangements with the allies for the cessation of their military occupation of the country, which was at once so onerous and so humiliating to French courage. I saw the officers of the Russian garrison of Maubeuge arrive at Mons; they hastened to spend the last days which they were to pass in France and Belgium, in the enjoyment of luxurious meals at the Hôtel de France, in the Grand Place.

Evacuation of France by the Foreign Troops—Lord Wellington's Persecutions—King William resists—Consequences of Napoleon's Death.

Our position became more serious when, after the Cossacks had resumed their march to their steppes and their frozen deserts, and after the red soldiery stationed at Cambrai and Valenciennes had left for Hanover and embarked for Great Britain, we saw the Duke of Wellington arrive with part of his head-quarters staff, to inspect the new fortifications of Mons,

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had seized and appropriated in 1816, in the house of M. Courtois senior. M. Courtois junior also claimed from the former Minister of Police damages with interest, for all the losses which he had sustained in consequence of the minister's action. But, in accordance with the usual practice at Paris, the action was no doubt compromised, since its results have hitherto remained unknown.

which had been paid for with the millions extorted from France.

The Duke of Wellington, after insolently visiting the fortified places on the Franco-Belgian frontier, seemed to regard the Walloon countries and Flanders as the extremity of an English bridge, or as an outpost of the British Isles. He returned to Brussels, and leagued himself anew with the ambassador from Paris, in order to attempt to expel from the Netherlands all the ex-members of the Convention, and the Napoleonist or imperial officers, without exception.

At last, King William was piqued at seeing so much obstinacy displayed in a matter which he thought he had irrevocably settled. The field-marshal and the ambassador heard the King of the Netherlands repeat to them for the last time, "These old men are well-known to me, and they are very peaceable; I will maintain the laws and the hospitable spirit of the Netherlands."

From this epoch dated our undisturbed peace in the different towns of the kingdom where we were located. The ex-Arch-chancellor of the Empire, Cambacérès, had taken refuge in Brussels in 1816. He had purchased and furnished a very handsome mansion there, and every day he received most of his former colleagues in the National Convention.

M. Decazes, Minister of Police, had maintained his connection with M. Cambacérès, as a natural consequence of his servility to the imperialists. This minister wished to become popular among the proscripts, by announcing to them his desire to abolish their proscription; but after the manner of ministers, he asked Cambacérès to be kind enough to name those

ex-members of the Convention whom he might at once allow to return to France, without any risk of compromising himself.

It was known, beyond a doubt, that M. Cambacérès had forwarded to M. Decazes some remarks relating to those persons who could safely be recalled. In all, twenty names were reported, and soon afterwards these exiles were permitted to return to France.

It was afterwards pretended that Cambacérès had prepared a second, and more comprehensive list, to be sent to the Minister of Police; but it was at this moment that M. Cambacérès himself obtained permission to go to Paris, to die at his mansion there, of what is called the "fatal disease of ministers," that is to say, vexation at being no longer in power.

M. Cambacérès had never thought of placing on the list of returning exiles the names of Merlin, Ramel, Debry, Barère, Thuriot, or Oudot!

At this time a so-called conspiracy against the safety of the State, was devised at Paris, and it was resolved that the House of Peers should try the accused. It was intended to include in the list of the accused as many officers and leaders of the Liberal opposition as possible. Then we saw a great number of officers arriving in the town who had left Maubeuge and Valenciennes. The inhabitants of Mons welcomed them as brave men and brothers. The governor of the town, M. Duvivier, treated them with all the respect due to their position, and allowed them to remain at liberty, on parole, until the government of the Netherlands had signified its will respecting them.

Louis XVIII. demanded their extradition, and a few days afterwards these officers returned to France,

attended by the regrets and good wishes of us all; for then we were more French at Mons than the Frenchmen in France.

The following year was made memorable by the death of the great prisoner of Saint Helena.

It was a period of mourning, chiefly in the Walloon districts, where it was regretted that this immortal general had so misused his fame, and had not employed his great genius and wonderful good fortune in the defence of the Revolution and liberty, instead of spending so much treasure and sacrificing so many millions of lives to ambition for conquest, and to the sole advantage of one man.

The severe winter of 1821-2 brought me to death's door; this was the consequence of exile. Vexation and regret at quitting one's native land dry up the springs of life. To cure this state of home-sickness, my doctor, M. Boulanger, of Mons, who prolonged my life as if by a miracle, advised me to leave this town at all costs, and to take refuge at Brussels, a healthier place than Mons, which would kill me, he said, if I remained there even a few days longer.

I determined to write to King William. I knew his generous probity and the spirit of hospitality which animated him, owing to his having once needed hospitality himself, when the Dutch, tired of the Stadtholderate, had compelled him to seek refuge in England.[1] I remembered my Vergil:

Non ignaro mali, miseris succurrere disco!

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[1] Barère obtained permission to proceed to Brussels, where he resided until at last the revolution of July enabled him to return to France. A gap occurs here in the Memoirs, which will be filled up after by his "Recollections of Belgium."—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Return to France—My return to Tarbes—The welcome which I received there—A view of the Progress of the French Revolution.

I was ill after my return from Brussels to Paris. The moral shock of the unexpected cessation of my exile had impaired my physical strength at a time when I was suffering from a protracted illness, which was aggravated by the tumultuous aspect of the capital, crowded as it was with intriguers, political rogues, ambitious subalterns, and insolent upstarts of all kinds, who all pretended that they had *saved their country*.

This army of suitors, rushing there from all the departments, suggested the idea of those swarms of locusts which come and devour the crops of Egypt periodically.

I made arrangements for leaving this great Babylon, where I perceived nothing but an insane desire for office, a thirst for wealth, and a love of distinctions, titles, and decorations, substituted for love of one's country, and for the active defence of liberty and of the rights of the nation.

The word "Equality" had been officially erased from the flags of the army, and from those of the National Guard, to be superseded by a police motto: "Public Order."

Two scourges still kept me at Paris until the middle of the year 1832. These were the cholera with its ravages, and the state of siege with its horrors. Nature alone terminated the first, and the Supreme Court of Appeal put an end to the second. Then I fled to take refuge in the Hautes-Pyrénées,

never again to quit it. Indeed, I should have been happier if I had remained there always. But who can avoid or evade his fixed destiny?

Inveni Portum! This saying of Diocletian entered my mind when I revisited my native town after an absence of half a century, after weathering so many political tempests, so many revolutionary storms, and so many successive proscriptions. I had at last returned to the paternal roof, as to a safe harbour which receives the sailor after a long and arduous voyage.

I had returned from hospitable Belgium, where my opinions, labours, and misfortunes had been better understood, more appreciated, and had produced more impressions on the people than in France, that stage of unjust and selfish reactions. But I had returned to Tarbes, into the midst of my fellow-citizens, and I considered myself fortunate to be so far from the tumult of Paris, from its pomp and its vices, and to be sheltered from its unbridled passions. Although I had brought back with me only the bitter memories of exile, the scanty remnants of a patrimony ruined by the Revolution and the infirmities of old age, I found in the grateful respect of the new generation the sweetest and most honourable compensation for my long adversity.

The young electors of Tarbes in the southern district publicly testified their sympathy for me and their patriotism by choosing me as a member of the General-Council of the department of the Hautes-Pyrénées. This is the only public mark of honour, although a very precious one, which my young fellow-citizens have conferred upon me. My former contem-

poraries, who had elected me as their deputy six times between 1789 and 1815, had passed away during my long exile, and those who had succeeded them did not know me. They had formed their opinions about my political career from the newspapers of the reaction, and from biographies written by hired slanderers. Therefore, throughout my old age I shall religiously retain my sentiments of gratitude to the liberal youth of Tarbes. This sentiment, which is also an act of justice, will die with me, only because the tomb is silent.

I was enjoying peaceful repose in this pleasant district of the Pyrenees, where I lived with a few old friends, with my books and my recollections, when the demon of litigation came to harass and threaten my life, by disputing my right to my property, which I had been obliged to abandon for a long time, in consequence of legislative duties and proscriptions. Those whom nature had made members of my family, those who ought to have been my support and comfort in my old age, preferred unfortunate disputes to domestic repose.

But there were enlightened, upright, and equitable judges at Tarbes. The tribunal, by two decisions, restored my paternal mansion and my country estate—the sad remnants of my first proscription and of fifteen years of exile on foreign soil! Honour and gratitude are due to the just magistrates of Tarbes who, without any prejudice or passion and without any other motives than those derived from justice and law, restored my rights and property.

Now let us cast a glance over the past, and let us estimate the progress of the French Revolution.

Mirabeau, addressing the aristocrats on the Right of the Constituent Assembly in 1789, exclaimed: "You will see later that revolutions are not child's play."

Since 1789 the Revolution has been advancing towards its goal, *i.e.*, towards liberty. This progress was not arrested, so long as the people lent their strength and power to their representatives. But from the moment when the people ceased to act or to exercise influence themselves, they were deceived; the course of the Revolution was checked or diverted from its aim.

A faction of courtiers wished to aid the flight of the King, in order to prevent him from accepting the constituent decrees. The attempt at flight failed on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and on the 21st of June, 1791, so the Revolution resumed its advance. A faction of false patriots revised the constitutional laws with the object of restoring to the King his ultra-monarchical power. The events of the 10th of August were the result and punishment of this.

A faction of legislators, elected to the National Convention, wished to control France, and to restore the Bourbon monarchy. For six months they checked the further advance of the Revolution; but the events of the 31st of May violently removed the obstacle, and the faction was destroyed.

A communal faction, aided by the revolutionary committees, wished to overpower the National Convention by its ambitious authority, and succeeded only in hindering the progress of the Revolution, while its members suffered the penalty of their crime.

Springing from the midst of this system, which was at once anarchical and dictatorial, two famous societies (the Jacobins and the Cordeliers) insisted that the con-

centration of absolute power in the hands of one man alone was necessary for the safety of the State; but there arose two pretenders to this supremacy, who observed each other, measured each other's strength, sometimes allied themselves with each other, and separated on the morrow, thus dividing the strength of the National Convention.

Danton, supported by the Commune, by the Cordeliers, and secretly by foreign countries, was denounced by Saint-Just, who relied on Robespierre and the Jacobins. Then Danton, who had attempted to capture the Revolution for his own personal advantage, and to divert its progress, ascended the scaffold, thus supplying a solemn but useless warning to all ambitious politicians.

The fall of this man, who was so full of audacity and fierce temerity, which he displayed conspicuously on the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1792, caused the rise of a still more ambitious man, Robespierre, who considered himself, on account of his excessive popularity and the fanatical admiration with which he was regarded by the people of Paris, the master needed by the State. Ostensibly he was digusted at the designs and methods of Danton; he had the Commune of Paris in his favour, also sixty-eight deputies who were sent on a political mission to the departments, and the Jacobin Club. He required only the support of the Committee of Public Safety, from which he, Saint-Just, Couthon, and Lebas demanded the dictatorship for themselves, and the adjournment of the National Convention. The indignation aroused by Robespierre in the united Committees of General Surety and Public Safety, and their treatment of his request to be

appointed dictator as an act of treason against the nation, brought him and his accomplices to their death. But the Revolution, overwhelmed by so many plots and exhausted by so much resistance, seemed to leave a free hand to its most inveterate enemies. Thus the 9th of Thermidor, which ought to have been merely the punishment of dictatorial ambition, became the grave of liberty.

From that time, all the audacious mediocrities considered themselves the heirs of these dictatorial ambitions. Tallien, who had made his guilty attempts at treason while on a political mission to Tours and Bordeaux, had escaped a just prosecution only on account of the events of the 9th of Thermidor. He was supported by the emigrant princes, who had sent to him at Paris a commissary of civil war who never quitted him. He established a newspaper in order to accelerate the counter-revolution, and caused himself to be sent to Quiberon, on the pretext of resisting the Catholic army, which was to have been commanded by the Count d'Artois. This prince, however, did not dare to leave the Ile-Dieu, and afterwards fled to the Thames, leaving his fellow-emigrants and partisans to be shot. Tallien, returning in triumph from Quiberon, thought to control the reactionary Convention. He was unmasked, and he fell.

A still more cunning man, whom Robespierre had termed the "fox of the Revolution," the ex-abbé Sieyès, secretly obtained power. He had arranged the riots which had been provoked on the 12th of Germinal and the 1st of Prairial; he had then profited by them with atrocious skill. His work appeared to be that of giving legal forms to the counter-revolution; but the 13th

of Vendémiaire, when the sections of Paris raised their heads, directed by the ruling spirit and by the emissaries of Coblenz, placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of his secret dictatorship.

The counter-revolution was checked with the aid of cannon by members of the Convention, who in their turn were compelled to abdicate in favour of an executive Directory, a monstrous assembly of royalists and republicans, which still pursued the sanguinary track of the counter-revolution.

Barras, a Provençal adventurer who had proved his capacity for tyranny with Fréron, while serving on the committee of representatives at Marseilles, and who had marched with Bonaparte against the Paris sections on the 13th of Vendémiaire, obtained power, aroused the republicans, and deceived them. That "see-saw" government which had been attempted by the reactionary Convention, was now established, and the conclusion of the Revolution was proclaimed.

But its termination was effected only by fraudulent laws and governmental deception. *Coups d'état* became frequent, and the counter-revolutionary party, which was controlled from Coblenz, was bargaining at Paris when the Directory heard of the unexpected landing at Fréjus of the general of the army of Egypt, Bonaparte. The counter-revolutionists, full of terror, ceased their intrigues, and the Executive Directory remained, as it were, paralysed by this event.

The 18th of Brumaire witnessed the overthrow of this stupid, despotic, and bankrupt government. An audacious soldier took possession, partly through necessity and partly through intrigues, of the supreme power. The Republic thought it was saved—it was

really superseded; liberty was considered to have been proclaimed anew—it was really destroyed.

The First Consul boasted that he had only vanquished anarchy and put an end to the Revolution. All the mediocre, base, intriguing, versatile politicians attached themselves to the conqueror of Saint-Cloud. The republicans soon experienced the serious consequences of this change. Some were conducted to the scaffold, charged with complicity in the infernal machine plot, which was really a royalist crime; others were arbitrarily banished, and clandestinely transported to the deserted and unhealthy coasts of Madagascar.

Bonaparte established an absolute monarchy, which lasted as long as he could retain conquered Europe in subjection; but the Revolution possesses an innate and incalculable strength, which can be resisted by no power, no renown, and no despotism. Full and entire success, whether slow or rapid, is the invincible destiny of liberty and equality, and is the work of nature, due to the constant inspiration of Heaven! Even the most extraordinary victories of the enemies of liberty are ephemeral, like themselves, and help only to overthrow them. Napoleon was all at once forsaken both by fortune and by the nation; thus ended his counter-revolutionary career.

On the 3rd of May, 1814, the fiercest and most hypocritical enemies of liberty were enthroned. The emigrant Bourbons arrived at Paris in the train of the foreign armies, and took no pains to disguise their spirit of hatred and vengeance. Driven away for a moment by popular indignation, they halt in filth and blood. But after the battle of Waterloo, they

reap the full advantages of this victory, and hasten the progress of the counter-revolution by proscription, banishment, executions, and by the ruin of France, which was occupied by the armies of the coalition of kings.

SEQUEL TO BARÈRE'S MEMOIRS

At the period which we have now reached, Barère's Memoirs ceased to assume the form of a narrative of political events in their correct order and sequence. But he has left us an interesting account of his stay in Belgium, as well as of the principal contemporary events, and eminent persons—statesmen, poets, artists, diplomatists, and authors of his period.

He also wrote from day to day, in accordance with passing fancies, and on loose sheets of paper, various pungent reflections, which, if not remarkable for correctness and purity of style, are characterised by all the copiousness, animation, and warmth of a southern imagination.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BELGIUM

I

When I returned to France after a long exile, I thought it my duty to offer a tribute of gratitude to the hospitable Belgian nation. I was so well received, and so kindly treated by the inhabitants of Mons and Brussels, that I regarded their country as a second fatherland.

As in advanced age the memory vividly recalls the chief events of life, I have described all the first impressions which I experienced at this sad period when I was banished from French territory, from my native soil which I had defended so intrepidly and successfully. I preserved my recollections of all that I had witnessed among these worthy Belgians, who were hospitable in their manners even more than in their laws, and who retained, in the midst of the various degrees of civilisation in their vicinity, their public morality, their civic rights, their religion, their ancient independent character, and their wise and judicious love of liberty and equality: among the Belgians these are not mere names or political fictions.

II

I will now briefly recount the story of my life in exile. In so doing I am merely writing informal recollections and personal expressions of gratitude. The hospitality of the people will be described, with all the features which peculiarly characterise it, in this noble

country. I shall also express the deep regret I experienced at quitting it in 1830, for I have never been so happy as during the fifteen years which I spent at Mons and Brussels. On returning to France, I found only those disappointments, those deferred hopes, those social fictions, and those deceptive illusions so characteristic of a nation corrupted by the very movement which was intended to regenerate it. I was melancholy in Belgium; I became sad in France.

III

Recollections can never be satisfactorily written except in retirement. It is absolutely necessary to be "far from the madding crowd" in order to recall events with sufficient distinctness, and to describe them clearly and vivaciously. Only those events, public or private, should be described in which the author has been either an actor or a witness, and only those persons should be depicted with whom he has been more or less intimately acquainted.

It is not easy to sketch a revolution and its principal actors. This great drama requires the same talent as would be needed to paint a great historical picture.

All facts and events, together with their origin, must be thoroughly investigated; even the most mysterious characters must be completely unveiled.

It is important that ambitious and influential personages should be depicted, and that their motives and aspirations should be explained, either in their own words, or by their positive and secret intrigues.

Their opinions must be disclosed and compared with their actions, as the latter are often only the reflection or shadow of the former.

Tacitus and Montesquieu, as well as Suetonius, admirably sketched the portraits of historical personages. They make us hear their words and witness their actions; they place the men and deeds of the past vividly before our eyes. The secret of producing such impressions is lost, and there is no biographer, historian, or memoir-writer in the nineteenth century who is capable of recovering it.

IV

To revive the recollections of exile is like living once more in Belgium, it is like breathing freely once more among an enlightened and independent people, and it involves the payment of a just tribute of gratitude to the most hospitable country in Europe.

V

The pride of the English has established a quasi-feudal fête in commemoration of a victory at which they were merely present. The success at Waterloo was due as much to the arrival of the Prussian army under the orders of Bulow and General Blucher as to the inconceivable inactivity of the division commanded by General Grouchy.

The Duke of Wellington stole the honour of this victory, and at London, on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo is always celebrated. On that day his Grace is obliged to place a tricolour flag on the steps of the throne: thus the victor performs an act of vassalage.

But why, since the Anglo-French alliance, which has been vaunted so highly after the July revolution, in 1830, has not the political union which ought to

exist between the allies effected the suppression of this commemoration, so insulting to the French nation? Simply because the English never cease their arrogant attempts to tyrannise over the nations of the Continent.

What a mania the French have for visiting the grave of their liberty! Immediately on their arrival at Brussels, they ascertain the exact position of the battle-field, on which sleep so many brave defenders of that France which has been so unworthily treated by those who should have regarded it as their duty to defend her!

Abandoned to its own heroic impulse, the French army was victorious on the 16th; on the 18th it was defeated.

No, Fortune is not so rapid in her flight as this; there are degrees in her fickleness. Who then is responsible for this terrible calamity to a free nation? Who intentionally frustrated so brilliant a destiny?

Only the future will know. The present would have too much to blush for, too much to enrage it, and too much to punish.

Travellers from France, let the English alone frequent the burial-ground of your heroes! What would Wellington's England have done without the Prussia of Blucher and Bulow? The Court of St. James' had paid for the battles of the Continent for a quarter of a century, and its subsidised allies had been constantly vanquished. Gold and luck now united to give it an undeserved victory.

The Holy Alliance raised an insolent monument on the plain of Waterloo, on which the pride of kings

has placed the Belgian lion. Thus Prussia, in the eighteenth century, raised the column of Rosbach. But the winds are fickle, and the France of the nineteenth century destroyed the column of Rosbach. The same France will overthrow the lion monument of Belgium. There sleep the heroes whose shades demand from us a glorious vengeance; there rests, on heaps of laurels, that heroic Guard which died but never surrendered!

During my long exile, Waterloo was the constant subject of conversation among English visitors and French travellers. The English, still astonished at their only victory in this twenty-five years' war, crowded to Mont Saint-Jean, and prided themselves on having visited the battlefield of Waterloo. The French partisans of the Restoration also rushed eagerly to Waterloo, although well aware that they were thus paying homage to the foreigner, and honouring their country's enemies.

These facts rendered the victors of that deplorable day still more odious to me, and I was especially careful never to visit the grave of Napoleon's glory and of French liberty.

In 1825, an English patriot, Sir Richard Philips, came to Brussels with his family. A visit to Waterloo was then as much an obligatory pilgrimage for every Englishman as is a visit to Mecca for every Mussulman.

Sir Richard Philips called upon me. He urged me to retire to England, where I should be welcomed, he said, and where my "Memoirs" would be very successful, and would make my fortune. I replied as

gratefully as possible to these kind, generous offers, for he offered me not only hospitality, but also the use of his library and printing-press, which had attained considerable celebrity. I refused, however, to visit that England whose government I had systematically attacked, both from the tribune of the National Convention and in the various writings that I had published during the rule of the Directory.

One day Sir Richard Philips invited me to dine with him and his family at the Grand Hôtel de Bellevue, on the Place Royale. After dinner he proposed to visit Waterloo. The carriages were ordered. I took the liberty of remarking that, as he was an ardent friend of liberty, he would be deeply grieved at the sight of the tomb of European liberties, Waterloo being only an epitome of despotism. Sir Richard Philips immediately countermanded the carriages; and he, with his family, abandoned their projected excursion willingly.

VI

In the neighbourhood of Mons are situated some mines abounding in coal of the best quality. When Belgium formed a part of French territory, this coal was supplied to our workshops and large manufactories cheaply. As it was exempt from customs duty, the poorer classes purchased it extensively for fuel at a nominal price. But after 1815 Belgium was closed to the French, owing to its incorporation in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Since that period a company has been formed, under the direction of a French banker, M. Casimir Perier, which has taken advantage of this French loss of territory to establish a monopoly of coal in the mines of Auzin.

Messrs. Perier and Company have also succeeded in securing the imposition of a heavy duty on foreign coal, in order to crush the competition of the mines of Hainault, which are so rich in combustible material. The small clique of shareholders in the Auzin mines thus enrich themselves to the detriment of the miners, whose wages are fixed at the lowest possible rate, and of the consumers, who, being unable to avail themselves of the Belgian mines any longer, are obliged to endure the monopoly of Perier and Co. An annual revenue of two million francs is the total dividend shared by these monopolist bankers.

I visited and inspected the mines in the villages surrounding Mons. These villages contain that numerous mining population who are termed "Borins" by the inhabitants of the town. They are distinctly foreign in their manners, courage, industry, and physical characteristics; they speak a language of their own, and they must originally have come from Germany. The women wear on their heads a large cotton kerchief of different colours; this kerchief is fastened under the chin, and often encloses beautiful features and fine Greek profiles.

Some of these women also work in the mines. But during eight or nine hours a day the miners perform the most dangerous part of their labours. Once buried in the depths of the earth, at a distance of seven or eight hundred feet below the surface, and in certain mines of one thousand or twelve hundred feet, it is no longer possible for them to stand upright; kneeling, lying on their sides, or stretched on their faces, they are obliged to follow the vein of coal in galleries not more than three feet high. They are

sometimes compelled to work almost naked, on account of the excessive heat produced by the vicinity of burning seams; they are in danger of death at any moment, either from the falling of masses of coal, or from suffocation, or the flooding of the galleries, or, finally, from the explosion of gases. Such is the mode of life followed by this mining population; and when they wish to see daylight and their families again, they must climb numerous ladders for half an hour, or ascend to the surface in baskets. This long and toilsome journey is their first recreation. Yet the miners delight in this laborious and obscure mode of life, full as it is of sufferings and dangers. From their childhood they have learnt to practise this rough trade, and to brave its perils. But at least they receive regular and sufficient wages, and are not treated like the miners of France, whose wages are discounted by the bankers of Auzin in the most usurious manner, so as to produce frequent strikes on the part of the workmen by this avarice and cupidity, more than three thousand of whom can find no other market for their labour.

VII

The fame of Belgian hospitality is of ancient date. When the counter-revolution broke out in France in consequence of the restoration of Louis XVIII. by foreign armies, the defenders of liberty hastened from all parts to Belgium, to seek refuge from that tyranny which was at last in the ascendant after an interval of twenty-five years. Brussels, Mons, Tournai, Ghent, Liège, opened their gates to the French refugees.

A prince of the house of Orange-Nassau was reigning over the Netherlands, after having lived in England in adversity and exile for several years. For this reason William, King of the Netherlands, was the most hospitable monarch in Europe. He maintained the Belgian manners and laws with a virtuous courage, which triumphed over the intolerant solicitations and persecuting enquiries of Wellington.

The former members of the Convention were neither extradited nor expelled, nor shadowed by detectives. They enjoyed the constant protection of the laws and of the monarch.

In subsequent years the numbers of the political refugees increased, owing to the migration of a crowd of patriots and advocates of constitutional government, who had been persecuted, in Italy by Austria, in Spain by Ferdinand, and in Portugal by the English. Thus four nations of Southern Europe had supplied guests for the beneficent hospitality of Belgium, whither refugees fled from all parts, as in ancient times men used to embrace the statues of the gods; as also, in the middle ages, the churches were regarded as impenetrable and inviolable sanctuaries.

VIII

I lived at Mons in perfect peace. This continuous residence in the same town entitled me to the rights of citizenship. As an inhabitant of the kingdom of the Netherlands, amenable to the new laws passed by the States-General and sanctioned by King William, I blushed for my native country when I reflected that under Louis XVIII. I was an exiled and proscribed Frenchman, at the same time that I was

enjoying all the rights of a Belgian citizen under the hospitable King William. With what intense pleasure did I pay my taxes during my stay, both at Mons and at Brussels!

A serious illness, caused by the grief at leaving my country, and also by the difference of climate, compelled me to seek change of air and scene. Brussels was regarded as a more healthy locality than Mons, as in the latter town the construction of new fortifications, under Wellington's supervision had produced an epidemic of malignant fever, which was increased by the foul emanations from the ancient moats of this fortress.

Although at Mons I was known only by the name of Barère de Roquefeuille, in which my passport for foreign lands had been issued by the Minister of Police, I applied directly to the King of the Netherlands, using my real name, for special permission to reside at Brussels. A few days afterwards I received from his Majesty a reply granting my request, "with full power," in the King's own words, "to remove all his furniture and books from France to Brussels duty free."

What a contrast existed between Louis de Bourbon banishing Frenchmen for ever, and William of Nassau exercising a generous hospitality towards these very exiles!

IX

At Mons I found a town which was entirely French in opinions, in manners, and in liberty. I was heartily welcomed by the principal inhabitants before I had been able to justify their confidence by a six years' residence among them. But the people of Mons are

very sociable, and their kind and courteous manners mitigated the sadness of my exile. They treated me as a fellow-citizen, and admitted me to their concert-hall and to their musical societies. I attended their theatrical performances, their fêtes, and their fairs, as if I had been a native of Mons. M. Cattier and his numerous family often invited me to their evening parties, and were delighted to hear me relate anecdotes of the French Revolution, in which they displayed more interest than I had ever perceived among Frenchmen.

At Mons I received a visit from a young man who had been sub-prefect of the department of Lot-et-Garonne during the Hundred Days, and who had been included, for some inscrutable reason, in the list of thirty-eight persons exiled by the royal decree of the 24th of July, 1815. I distrusted all who came to us in Belgium from Paris, as the French police often sent us their supernumerary spies.

X

"Bless this flower which springs from a tomb."

This blessing has always been fully understood and religiously observed by the Belgians. In all their towns they have erected refuges and schools for those unfortunate beings who, like flowers of sombre hue, spring from the tomb of desertion and poverty.

Of all countries, Belgium is the richest in charitable institutions. In all the towns, and even in the rural districts, may be seen asylums, refuges, and hospitals intended to supply the needs of infirm and indigent humanity. There all the victims of human misery are welcomed and aided; the different establishments, whether founded for the benefit of the aged

of either sex, or for orphans, destitute persons, or lunatics, are richly endowed with real estates, funded property, or substantial permanent subscriptions.

In this respect, Belgium may be regarded as a model, which Holland has imitated with generous emulation. Many unfortunate beings, who in France would lack assistance, here receive education and careful attention at the expense either of the nation or of the towns, or from funds provided by founders and benefactors, and philanthropic and charitable associations.

For several centuries the Belgians have regarded the great principle of Christian charity as a leading feature of their institutions, and this principle has been applied here in its fullest extent. The reflection occurs to the foreigner, while traversing the towns of Belgium, and especially on viewing the almshouses of Brussels and the great hospital in that city called the Béguinage, that in this noble country whoever is in need of bread, clothes, shelter, or instruction has the right to demand from society whatever is necessary to his existence.

In Belgium that initiative in beneficence, which has become one of the duties of civilised society, is fully understood and most energetically practised. Besides the institutions of Sainte-Gertrude, for the aged, the Béguinage, an immense and superb establishment erected in 1826, is intended as a home for aged persons of either sex. Outside, this fine building might be mistaken for a royal palace; inside, it is a Temple of Humanity. France, although so proud of her monuments, and so extravagant in public works, possesses nothing which resembles this

splendid refuge for old age. Paris, in this respect, is far inferior to Brussels.

The sight of this magnificent almshouse reminded me of a similar building in the island of Malta, known by the name of the Floriana, where seven hundred and fifty infirm old men are supported at the cost of the state.

We Frenchmen are very proud of our philanthropy, but what institution have we established similar to this for the benefit of the numerous infirm old men who beg in the streets of our cities amidst a population of thirty-three millions of souls?

XI

Much has been said in praise of Italian and German musical taste. The French also now pride themselves on their musical culture, and on the increasing introduction of the methods, the composition, and masterpieces of Germany and Italy; but no mention has hitherto been made of the Belgians, who have cultivated this finest of the fine arts from the earliest times.

Yet in Belgium numerous harmonic societies exist, as well as many ably-conducted singing schools. There is no town—in this country where the towns tread on each other's heels, it may be said, so numerous are they, and so wealthy is the nation—there is not even a rural parish which does not possess philharmonic societies capable of competing in the musical competitions held every year at Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, or Liège.

In Belgium, musical science receives national encouragement. The solemn public competitions which

I have mentioned are open to all harmonic societies, and at the triumphal fêtes valuable prizes are awarded to the victors.

This indicates an immense advance in culture.

XII

There is one sign by which the traces of Hebrew emigration in Europe can be recognised. The antiquaries of Italy have discovered from ancient monuments that the standard or flag of the first and chief Jewish tribe, at the time of the dispersion of the Jews under Titus, was adorned with a lion rampant; this was the device of the tribe of Judah. Now, this device of the lion rampant is the emblem of Holland, Belgium, and Bohemia, three nations as migratory as any foreign or nomadic tribes.

These populations having been exiled from their country by the Romans, had experienced the need of hospitality, which, was a virtue greatly honoured among the Hebrews as well. Thus we see that the Dutch or Batavian, Belgian, and Bohemian countries became the lands for shelter and refuge.

Louis XI. opposed Belgian liberties and their practice of hospitality; Louis XIV. sent agents to Holland to persecute the French refugees, and waged a protracted war against the Netherlands. Maria Theresa could not tolerate the independence and liberty of Bohemia.

The national pride of the Belgians, Batavians, and Bohemians lives again in the escutcheons of these three countries, under the emblem of the Lion of the Hebrews.

XIII

After leaving Mons for the benefit of my health, I arrived at Brussels, the capital city, which was very different from the former town in manners and customs, as well as in administrative and police arrangements.

At first I met some inquisitive persons in public places, to whom I used to reply with considerable reserve; they consequently complained of my discretion telling me that I had formed an incorrect idea of the independence of disposition and frankness of the Flemish.

I was too proud and too prudent to disclose personal details in connection with the great revolutionary epoch of which the French were so ignorant; and I did not know, during the early portion of my stay in Brussels, whether the inhabitants really sympathised with those refugees who had formerly been members of the Convention, and who were now so misrepresented everywhere. I remained for nearly a year in the capital without experiencing any desire to satisfy the curiosity of some very well-informed and sociable young gentlemen of Brussels.

But having ascertained the sincerity of their dispositions and the independence of their opinions, I no longer hesitated to express myself freely to those Belgians whom I saw daily, and who welcomed me kindly. I accordingly related to them many incidents which, so they informed me, they had never known before.

There no one rejoiced at our exile, and the refugee members of the Convention were spoken of with the touching and sympathetic respect displayed by free nations for misfortune.

When David, Vadier, Cambon, Ramel, and Cavaignac died at Brussels, as well as several other members of the Convention who perished in exile in a condition bordering on destitution, the people of Brussels honoured their remains with unfeigned sorrow, and reverently attended them to their last home.

XIV

In Europe a struggle is imminent between the system of hereditary, and that of representative, government.

Enlightenment and armies will both be of great assistance to the popular cause; but audacity and an excessive enthusiasm for liberty will be sufficient to ensure its eventual triumph, by means of the constitutions that are already established.

Wars will always fully employ the greater part of the military forces of kings; and the severities of all kinds, the annoyances, the taxes, which are inseparable from that scourge, will arouse the discontent of nations.

Will it ever be possible to form a general association of the friends of liberty in Europe? Then a democratic government will rise everywhere, and overthrow the old idols of politics.

XV

Brussels is built like Rome, on seven hills. There, I felt the privations of exile gradually disappear. On my way from Mons I crossed the beautiful plains watered by the river Dyle, which gave its name to one of our departments at the time of the incorporation

of Belgium with France. In this charming, well-built town, which was remarkable at once for its stateliness and cleanliness, everything seemed to indicate that it was the worthy abode of a good king.

Brussels is one of the pleasantest towns in Europe. The demolition of its ancient ramparts had just been completed, and the space thus gained had been adorned with beautiful plantations, and with two thousand houses, newly constructed with equal taste and luxury. Thus the beauty, charm, and salubrity of the town had been considerably increased.

The King of the Netherlands had been educated in the school of adversity. Having been removed from the office of Stadtholder of Holland by a political party which desired a new order of things, William of Nassau retired to England and cultivated the practice of virtue in the obscurity of private life. There his personal qualities, and especially his steadfastness and probity, were developed. He accustomed himself, by the practice of strict self-denial, to that wise economy which he subsequently displayed in the details of his public administration.

William became King of the Netherlands in 1815, in accordance with the wish of Holland and Belgium. During his exile he had learnt by sad experience to sympathise profoundly with misfortune, and especially with the sufferings of the proscribed. Therefore, during the whole course of his reign, he was perfectly consistent in his uniformly kind treatment of the numerous French refugees and ex-members of the Convention whom the tyranny of Louis XVIII. never ceased to

persecute, even on a foreign soil, by means of his diplomatists and inquisitorial police.

All the measures adopted by him with regard to these unhappy refugees, who were safe nowhere except in the kingdom of the Netherlands, were characterised by that noble spirit of benevolence and tolerance by which his character was so eminently distinguished.

XVI

Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington was abhorred by the Belgians; he was unceasingly employed, being the flunkey of the Holy Alliance, in travelling from Paris to Brussels to solicit from King William the expulsion of the French refugees, or fresh persecutions of the banished former members of the Convention. But, field-marshal though he was of the kingdom of the Netherlands, he could obtain nothing, even after repeated attempts, from the honest king, who steadfastly maintained the laws and hospitable customs of his country, in spite of the opposing efforts of the English duke and the diplomatic body.

Wellington reappeared in Belgium from time to time, in order to inspect the progress of the new fortifications erected at Mons and other places on the frontier, at the cost of France, and in opposition to her. France was defraying the expense of these fetters which were forged for her by the English government, and by its persistent agent, the Duke of Wellington.

It was a curious sight to see this general mingling in silence with the inhabitants of the newly fortified towns, and not attracting even a single glance. He

presented the appearance of a spy of high rank, rather than that of an inspector-general of fortifications.

So he soon ceased to visit Belgium, contenting himself with sending his overloaded waggons to France. Above all, he came to claim the rewards which had been promised him for the unhoped-for success of Waterloo. The field-marshal received from the Netherland government a large grant of the national forests, and he lost no time in felling the trees and letting the ground, being unable to carry it away.

Henceforth there was no question of the Duke of Wellington at Brussels; his achievements were reduced to order, much like his grant of the forests.

General Bourmont, who has been attached to the French army of Napoleon, on the reiterated request of Marshal Ney, who was rash enough to answer for this fanatical royalist, took away from the Emperor's headquarters, all the maps, papers, and plans of campaign against the allies, in order to carry them to Wellington's camp, near Brussels. The traitor fled from the environs of Fleurus, near Charleroi, passed Mons, and, having reached Brussels, he rushed on horseback up the Rue de la Madeleine, shouting in his loudest voice,"Men of Brussels, fly to arms, the French are at your gates! fly to arms without delay!" There still remained in Brussels an absolute majority in favour of France, and this majority thought it ill that a French general, in his country's uniform, should call the Belgians to arms against his own people.

The perfidious Vendean at first excited astonishment, and then indignation; and when he arrived in

the Place Royale he found himself surrounded by loyal and brave citizens, who hated both the treachery and the traitor; and this general of La Vendée, a deserter from Napoleon's camp, was arrested. But some good English friends gave him the means of escaping from Brussels and reaching Wellington's headquarters. It was by means of subterfuge and treachery that the great Irish captain managed to gain pitched battles.

XVII

I have seen both the proscribers and the proscribed banished from their country by the same methods and the same passions.

I have seen them all refugees in a foreign land, without any distinction of opinion or doctrine.

There the conquerors of to-day found themselves exiled, like the conquerors of yesterday, both awaiting the conquerors of to-morrow. Belgium! keep open your generous gates! for the revolution of passions is not yet over.

XVIII

The church of Sainte-Gudule, which was built probably as far back as the time of Charlemagne, is one of the finest monuments of Brussels. It seems an indestructible mass of architecture.

Its windows are the most remarkable feature of the building. The art of glass painting was the feature of the middle ages, and the Brussels windows are probably the finest in the world. Their tints and gradations of colour are most brilliant; they glitter and sparkle like jewels; the deep crimson, the emerald green, the turquoise blue, the pure violet,

and the golden yellow are beyond compare. The subjects designed by the glass painter present gorgeous drapery, armour, flowers, foliage, rays of glory, and arabesques, and all these picturesque riches, transparent and glistening, are lit by the sun, and gain every advantage of brightness and sharpness of tone. Artists discern the grandest simplicity and purity of outline in the drawing of these windows and in their colouring.

During the time of the Kermesse at Brussels, gems of tapestry are exhibited in the choir at Sainte-Gudule executed at a period when this Flemish industry was most famous. The subjects are Biblical, and this tapestry forms a picture gallery as remarkable for its exquisite design as for the perfection of its colouring.

In Europe, only French finance could have conceived the idea of selling these magnificent and antique relics of Catholicism. The estate department at Paris ordered the sale of the remains of Sainte-Gudule, and huge bills were stuck on the doorway of the church. But religious feeling here was not, as elsewhere, a mere hypocritical pretence. Among the Belgians the dominating sentiment of their education and instincts, as well as in their practice, is hereditary and lasting. So this greedy and sacrilegious attempt only served to alienate all classes of Belgian society.

Among the funereal monuments which ornament the choir of Sainte-Gudule the marble tomb of Count Félix de Mérode is conspicuous, and belongs to the historic reminiscences of Belgium.

The edifice of Sainte-Gudule, patron saint of Brussels, is the most noteworthy religious monument of the country.

Built on the slope of an acclivity termed Windmill Hill, the portico is reached by an ascent of forty steps, which serves to overcome the inequality of the ground.

The exterior of Sainte-Gudule is imposing and magnificent. It is a colossal structure of the middle ages. Commenced in 1010, it remained unfinished until 1226, and was completed in 1275. It bears on its walls the imprint of the centuries which have swept over this immense mass of stone.

In the interior of the church one is struck by its severe style, devoid of all ornament, and by the large pillars supporting its immense lofty roof. The architecture is simple and grandiose.

Against the pillars are colossal statues by Duquesnoi. In the choir are magnificent cenotaphs of the ancient dukes of Brabant, and some other tombs with sculptures and bas-reliefs well worthy of the attention of visitors to this beautiful church.

XIX

The park of Brussels is one of the finest gardens and beautiful promenades one could imagine. It is superior to the straight and insignificant garden of the Tuileries and the irregular one of the Luxembourg.

The park of Brussels is surrounded with splendid palaces and mansions. It is enclosed with railings and beautifully-kept high hedges. Within, the verdure is admirable, and there are several statues and monuments; wide grassy paths and the grandeur of the trees contribute to make it regarded as a marvel of landscape gardening. It is the work of Zinner, a man of much talent and capability. As ranger of the forest of Soignes, his first thought was to preserve

its large trees by turning a portion of the forest into a public garden; and Zinner deserved well of the city by this felicitous transformation; for of all the vast forest of Soignes, the present Brussels Park is the only portion which, since 1774, has escaped destruction by the felling of the trees.

It was in this forest, in the time of the wars of Louis XIV., that the bodies of his unhappy victims of the wars were buried. It was there, on a vast mass of straw, that the Belgians who were wounded in the bombardment of Brussels were taken and their wounds carefully dressed.

Zinner well understood how to treat the undulations of this forest of Soignes. He adorned it with his paths and groups of trees. He retained all the natural splendours of forest vegetation. One can still see, in this nineteenth century, the old oaks and large spaces of ground where nature reigns untrammelled in all its original wildness. A thousand winding paths are open to solitary pedestrians, as well as beautiful wide alleys for those who wish to see and be seen.

The most distinguishing feature is formed by three large turfed alleys in the centre, starting from one point, a vast circle of verdure, adorned with the rarest plants, the most brilliant flowers. These alleys end, on the one side, at the Boulevard du Regent, on the other at the Place Royale, and on the third at the King's Palace.

In 1779, the city architect built in front of the King's Palace, which is at the bottom of the park, another mansion to the north of the promenade, which was afterwards called the National Palace, used as the place of assembly of the States-General.

The gardens of the new palace of the King of Bavaria were of a novel design, imitated later in the Brussels Park, at the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and the great public gardens throughout France, which are devoid of any shelter against rain.

The Royal Garden at Munich is surrounded by a gallery, which is called the Arcades, under which visitors find protection in case of a storm. This arcaded gallery is adorned with frescoes, which represent on one side the principal events in the history of the country, and on the other the prettiest landscapes in Italy. The spectator learns while walking.

Just another word on the promenades of Brussels, on the new boulevards, ornamented with fine avenues of trees, lined with important mansions built in the modern style. When, after having explored this beautiful spot, one seeks repose in the great avenues of the Park, situated on the summit of a gentle hill, surrounded with imposing habitations, and having on the east the King's Palace, and on the west the Palace of the States-General, travellers and strangers forget Hyde Park of London, the Retiro of Madrid, the Corso of Rome, the Prado of Vienna, the Linden of Berlin, as well as our own dusty Champs-Elysées in Paris.

I have described these places just as I saw them. I note down at the moment the sensations with which they inspired me. This is the truth of to-day; the inspiration which comes suddenly, individually, and relatively; and so I record, impulsively, my feelings.

These successive impressions are rather a relaxation than a study, stripped as they are of philosophic pretension and moral aphorisms. This style suits our imagination better, which is wandering and fugitive, with our changeable and varying nature.

The epistolary style is the best for the rapid recitals of a traveller who is anxious to tell his friends what he sees and feels on his way.

Many writers have narrated the ancient history of Brussels; have described the whole town; have told all about its recreations, and collated its various traditions; but few there are who have recorded their first impressions, which most travellers ignore.

XX

Brussels has preserved traces of the Burgundians, the Spaniards, and the Austrians; but very few of the French. The buildings bear the stamp of those who succeeded the above-named. There is no regularity in the houses of the old town; but the new part is much more regular, and in accordance with a general plan. One can see that the present buildings are mere builders' work. There is nothing architectural, grandiose, or monumental about them. The dulness born of uniformity is apparent on the boulevards, where all the houses are alike: there is no diversity of plan; all is like a chess-board.

The diversity of the commercial streets makes the traveller ponder on the old town of Brussels. In many houses there is still to be seen the effects of the bombardment of the city by Louis XIV.; this was partly repaired by the erection of new buildings, whose aspect embellishes those quarters which suffered most from the invasion of the French despot.

The finest palace in Brussels is neither that of the King, nor that of the States-General: it is that of the Prince of Orange, which cost twenty millions. It is inspected by every stranger, who admires the fine and rare pictures, the unique bric-à-brac, the remarkable ornaments and works of art which abound there.

The theatre is built on the site of an old convent, but not with the ruins of the monastery, it is entirely new, solid and imposing. Secular life has invaded it all; shops exist all around, and have invaded this mysterious retreat with the products of industry, where formerly the lazy monks consumed the outcome of agriculture in idleness.

On the north-eastern boulevards, in the centre of a large estate, is a large hospital with its dependencies, erected during the period of Spanish domination. This memento of public charity is due to the Spanish family of Pacheco, whose name it bears. It would be possible to erect houses on the land surrounding it which would add much to the comfort of the poor and unfortunate to whom this hospital is dedicated. The name of Pacheco calls to memory the noble, beautiful, and heroic Maria Pacheco, the companion of the glories and misfortunes of the head of the house of Avila in Spain, in 1520.

Everyone talks of the splendid waters of Spa, and the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle. Being ill, I set out, fully believing in the effect of thermal waters, which had formerly benefited me much in the Pyrenean baths.

I consulted my doctor, who told me that at Spa no one bathed, but all contented themselves with drinking the waters, such as those at the Pouthon Well, which are only used to increase the strength and colour of young people. "This will not suit you," said the doctor; "I would rather prescribe the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, if you were not a refugee who would hardly be welcomed by the Prussians."

David brought to my notice the difference between the cleanliness of the streets and houses of Brussels and the dirt of Paris. "There is," he told me in his artist's language, "more light in the Flemish capital than in that of the French. Here, all houses are painted and cleansed with care." I had already noted the Flemish custom of regularly washing the floors of the houses on every story. This periodic washing makes the houses very healthy, and gives an improved appearance to the rooms.

I knew that house-washing was common in the south of Spain, but it is a custom unknown to the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, who are as dirty and idle as the old Samnites of Italy.

The Spaniards owe their habits of interior cleanliness to the Moors, who introduced them during their occupation of Andalusia. The Andalusian Spaniards still retain in their language the Arabic word *aljosifar*, which describes this washing operation.

Love and friendship are the only two natural passions of the heart. All others come from the brain, and are false, fictitious and hypocritical.

When we meet a friend, or a loved one, the eyes first give the signal to the heart. A sweet smile is on our lips. But the eyes are too often deceitful and misleading, the lips may conceal some treachery; tears alone never deceive; they are a true test of our emotion and a frank sign of sensitiveness.

This is what I felt, as an exile, on reaching a foreign shore. There I met old friends, proscribed like myself; we spoke of France, and tears sprang to our eyes. I asked our kind Belgians how they expressed in their own language the words "Natal land." They replied, "*Vôdre-land*"—my father's country. Ah! it was then it struck me that nature, which gave them a fatherland, gave them also a religion of hospitality of which it was the practical expression.

Brussels! The only place in which I have always lived happily. In extreme age, I still foster the hope of returning and ending my days there. I owe this as a sacred debt to so kindly and benevolent a country, which does so much for the foreigner. It would be a scene worthy of David's brush to represent courageous and hospitable Belgium generously welcoming the refugees from France, and the exiles from Italy, Spain, and Portugal, protecting them from the tyranny of the Holy Alliance, from the diplomatic intrigues of aristocratic Europe, and from the fury of the French nobles. Artists seeking to paint historical subjects should transmit this great contemporary fact to posterity, which represents the champions of the struggle against despotism, who seek a refuge among the Belgian people.

XXI

"The oratorical outbursts of which you used to give daily examples," said the immortal painter, David, to me one day, "have been very happy in effect: they have electrified our soldiers and saved France."

Hundreds of times David repeated those words while we were walking in Brussels Park during the long days of our exile. Then it was I explained to him the secret of those bold and stirring utterances, which were only eloquent by reason of their opportuneness; when military glory excused the violent divisions between the various parties in the National Convention, and the excesses inseparable from the exercise of uncontrolled power. "This secret," I said, "entirely rose from a love of liberty and devotion to the country."

The celebrated painter of the Horatii, of Brutus, and of Leonidas, was able to understand me. "And you also, David," I said to him, "you have known the boldness of depicture, and the eloquence of your brush has made your canvas live, and has made your contemporaries, who love your genius, feel to the full the profound sentiments of love of liberty and love of country."

In hearing the sacred name of country spoken in the midst of the beautiful and silent avenues of the park, I saw a wave of sadness pass over David's face; for some time he did not speak, but sought a retired seat whereon to rest with me.

His melancholy and abstracted air pained me, and I tried to interest him by talking of his fame as an artist. "Are you not in Brussels," I said to him, "the object of the admiration of all her citizens, of all literary men, and of those artists who are mainly

your own pupils? Do you not enjoy the consideration and benevolence of a liberal king, who is the kindly patron of Belgian hospitality in our favour? Are not the fruits of your genius collected and hung in the galleries of the Luxembourg Palace in Paris, where countrymen and foreigners alike rival each other in praise and admiration of a great European painter? What can you want more? What can be the reason of your sadness?" David only broke the silence by these words: "*Amor patriæ!*" He left the park and I followed him to his house.

XXII

One day I received a visit from a literary man, who came from Paris to get a translation of the *Lexicon Conversationis* printed at Brussels, a work much appreciated in Germany, with the addition of several political and biographical articles. I mistrusted the proposition he made me, without knowing me, to join this publishing scheme by writing articles on the French Revolution and on men of the time. I therefore replied by a clear positive refusal, because, as a refugee in the Netherlands, I determined to profit by the hospitality I was enjoying in silence. This reply seemed to annoy the Parisian man of letters. I asked him his name. "I am called Cerf-berr," he said; "I am a Jew, and am engaged solely in literature." He came to me a second time, but I persisted in my refusal. He applied to M. Wahlen, an important Brussels printer, who would not go into the scheme; and Cerf-berr, the writer, had to go back to Paris, where he was more successful. This was undoubtedly the same M. Cerf-berr who showed himself so en-

thusiastic a defender of the French ministry at Grenoble and Clermont, and who for some time has been one of our most active journalists.

XXIII

Belgium has been much favoured by nature; it is the Delta of Western Europe. All rivers contribute their water and navigation to it. The Belgian territory is enriched by the soil of the rivers which water it; and its inhabitants distribute the water in a thousand canals used for irrigation and navigation. Nature has enriched this privileged country with quarries and mines, divided among a population at once the most laborious and the most frugal in Europe, besides being very intelligent in handicraft, business, and, above all agriculture.

XXIV

It may be said that the destiny of the house or branch of the Bourbon-Orleans was to gain the throne of Belgium without ever mounting it. The years 1789 and 1831 resembled each other in this respect.

A memorandum of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in France, M. de Montmorin, dated October, 1789, contains these remarkable words:

"If the Belgian provinces change rulers, the King (Louis XVI.) would prefer they had a sovereign of their own; but to choose this sovereign would be the difficulty. The Duke of Orleans (sent on a diplomatic mission on the 9th of October, 1789, to London) himself imagined that the King would fain influence this choice, and that he held greatly that the prince chosen should be one agreeable to his Majesty. The Duke

of Orleans was fully sensible of the delicacy of this matter, and how much depended on his own astuteness; that, on the one side, the views of the Court of St. James' would determine either the assent or the opposition of his king; and on the other, that it was possible that the result might be to the personal advantage of the duke."

But, on the 10th of January, 1790, a concordat between England, Prussia, and Holland was signed at Berlin, to acknowledge the independence of the Netherlands, under the guarantee of these three powers. France was treated as if it did not exist.

In January, 1831, after the Belgians had thrown off the yoke of the Dutch, the national congress at Brussels offered the crown of Belgium to the young Duke of Nemours, son of the Duke of Orleans, who reigned in France as Louis Philippe. The diplomatic intrigues of five powers in conference in London, and the tergiversations of the Palais Royal cabinet, caused this second-hand crown to be refused. Belgium was left with a nominal independence, and with very vital troubles. Thus the house of Orleans has been twice offered the sovereignty of Belgium, and has twice failed to attain it.

XXV

In hospitality there are three honourable and sacred qualities: (1) The manners and laws of the hospitable people; (2) the character of the host, and his family, in his reception of the stranger; (3) the misfortunes of the refugee and the secret of his proscription.

Governments pay no attention to these three conditions of hospitality, to which they oppose some

diplomatic persecution everywhere, either a secretly agreed and atrociously carried out extradition, or an expulsion from the country of refuge and asylum.

It is necessary, however, there should be some places of refuge and some hospitable people in continents oppressed by despotism, and in the midst of those governments which know no other rights of the people but those of the sabre and bayonet.

The middle ages were in this respect more advanced than ours; they were much more practically hospitable than we of the nineteenth century, proud as we may be of our civilisation.

This is because the extreme of civilisation approaches barbarism; and that nascent civilisation abounds much more in the grand principles of humanity.

I met at Brussels an old friend of General Kosciusko again, with whom I had to do in Paris in 1800, when the brave Polish general returned from the United States, where he had taken refuge after the unheard-of misfortunes of his country. The name of this aide-de-camp was Colonel Zenouwitz, belonging to one of the first families of Lithuania. After the death of Kosciusko he served in the French army.

Zenouwitz distinguished himself under Napoleon; but after the defeat at Waterloo, as a courageous man and one who had served under the Empire, he could not stand the ignominy of the Restoration and the emigration, so he became a refugee in Brussels.

XXVI

There is a fine museum at Brussels, and the dis-

play of modern pictures there is both splendid and numerous. The traditions of the Flemish school are well maintained. M. Odevaere, a pupil of David, has exhibited many canvases, among others that of the Count of Châlons, the general of those armies which were decimated in the plains of Orange and in Provence by the innumerable hordes of the Saracens. This picture represents Charlemagne presenting a laurel crown to the Count of Châlons when creating him Prince of Orange. From this source in the female line came the celebrated house and princely race of Nassau-Orange, of which an illustrious descendant, William the Silent, bravely co-operated in the expulsion of the Spaniards under Philip II., who had sent as his governor-general to the Netherlands the ferocious Spaniard termed the Duke of Alva, whose statue was torn down by the people at Antwerp. This picture by M. Odevaere was intended to ornament the palace of William I., king of the Netherlands. Everyone also admired the pictures of a young officer, M. Destouilly, an artist full of talent, whose works were highly valued. His artistic proclivities made him wish to go and paint the grand landscapes of the East and to travel in Syria. He proposed to give a picture to M. de Lamartine, whose "Religious Meditations" he had often read. Madame ——, a pupil of the celebrated David, also exhibited an historical picture, which was much admired. But the most remarkable artist was an animal painter, capable of rivalling the famous Paul Potter. The hereditary prince of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange, generously paid him the price he asked for his pictures in advance, in order to enrich the gallery at the King's palace.

The Flemish willingly lead the conversation to the fine arts which they love and have always followed successfully. They are very glad to be again the possessors of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Rubens and his pupil, Van Dyck. They invite and press foreigners and travellers to go and admire the "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral at Antwerp which is entirely from the hand of Rubens. Here he did not entrust, as he did with the greater part of his works, the execution of any detail to his pupils or to Flemish brother artists, who worked with zeal and talent under his directions. The tradition is always told of this picture that Rubens had so great a love of it that he made his wife, the beautiful Helen Froment, pose for the figure of the Magdalene.

The men of Brussels and Antwerp make a sort of worship of Rubens' memory. They say that the family of this great artist enjoyed throughout the Netherlands, as at Antwerp, considerable renown for luxury and hospitality, which was particularly extended to the best painters, who were, like Rubens, occupied in bequeathing their names, through their works, to posterity.

At these evenings and suppers were found David Teniers; Cornelis Poelenburg, the author of "Diogenes"; Van Thulen, the landscape painter; Van Egmont; Sneyders, the painter of interiors; Sendrut, Gerald Honthorst, and many other illustrious painters, among whom were also all the rich and titled of the land.

The best works of Anthony Van Dyck, the pupil of Rubens, are perseveringly sought for and bought at

high prices. Among them are the "Ecce Homo" and "Jesus in the Garden of Olives," with a full-length portrait of Rubens' wife, which was painted from memory, but with that consummate purity of outline and colour which immortalises the works of this great master. Oh! how well has Van Dyck been avenged in the end for having been misunderstood by the ignorant canons of Tournai, and almost outraged by them, for whom he painted the "Elevation on the Cross"!

Instead of awarding him the money and the praise that were his due, the Chapter of Tournai insulted that great man. The canons, who were better judges of wine than of pictures, complained and declined to receive his work. They said his Christ looked like a longshore-man, while the other figures resembled marquesses. (This fact is related by Descamps in his "Lives of the Painters.") Van Dyck had scarcely shown his picture, before the canons turned tail and made off.

But the public of Tournai, by their admiration, made the canons blush for their ignorance, or rather for their cupidity; they had only depreciated the picture in order to have less to pay.

Rubens, his loved and respected master, consoled him by saying, "Go and visit Italy, the home of the masterpieces of the great painters, and this will fructify in you the fruit of my lessons." Here, as everywhere else and in every age, is an example of how ignorance and envy reward talent and genius!

The historic souvenirs of which Brussels is full caused me frequently to visit the houses and mansions

which have been inhabited by the illustrious men of the country. Here, I said, lived the Nassaus; there, the famous William, enraged at Spanish tyranny, presided at the Assembly of the Notables banded together in opposition to the foreigners, under the title of "sea-beggars"—a term applied by the insolent Duke of Alva to the free and independent men of the Netherlands. There, again, lived the family of De Mérode, which was devoted to the charters and liberties of Belgium. Further off, at the end of the Place du Petit-Sablon, towards the boulevards, can be admired the palace of the Dukes of Arenberg. I often saw this mansion in my historic walks, and my thoughts reverted to that famous Count of Arenberg who was so long and unjustly a captive of the King of Spain, Philip II., the modern Nero. I recalled the whilom owner of this great mansion, who did not fear to sacrifice his life and liberty in the defence of his country. The Duke of Arenberg is as much celebrated for his enlightened love of art, as he is for his heroic patriotism which saved his country.

M. Vanderweyer, the librarian of the Brussels Museum, is very attentive to literary men and to visitors to the library, to whom he shows a mass of valuable manuscripts, until now unread and unclassified.

Belgium contains immense elements of industrial, agricultural, commercial, scientific, and literary success, which have, in turn, been repressed or rendered useless by its subordination, at one time to Paris, at others to the Hague. The first necessity for a people is to be its own master; it is only in that condition they can

know their own worth, and give vigour to their riches, prosperity, and civilisation.

M. de Saint-Genois, keeper of the archives at Ghent, found in 1836 several letters of Charles V., Margaret of Parma, and the Duke of Alva, who practised so much cruelty and tyranny at Mons, Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent, in old manuscripts which had been mislaid for a long period. Letters often clear up history, and are only too much neglected, too often forgotten, in nooks of European libraries.

XXVII

Here is a remarkable contrast. A Frenchman has long excited public curiosity in Paris by exhibiting the miserable Osages. All Paris rushed to see them at the various theatres, where they were shown for a fixed sum, and where their inarticulate guttural language was translated into French.

This show was as eagerly received at Brussels. Curiosity drew a crowd at the first exhibition; but soon the good sense and the humanity of the Belgians condemned the charlatanism which made a wild-beast show out of the degradation of human beings. At the second representation the small number of spectators proved to the manager of this strange troupe of savages that he was not in Paris, so he disappeared to try his fortune at Amsterdam.

XXVIII

When the Netherlands threw off the yoke of Austria, Joseph II. was at war with Turkey. The English government did its best by diplomacy to help

its allies, the Turks, in giving all sorts of help to the insurgent Brabantians to regain their liberty.

Then, the aim of the Court of St. James' was either to unite the Netherlands with the confederation of the United Provinces, or to form them into an independent republic, or to place them under a prince hostile to Austria.

Under the former plan, the English cabinet would have given to the United Provinces an individuality which would have given trouble even to England herself.

Under the second scheme, the independent republic would have given no fear or repugnance to Prussia, Holland, England, or France, as the last had not yet called the world to liberty or changed the form of its government. These four powers, in 1789, did not believe this Belgian republic would awake the spirit of liberty and independence in Europe.

As to the third hypothesis, France was for an instant flattered, and interviewed the Duke of Orleans to see if he would become the sovereign of this new independent state; but Prussia and England had not made up their minds. The King of Prussia even proposed only to set free the Brabantians with the simple assent of England.

XXIX

The young people connected with the French embassy in Brussels often went to the theatre, and conspicuously sat in the balcony, close to the box of the King of the Netherlands. They were attired in black dress clothes with white gloves. In the pit,

the people cried as they saw them: "These young diplomatists may be defined as black animals with white paws." This recalls the definition, made by Beaumarchais, of a French gentleman—"an animal who has debts."

In 1825, the police of Charles X. sent to Brussels two literary rascals, whom they had plucked from Parisian garrets, to write special biographies of the French political criminals. It would have seemed more natural and easier to write these official libels in Paris, where there are so many hired scribblers, and so many biographies at so much per head, instead of sending these men to Brussels, where none of the needed documents were at hand. But the Belgians, who liked the patriotic Frenchmen as much as they detested their servile countrymen, wanted to find out the motives which had sent these hired calumniators to Brussels. They were soon convinced that these biographies to order had for their principal object the defamation of the Conventional refugees, who had been so well received in Belgium—a land open to all the unfortunate. Public opinion was not wanting to deride and condemn the impotence of these two writers, who had come from Paris to insult exiled men, in spite of the charter of 1814, and the capitulation of Paris of 1815—those proscribed by the unknown chamber of emigration and of absolutism. One of the two was arrested for a private offence. The "Lexicon," ordered by the Paris police, ruined its publisher, and its sheets only reached the grocers.

XXX

Public monuments are the peculiar property of the nation, heir to the centuries and to the generations which have preceded the living one. No power, no authority, no individual, however powerful, has the right wholly to destroy or to alter national monuments, which are the property of the people at large. These are the sacred pages of its history; these are the features of its character and, so to speak, of its ancient physiognomy. None therefore can destroy or alter them. Even a section of the people, or the capital itself, cannot do so without a general assent. But a king, who is only the people's delegate for the purpose of reigning, preserving, and ameliorating, has not the right to do that which the whole people could only do at the risk of its reputation, and by acting as a horde of Cossacks. To disfigure or mutilate a monument has been but the act and not the right of brute force, and the attribute of centuries of ignorance and barbarism. This alleged right has been contested even at epochs when party feeling, agitations, and civil wars caused destruction through revenge, or mutilation through vandalism. So, the few relics of the past take up but little space in the vast territory of France, of which one-third lies fallow or uncultivated. Historic ruins only occupy waste and unproductive land, while our fields cry out on our idleness and want of foresight.

I often saw the Neapolitan General Pépé in Brussels, he was long a refugee in England, and subsequently in Belgium. He, with all defenders of liberty, in 1820, was proscribed at the end of that

revolution in Naples which ended so fatally and so suddenly the armed intervention of Austria, which King Ferdinand IV. had asked for, and which his viceroy, Prince Francis had aided, having connived with the Austrian general. The hereditary Prince of Naples pretended, with every appearance of good faith and patriotism, to join the defenders of the constitutional régime. He always patronised the civil and military careers of Generals Carascosa and Pépé, at the same time giving the Austrian general particulars of the strength and the stations of the Neapolitan troops. There never existed such profound dissimulation or such perfidious deception. It is to be hoped that one day, for the information of the patriotic generals and the constituents who trusted to the words and edicts of princes, that General Pépé will enrich contemporary history by the publication of this correspondence, which was kept up until the moment when the Austrian army interfered to upset the constitution that was so abhorrent to that old Bourbon, Ferdinand IV.

M. Palmieri, a refugee that the Neapolitan revolution had forced to live on the Continent, was obliged to go to France, Switzerland, and England. During the sad long years of his exile, he compiled his memoirs as to those events in which he took part. He relates in the two volumes of these Recollections, published in Paris in 1830 and 1831, some very racy anecdotes of the Bourbons and the nobility of Naples. The details he gives of the connivance of the hereditary Prince, the Regent of King Ferdinand IV., with the Austrian general give a terrible idea of the depth of baseness to which, under such circumstances, men lacking talents and character can carry treachery.

XXXI

I adore flowers, and I agree with Margaret de Valois:

> "Flowers are a book and a mirror . . . .
> Flowers have a soul . . . ."

Spring is the season of flowers and the badge of the secret junction of their souls and sympathies. Gardeners in their vulgar diction have a very poetical expression for spring and the flowers. In the month of May, they say, the earth falls in love. The varied perfumes that burden the air, which we perceive in a garden or in the country, the delicious odours which mingle with and fill the atmosphere of spring, form an electric current full of mystery, when all is a song of love. Budding is but the marriage hymn of these odorous and flowering plants. Flowers, which to the common eye are but a combination of beautiful scents and glowing colours, are to the clever botanist and the feeling or saddened heart a solemn and charming declaration of that love which beats in the whole of nature. Even the trees take part in this hymeneal concert, for beneath their shade and over the branches of the plantain, the acacia, and the orange tree, the air is laden with delicious perfume; we voluptuously breathe this flower-burdened atmosphere, without needing botanical science to unfold its secrets to us.

Thus spring has had its festivals in all countries and at all times. Spring inspires the poet, the painter, and the lover. Then does the season of flowers give strength to respiration and calmness to the heart. It invigorates alike thought and sentiment; it gives passion to the very elements. The flowery exhalations of spring heighten the senses, and lead

to the adoration of creation and nature. Spring tends to soft reveries and to touching remembrances; it gives the heart new emotions which the voice utters.

When the sea is seen for the first time it staggers the bravest; it gives an impression full of grandeur, force, and immensity. One is even struck every time one thinks of the vast ocean deserts full of storms and shipwrecks. If the voice of the desert is heard in those wild winds which raise the sand-storms, the voice of the sea is infinitely more imposing. The latter is the tumultuous and incessant voice of the waves tumbling over each other, carrying with them the roaring tones of another hemisphere, that of savage sands or of unknown shores. Such is the watery universe which covers with its eternal tides three quarters of the terrestrial globe.

But the seas of other countries are different in form, movement, and extent. One sees them sad. immovable, and as if asleep in the canals of Venice and the harbours of the Adriatic. They urge along the azure waves under a fiery sun in the Gulf of Naples; careless and voluptuous at Baiae, white with foam on the coasts of Genoa, Savona, and Oneille, and bounding as if with impatience at the foot of the seaward spurs of the Alps, whose heights they seem to desire to attain. Such is the Mediterranean Sea, surrounded on all sides by the cities and peoples of the old world and of antique civilisation. If from the east we go west, we find on the coast of industrious and commercial Holland, a howling, sad, dark and threatening sea, from which the brave obstinate descend-

ants of the old Batavians painfully defend their marshes with their dykes and embankments. But at the worst this northern sea serves to transport vessels and goods of their country to all the colonies and over every sea.

The sea is terrible at Cherbourg, and grand even in its anger, which has not hindered the French from repelling it with gigantic works, where they have founded a most important military harbour. At the sight of a scene so astonishing, so varied, so majestic, and sometimes so terrible, we are seized with admiration for the lion-hearted men who brave the variations and curb the violence of this ever stormy sea, an admiration that is shared by poets, historians, and artists, as their works well testify.

XXXII

I had heard much at Brussels of Lady Morgan: literary men spoke of her with some jealousy; but English society praised her as an accomplished writer of travels and moral observations, mingled with sentiment and philosophy; above all, they praised her wit and her capable criticisms. The ladies themselves agreed that Lady Morgan's name should always be uttered with respect, in memory of the many charming works she had written.

Lady Morgan was received with distinction at Brussels. I do not know to what I owe a favourable mention by this kind and witty Englishwoman; but her husband, an Irish doctor, having met me at dinner at General Pépé's, with several notable Englishmen, asked me to visit his wife, who wished to know me. I was introduced to her that night; and all the evening

I enjoyed the sparkling, versatile conversation of this celebrated lady. She possessed much vivacity of language, a keen eye, originality of conversation, and sagacity of observation; she was also epigrammatic and intelligent. She had studied Italy and seen France; but she knew little of Belgium and the Belgians; and I told her, historically speaking, they were a characteristic race, worthy of being carefully studied.

My conversation with Lady Morgan turned for a little time on the celebrated women of France, contemporary and ancient. She much admired Madame de Sévigné, and particularly her letters, so redolent of wit and earnestness.

As to Madame de Genlis, Lady Morgan termed her the female Voltaire, on account of her voluminous writings; "but," she said, "in spite of these many books, it is a far cry from Belle-Chasse to Ferney." Her ladyship had more sympathy with Madame Cottin, whose romantic works she had read with much interest. This is the way in which she spoke to me of her: "The sublime, sensitive Madame Cottin was dead when I first came to France, and all that was left of her was the story of her woes and virtues, where I sought for traces of her life and her great talents. I went in vain to seek souvenirs in the valley of Orsay, where Madame Cottin possessed a little hermitage; the valley had for me, independently of the charms of its natural beauty, the advantage of having seen the character of Malek-Adhel depicted among its trees." In her works Lady Morgan has rendered full justice to this celebrated woman. She writes: "She is one of those women whose works have had the

greatest success in France; she pleased all; a result to which her modest simplicity, her eminent qualities and her virtues greatly contributed." But her ladyship expressed even more esteem for the superior talents and qualities of the noted women of the seventeenth century, like de Sévigné, de la Fayette, and Caylus.

XXXIII

In the Netherlands, from the French frontier to the North Sea, exist two peoples that entirely differ in religion, manners, habits, language, customs, and legislation. These peoples are separated from each other as by an abyss. One shares the civilisation, enlightenment, and manners of France; the other never throws off its primitive roughness, its aristocratic arrogance, its mercantile tendencies, and its prejudices, to which it is as fondly attached as to its marshes and dykes.

If it were possible to mould these two peoples into moral and political fusion, it could only be through an economical, wise, and equitable king, loving his people sincerely—a moderate king, whose only personal ambition would be the public welfare; and, finally, an honest king: praise seldom due to governmental and national chiefs!

The inauguration of the monument erected at Helligersée (Groningen) to the memory of Count Adolphus of Nassau, who died for the liberty of his country, took place on August 24th, 1826, the anniversary of the birthday of William II., King of the Netherlands. This monument is in the form of an

obelisk, of Bentheim stone; its height is five Flemish ells, raised on a pedestal and surmounted by an urn.

There are the facts this monument has been erected to recall in Europe. When, in 1568, the sanguinary Duke of Alva, giving his vindictiveness full rein, committed all sorts of murders, and dismayed Brussels by scenes of carnage, the nobles concerted measures to bridle his cruelties. The Prince of Orange, William I., raised an army, which he sent to the province of Groningen, under the orders of Louis of Nassau. This general engaged near Heiligersée the Duke of Arenberg, who fell there, together with 15,000 Spaniards. It was in this battle that his brother Adolphus of Nassau met a glorious death, in honour of whom this monument has just been erected.

Belgium has perfected the first, the oldest, and the most necessary of arts, that is, agriculture: in the nineteenth century, this is the country where this science is best understood, where it attracts the most capital, and the greatest experience. Excellent methods second the natural fecundity of the soil. A wise policy rewards all the provinces, where the best systems and newest methods exist, by aiding the establishment of agricultural schools and societies. A high-class agricultural journal has been published in Brussels since 1816, under the title of *The Journal of Agriculture, of Rural Economy, and of Manufactures of the Kingdom of the Netherlands.*

Belgium has more poor-houses, idiot asylums, hospitals for the old of both sexes, for orphans and for foundlings than any other country in Europe. There are also a large number of philanthropic insti-

tutions founded by the charitable and wealthy, who have left bequests to them. There are, more than anywhere else, large halls for warming the poor and indigent. These public halls are surrounded with benches and chairs, and are used by the needy in winter. There also exist houses where charitable societies distribute clothing, boots, shoes, and food to the poor. Subscriptions are always open to moderate the sufferings of the necessitous classes. Above all towns, Brussels possesses the most charitable institutions.

No country can show a greater number of benevolent foundations than the Netherlands.

The associations for help at home number 193; 755,622 individuals profit by this help. Among those aided are 17,149 incurables. The total income is 5,782,099 florins; the expenses, 5,706,898 florins. This revenue is fed by collections, trade subsidies, and those from the country and the state; the government only gives 164,000 florins.

The societies to aid the broken-down poor number five. They relieve 2,460 individuals, from an income derived from members' subscriptions and voluntary contributions, which amount to 11,036 florins; the aid given comes to 11,309 florins. Forty-seven associations provide food and firing during the winter, and possess 8,976 subscribers. These expenses are 102,210 florins, and the revenue 103,767 florins; and the income is derived from collections, voluntary contributions, and trade and provincial subsidies.

There are six hospital societies. Their seats are at Verviers, Ghent, Haarlem, Rotterdam, Leyden, and Groningen. There are 745 hospitals, of which

596 are in towns. The population amounts to 41,748 individuals, of which 38,827 are urban, among which are 7,449 invalids, 1,502 old and infirm, and 19,297 are children. The outgoings are 4,248,001 florins; the receipts, 4,283,041 florins.

XXXIV

Our great Talma was even more admired and applauded in Brussels than in Paris. King William gave him a dignified reception, and contracted with this eminent actor that he would play at the Theatre Royal, Brussels, twice a year, in consideration of a handsome subvention, and an annuity of 6,000 francs when he had given representations for six years. Talma was often invited to the palace, and chatted with the Queen and the young Princess Marianne, who often visited the theatre.

In 1827, the King of Prussia came on a visit to his sister the Queen, and his brother-in-law, William of Nassau. Talma was then in Brussels. He played before the whole Court as Nero in *Britannicus*, and in M. de Jouy's *Sulla*.

In these two parts Talma, with his profound talent, revived the memory of the great Emperor, whom he had often seen so closely and familiarly. The King of Prussia observed Talma playing the parts of Nero and Sulla with unbroken attention; and, no doubt, he thought he saw and heard Napoleon.

Thus a mere theatrical show recalled their illustrious victim to the kings of the Vienna Congress: it was the ghost of Napoleon still startling those dynasties which he had alternately raised and degraded.

Like all men of genius, Talma had no individual

existence. He lived the life of the public, from its desires, its applause, and even from its censure: for he knew that the public gives fame, but never sells it.

Therefore, Talma did his best for his spectators in all countries, in great cities as in little towns; he often said that he had found in the latter more genuine applause, juster criticism, and subtler appreciation than among the crowds of brilliant and lettered spectators in capitals who are often the slaves of tradition.

He remarked, during his later visits to Brussels, that the spectators were both more numerous and more enthusiastic. I myself was a witness of this admiration, unmixed with either envy or criticism; one would have thought the Brussels public felt they would never see another Talma. This eminent actor, on his side, did his utmost to please by playing the principal parts of the finest playwrights of France. He gave himself no rest in his dramatic life; and at his death the most lively regret was freely expressed in Brussels: the theatre was hung with black, and it was in the *foyer* there that the first statue erected to his genius found a place. The people of Brussels hated the idea that such a dramatic genius should fade from public memory, and to avoid this they left his effigy to posterity.

Talma one day received a ticket of admission to the Brussels Museum, in order to inspect the beautiful white marble statue which the Danish artist, Thorwaldsen had sent from Rome for the King of Prussia's palace; on this day the gallery of the museum was only open to personages of the Court and to artists.

Talma went there: the kings wanted to see Talma

in every-day life; Talma went to see the kings without their trappings and ceremonials.

While he was admiring this masterpiece of the sculptor, Talma saw the Kings of Prussia and the Netherlands coming in with the courtiers and suites. The visit of these princes to the museum had for its object the introduction of the actor to the King of Prussia as if by an accident.

The Kings never thought, of course, that they were only favoured comedians, playing their parts with much less study and talent than those required by celebrated actors and tragedians. Talma was pointed out to the King of Prussia as he stood among the spectators. The King walked up to him and asked how he liked that work of the artist. "The statue is very fine," the actor replied; "it ought to make Canova jealous."

This reply pleased the King of Prussia, who said: "I have been to see you play at the Theatre Royal, and your talent is admirable, much above your reputation; but instead of imitating the ancients, why do you not adopt more modern types? You place an anti-climax and an anachronism on the stage. Why do you imitate Napoleon when you play the parts of Nero and Sulla?" "How can I help it, Sire? I have read Plutarch and I have seen Napoleon. I am more struck with what I have seen with my own eyes than by what ancient biography teaches me." "Undoubtedly, but what connection is there between the Consul of the 18th of Brumaire in Paris and the Dictator appointed by the Roman Senate?" "The art of the tragedian," replied Talma, "is not so discriminating; it studies the human heart in strong passion, in sublime thought, in energetic demonstra-

tion, in all that is stirred by terror and pity. I have sought all that gives the key to great characters; and I perceive that men of genius and illustrious rulers all belong to the same family." This incisive answer no doubt reached its mark, for the King of Prussia did not reply, and soon after retired. This curious conversation was soon repeated all over Brussels; everybody applauded Talma's bluntness in thus dividing vulgar kings from great men and public characters.

I went to Talma the next day, with several other French refugees, and he told us what I have recorded above.

XXXV

In 1829, I received a very interesting visit from Mademoiselle Duchesnois, a celebrated tragédienne of the Théâtre-Français. She said she came to see me from sentiment and from patriotic feeling. She was accompanied by a celebrated vocalist, Mademoiselle Julie Dorus; they were fast friends, and both did honour to their native town, Valenciennes. I thanked Mademoiselle Duchesnois, in the name of the French refugees, for the generous and courageous hospitality she had given to several proscribed persons, who were being looked for by the atrocious police of the monarch by whose orders Colonel Labédoyère and Marshal Ney were shot. "I acted according to my heart and opinions," she told me, with touching simplicity, "and if it happened again I should do the same." We spoke of the theatre, and I asked her why no one had taken up the idea of acting the three tragedies of M. de Guibert—*The Constable de Bourbon*, *Anne Boleyn*, and *The Gracchi*. "Ah! we are a long way off that now; the stage has now changed its authors,

actors, and spectators. People want new pieces with spectacular attractions, knockabout scenes, eccentric types, and exaggerated or fictitious characters. Racine is old-fashioned, as Madame de Sévigné said; Talma and his contemporary actors have been the only ones able to keep this great dramatic poet on the boards." "But you also, like Talma, have helped," I said to her, "to do honour to the immortal author of *Phèdre*, *Andromache*, and *Athalie*." "Talking of *Phèdre*," she retorted, "I can tell you I was one day commanded to the Tuileries, where I was led, by order, to the study of Louis XVIII. He received me with much effusion. 'It is a long time since I have had the chance of applauding your great talents,' he said. 'I have always had a great regard for you. I knew your aged mother at Valenciennes; the hopes she formed for your career have been fulfilled; your Phèdre is a magnificent creation. Well! will you not recite a scene or two of your own choosing?' 'Ah! Sire, you must really choose; I can only obey you under this condition.' 'Good! let us have that striking scene between Phèdre and Hippolytus. I have an excellent memory, and do not want the book in replying to you.' The King really astonished me; he took the part of Hippolytus with precision and dignity, and seemed very pleased with my Phèdre; he also begged me to come and recite some scenes from *Athalie*." It would be funny to know whether fat, old Louis XVIII. has ever taken the part of little Joas.

XXXVI

In Belgium, every town and every village has its dedication-day or its sacred fair: it is a religious time,

but full of recreations, holidays, dances, feeding, joys, games, and walks. During the Kermesse, or sacred fair, hospitality prevails; these are old-fashioned ways, which attract strangers and gather neighbours together. Everyone may come in freely, sit down and eat, although they be not known or brought in by the country people; the fact of being a stranger opens every door. At the village ball, in the public square, out of doors, all classes of society mix, and dance together; nobles and peasants, townsfolk with the farm-hands, children of the towns with the child-shepherd of the hills—all are united by the fun of the fair. This is a court of equality born of pleasure—an equality less contested and more beneficent than that decreed by the laws.

The States-General meet alternately, one year at The Hague, and one year at Brussels.

Their chamber at Brussels is magnificent, and is situated at one of the seven boundaries of the Park, opposite to the King's palace. This Chamber of the States-General is very elegant, very convenient, and adorned with statuary and enrichments; the accommodation for the public is large and spacious; from it the speakers are distinctly heard, they generally speak from their places in simple and energetic language. They are cautious of ambitious speculation, and do not take to flights of oratory. I have attended the sittings of the States-General at Brussels, and found their legislative debates full of sound sense and patriotic spirit. A love for the nation governed their discussion of law and taxes; this amply proved to me that liberty suits grave and phlegmatic people far better than it does frivolous and passionate nations.

Above all, I was struck with the noble simplicity of

King William at his levées, and at the opening of the States-General. This modest representative of power reminded me of the habits of an illustrious Nassau prince, William the Silent, who, at the head of the people of the Netherlands, delivered them from Spanish tyranny, by triumphing over Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. I heard, with the liveliest interest, a speech of King William to the States-General, in which he called the deputies "my fellow citizens," a term which in France would have seemed far too familiar for royal usage.

XXXVII

The brother of the Duke of Arenberg, called Count Augustus, became a member of the order of nobility in the States-General in 1789, as a feudal proprietor in France. Although a Belgian, he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly; he had known Mirabeau in Brussels when the latter sought refuge in Holland to avoid the *lettres de cachet* which were issued against him. Count Augustus, known in the National Assembly as the Count de Lamark, was a flexible courtier at Versailles and the Tuileries; and although he was one of the most fanatical aristocrats of the Right at the Assembly, he frequently quitted his seat to talk to Mirabeau. After enquiry, it became known that M. de Lamark was the confidential agent of Marie Antoinette, commissioned to check Mirabeau's patriotic ardour and eventually to bring him under the influence of the Austrian Committee, known as the Queen's Committee. The deputies of the Left paid little attention to these court intrigues; being assured that Mirabeau had given too many hostages to liberty ever to serve despotism. Moreover, if Mirabeau ruled the Assembly by his

genius and political eloquence, he too was ruled by public scrutiny and by public opinion, these strict guardians of the great and the illustrious.

Why did Mirabeau, who died in May, 1791, bequeath his papers and manuscripts to his old friend, Count Augustus de Lamark? No more precious relics of political inspiration had ever been so imprudently confided to alien and aristocratic hands. France was thus disinherited of these historical documents and these teachings of genius. Mirabeau's papers were taken away from his house by M. de Lamark himself; the will was scarcely known before M. de Lamark carried off his legacy, almost before the body was cold. These valuable manuscripts were sent to M. de Lamark's mansion, and are now deposited in his house, in Brussels, facing the Park.

These facts would have remained unknown had it not been for the Count de Lamark, who was created Prince of Arenberg by the Emperor of Austria. In 1827, seeing that innumerable editions of contemporary memoirs of the Revolution were being issued in France and Belgium, this noble personage let the cat out of the bag by publishing such portions of Mirabeau's manuscripts as he thought might safely see the light.

The Count de Lamark is descended from the family of the Dukes of Arenberg; he lives in Brussels, where he is known as Prince Augustus. I saw the Prince Augustus of Arenberg every night at the theatre, and in him recognised that notorious Count de Lamark, my colleague in the States-General and in the Constituent Assembly, where he never spoke, but confined himself always to the promotion of the interests of Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, whose utmost confidence

it was said he possessed. The truth is that at this period everyone was looked after and judged by their political opinions; so the democrats of the Constituent Assembly were staggered to see, even during the sittings of the National Assembly, the Count de Lamark abandon the aristocratic benches, to come and sit, with a kind of ostentation, by Mirabeau's side at the top of the Left, and have long talks with him; not but what these patriots saw that it was with a view to influence Mirabeau in favour of the King and the Court. Mirabeau was then much above suspicion of such vile corruption; but it was said that he was an old acquaintance of the Count de Lamark. When, under the old *régime*, he was persecuted and obliged to seek refuge abroad, it was believed that Lamark welcomed him to Brussels, and treated this man of genius who was forced to fly his country with generosity and friendship.

Several events during the two first years of the Revolution, and the pressing wants of Mirabeau, bound him by more ties than close friendship to the Count de Lamark; so much so that when dying, at the beginning of May, 1791, it was not to Talleyrand, who constantly looked after him, nor to his friend, Doctor Cabanis, who never left him, that he left his papers, his holographs, his whole correspondence, but to the Count de Lamark, in whom he had the greatest confidence. He knew his secrets would not thus be betrayed to his contemporaries, who were jealous of his glory and envious of his reputation. In reality, the Count de Lamark ignored, without comment, the crowd of insults and calumnies that were published to blacken the memory of Mirabeau in the eyes of credulous and ungrateful France. It was only in 1827, after thirty-

seven years had rolled over Mirabeau's tomb, that the Count de Lamark collated these interesting papers, these political writings, this autographic correspondence of the celebrated author. The custodian thought the time had come to whisper the truth as to Mirabeau into the frivolous and oft-times inattentive ear of the French nation. Consequently he wrote to one of his friends in Paris to select for him a literary man well up in the history of the Revolution, discreet, and capable of editing an edition of these valuable manuscripts, classified in subjects and dates.

In Paris the choice fell upon a man of letters who had been a chief clerk in the Ministry of the Interior. He was known by many literary works, by a volume of studies on Napoleon, and still more by a work, often reprinted, on the life, works, and death of J. J. Rousseau. M. Musset Pathay was sent to Brussels to the Prince Augustus of Arenberg, who held several interviews with him before taking him into his confidence. It was in the intervals between these that M. Musset Pathay, whom I had met in Paris, came to see me in Brussels on the modest third floor where I was living. Literary men are accustomed to these parlours next the sky, and M. Musset Pathay gave me the pleasure of calling on me several times. When I expressed astonishment at his coming to Brussels without being, like me, forced to do so, and simply as a relief from the racket of Paris, he told me of the motive of his journey and his interviews with Prince Augustus of Arenberg. He returned one day to tell me that at last Prince Augustus had decided to confide to him, in his library, the portfolios containing Mirabeau's

papers, and that he had instructed his private secretary to assist him, and place the whole of the papers at his disposal for examination and classification. M. Musset Pathay was staggered at all the political and historical treasures he found in these documents of Mirabeau. He was so struck with this from the first day that he could not help making, on scraps of paper, notes of, or extracts from, those facts and revelations which most interested him, and these he kept in putting off till the next day, the continuation of the subject of his researches and work; but the secretary of Prince Augustus, who was jealous at seeing such confidence placed in a stranger, a literary man from Paris, the same evening accused M. Musset Pathay to the Prince of rifling this unique collection by making notes from it for his own use. The Prince's suspicions were soon made evident. The next day, without again seeing M. Musset Pathay as usual, he told him, through his private secretary, that he had changed his mind, and, under the circumstances, would stop all further research and classification; and that he would let him know at Paris if subsequently he wished to carry out his first idea. M. Musset Pathay came to let me know the result of his errand, which might have been so useful for the history of the first years of the Revolution, if ever France and posterity wished to do solemn justice to the memory of a great statesman, the only true orator possessed by liberty and the nation. This memorandum, if ever read, will point out the depositary of the most important and confidential of the writings and correspondence of Mirabeau. These are the barriers raised on the current of history, traversed by so many manufac-

turers of memoirs, biographies, and contemporary calumnies.

After the departure of M. Musset Pathay from Brussels, Prince Augustus had to find another compiler more to his taste, in order to codify the papers in his custody, from which he could not by himself extract those items most useful for a history of the period. It appears certain, according to a book of scraps of history and unpublished fragments, published in Paris by Ponthieu, that M. F. Barrière, editor of the "Memoirs of Brienne," was called to Brussels by the Count de Lamark, who showed him Mirabeau's manuscripts, and who undoubtedly let him make a copy of the first letter written by Mirabeau to King Louis XVI., a letter which M. F. Barrière published at the end of his book, pp. 387 and following.

"Mirabeau's important papers," says M. F. Barrière, "all those of which he was proud as the foundation of his future fame, "are in the hands of a great nobleman, from whom alone Mirabeau had no secrets. To this man only he communicated all that was in his heart and thoughts; and only this person, who by his rank possessed the closest confidence of Louis XVI. and his Queen, ventured to advise them to seek counsel from Mirabeau by correspondence, so he has also become the custodian of this mysterious intercommunication between a prince seated on a tottering throne and the subject who had done most to shatter it, but who afterwards desired to strengthen it. This correspondence, which was commenced under such grave circumstances (1790), and which was the object of so many vague suspicions, has hitherto been closely veiled. The noble owner of these

autograph letters of Mirabeau has only allowed me to publish the one which originated the correspondence."

It is surprising that the Count de Lamark only allowed a copy to be taken of this first letter, or that the editor, M. Barrière, should have chosen that which undoubtedly shows least the means which the political genius of Mirabeau wished to employ to strengthen the constitutional monarchy.

XXXVIII

Orphan asylums are very numerous in Belgium. This institution of public charity is unknown in France, where they think it sufficient to give theatrical representations and grand balls in aid of great calamities.

Belgians have remained more moral and natural than the civilised French. Their manners are more like those of the early Christians, who had the charity to bring up orphans, to whom they married their own children in preference to strangers. Perhaps one day the French will interest themselves in the fate of those unfortunates whom destiny or sickness have deprived of their natural guardians.

These orphans belong to the community, which owes them an asylum, food, and a calling, as well as moral and religious teaching.

Some day each French department will have its orphan asylum, and this establishment will be as praiseworthy as it is necessary.

There is no place in Europe where infant orphans and old indigent people are more generously taken care of than among the wise and hospitable inhabitants of Belgium.

During my exile I made the acquaintance of a celebrated printer of Brussels, named Wahlen. He spoke to me of a scheme, the "Contemporary Biography," which he had started with the assistance of a Frenchman, a clever man, knowing all the intrigues and the attitude of the principal intriguers in France, and particularly in Paris. M. Wahlen asked me to write several articles, which I declined, and he induced one of my fellow-refugees to back him up. This M. Bonnet de Treiche pressed me to write my own biography. I again declined, and left this task to M. Jullian, who, when very young in 1793, came to the bar of the National Convention with Fréron's *young sparks* to demand the heads of the members of the Committee of Public Safety.

M. Bonnet told me to imitate the example of other Conventionalists, such as Chazal, Puyraveau, Jouane, and Sieyès, who themselves compiled their own articles for this "Contemporary Biography." "Sieyès," he said, "did not fail to blow his own trumpet." "I shall not, however," said I, "imitate my colleagues. The biographers may say what they like or what pays them best." The negotiations went no further.

After the decadence of their trade, the Flemish bought wool of the English, and used it in making cloth, which they sold at great profit. The English government had made severe enactments to prevent the exportation of wool from the kingdom; then the Flemish took to the manufacture of linen, and carefully cultivated flax.

This is the way to protect trade and manufactures by employing native products.

Arnault wrote, during his exile in Brussels, the tragedy of *William of Nassau*, of which the Prince of Orange accepted the dedication. This play was read at the Prince's palace by Talma, in the presence of the author and several courtiers. The Prince, being fond of art and letters, sympathised with M. Arnault's misfortunes, who was obliged to conceal himself, even in exile, to defeat the vindictiveness of his enemies. It is pleasant to see this deference of talent to power. Gratitude honours the man of true talent as much as flattery degrades him.

The prettiest spectacles seen in Belgium are the musical fêtes, held sometimes in Antwerp, sometimes at Ghent, Liège, or Brussels.

I was at this concord of melodies when held at the last-mentioned town, and it took place in the prettiest part of the park.

Some twenty musical societies took part in this gathering, besides an immense assemblage of amateurs and spectators, who came from all parts of Belgium and France. There was an amphitheatre for King William and his family and the Court. Another was prepared for the viceroy and the various authorities of Brussels.

Further off was the jury box, where the judges gave their vote as to the merits and talents of the various musical societies, each distinguished by their flag and uniform.

After three days' competition the jury awarded the prizes with a pomp and solemnity befitting the old Olympic games of Greece.

Paris may boast of its civilisation, its pleasures, its theatres, and its fêtes; but Paris has nothing like the public games of Belgium.

During the fine season, Brussels Park—more agreeable, better laid out, and larger than the boasted gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg—is full of natives and foreigners. Every holiday and Sunday the bands of the regiments in garrison perform beautiful pieces in the midst of a leafy wood, on a band-stand protected from sun and rain. Each week a concert is held in the Academy of Music of Brussels, to which ladies and strangers are freely invited by the members. There are also concerts in a large and beautifully laid-out garden, followed by a ball given to visitors by the council in the hall of this institution.

Every three years the park is decorated to receive the King and royal family, the jury which awards the musical prizes and those of composition, at which many harmonic societies attend, with numberless spectators from all the Belgian and foreign towns.

To see the order that prevails at these lyric gatherings, and the immense concourse of sightseers in the park and amphitheatres, one thinks of the famous meetings of the Greeks and of its boasted Olympic games. This meeting is presided over by the King, who on the third day gives the laurel crowns to the winners; and these winners are subsequently honoured by the cheers of the townsfolk, who follow them to their homes.

Paris has nothing comparable to these musical gatherings, which are both solemn, public, and gratuitous.

In Paris money is at the bottom of everything.

Brussels is more like Athens and Corinth. Paris rather resembles Persepolis and Babylon.

See the progress the fine arts have made in Belgium! The Flemish School, whose ancient fame has never been equalled, numbers now many celebrated painters.

Architecture is represented there by a Theatre Royal much finer than the many Parisian theatres: a vast and magnificent hospital for the aged of both sexes, who enjoy everything likely to ameliorate the double penalty of indigence and old age; one might mistake this hospital for the palace of a powerful monarch. This is the shrine of to-day's idea of humanity; by it is seen that the Belgians do not set up altars to music alone.

The Dutch were the first Christians in Europe to succour and relieve those who rebelled under the Ottoman yoke. The Greeks in 1824 saw how generous the people of Amsterdam are when money was collected for their fugitives and distributed with paternal care: persecution is abhorred on Dutch soil, and hospitality has sanctified humanity and liberty. Since 1822, a committee has existed at Amsterdam to give help to the indigent Greeks.

This example from the centre of Western Europe did not find imitators either among the civilised French, the papist Austrians, the Protestant Christians of Prussia, the Greek Cossacks of all the Russias, or the devout Catholics of Italy.

In misery there are secret consolations which do not emanate from man. A God of the oppressed does exist.

There is scarcely a political refugee, burdened with

calamity, who has not found some relief in foreign lands.

But to meet a magnanimous king, who is generous and hospitable, employing his power to protect the unfortunate, and in passing a palace to say to oneself, "There at least misfortune is not ignored, there suffering is remembered," is not that a tender consolation ?

I have seen, in many galleries of pictures and engravings in Brussels, two etchings as notable as the curse of war they represent. These are two representations of the bombardment of Brussels by Louis XIV. This proud despot, feeling the courageous resistance of the Belgians, commanded the storming of the town of Brussels, and planted his implements of destruction in the plain and fields of the village of Anderlecht, which is opposite that city. The King of France and Navarre, called Louis the Great by flattering contemporaries, only showed the grandeur of that period by his schemes for destruction and extermination ; for, in two days only, three thousand shells and two hundred cannon balls were fired into Brussels. This resulted in the total destruction of all the houses in the town that faced Anderlecht. The unhappy tenants and the wounded had to fly from their habitations, a prey to sickness and misery, and were taken to the heights of Brussels, where there were large woods, which were made into a refuge for the victims of the ferocious pride of a Bourbon. Here was the place where they took refuge; they slept on straw in the open air or else on the wet ground, and thus died by thousands. This spot now forms a part of Brussels

Park, one of the most beautiful promenades in Europe, adorned with monuments and statues, and surrounded with palaces and magnificent mansions. But while walking, the memory of the military atrocities of Louis XIV. pursues one, and the souvenir is mournful.

I have been shown, on the plain of Anderlecht, the place where the batteries stood which bombarded the town under the eyes of the great King. The siege carried on by the French was full of destruction and barbarism. All the quarters of this beautiful city to the west and south-east were demolished by the cannon of this ambitious monarch. All the traditions of this warfare are carried down from generation to generation ; one can see there the traces of this by the group of modern houses which has replaced the ruins made by the monarchy of Versailles. A strange way, this, of regenerating great cities !

There are three establishments in Brussels for the public teaching of poor children.

Two Pestalozzian schools are maintained at public cost, containing 800 children.

A Lancastrian school, where mutual teaching is practised, is kept up by a benevolent society, and is divided into two sections, one of 500 boys and the other of 500 girls.

The last has been rebuilt on land given by King William I. by private subscription, to which the royal family and the regency contributed. The method of mutual teaching differs from others from the fact that it is less expensive. Both, it is true, arrive at the same end.

By this method great progress is made in ordinary

learning, and also in music, as one perceives by a visit to the School of the Minims.

What cannot be expected of the teaching of the poorer classes in a country where king and citizens alike are working for this object which is so interesting to humanity?

To study this new learning is to ally oneself with industrial matters, to enrich them, to enlighten them, and to share in their just rewards.

This teaching is entirely within the compass of the simple workman. Art will become more elevated and powerful when the managers and foremen of factories become more enlightened. By this it can be proved that science will end in emancipating man from the coarse and material labour allotted to animals, and to the elements he has triumphed over, and will leave to man, ennobled by his work, the administration which is the appanage of the human race. One can see all the priceless advantages to be drawn from the proper instruction of workmen and the masses.

The King established a chair of mineralogy in 1825 at the University of Liège. The requirements of industry in this direction are even more felt in the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg, where mines and mineral productions abound.

To establish at Namur a practical school of metallurgy would be a useful work; also at Luxembourg, where a school of mines like that at Jena is much wanted.

The Belgians had for their head, in the fourteenth century, one Jacques van Artevelde, who governed for nine years. The Count of Flanders was justly detested

by the people of the Netherlands. This is one of the thousand stains that blot the mad reign of Charles VI. of France, who took up the cause of the infamous Count of Flanders. The insurgents had for their chief Philip van Artevelde, who fought the Duke of Burgundy, in the pay of the Count of Flanders, in a war which could not fail to be ruinous to France. How could it profit Charles VI. to enslave this unhappy, oppressed Belgian nation, which said to all the kings of Europe, "Do not attack us, as we shall defend ourselves, and never will be slaves; for when we are all killed, our very bones will come together again to fight."

I have read with considerable interest an historical notice of Ghent, and of its monuments and celebrated men.

The author, M. Voisin (1826), criticises the monuments as one who loves them. This is a guide for travellers having a taste for traditions and antiquities. He speaks of the environs of Ghent, the banks of the Scheldt and the Lys. These beautiful landscapes are as a framework to the town. One ought to be acquainted with the general aspect of this place, with the addition of its splendid surroundings. There are, moreover, some fine maps, carefully lithographed by M. Kierdoff.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies, Reyphins, in accepting the chair (20th of October, 1826), uttered these remarkable words:

"That which has emboldened me to take up the honourable duties imposed upon me, is the order which

has always reigned in this chamber; the moderation which has characterised it, even when the most divergent opinions are shown in points of law, or in other subjects of the highest importance. It is then, I say justly, that this assembly justifies the publicity of its sittings; and I say it with deserved pride that it forms, by this conduct, the praise of that form of government which alone is suited to us, the one worthy of us, the one under which we have the happiness of living."

In looking at the house inhabited by Linguet during his exile, in the Rue des Baraques, near the Brussels Canal, I recall the misfortunes of that eloquent barrister during the disastrous period he wrote his "Political Annals," so popular and so renowned. Disbarred in 1775, he fled to London, where he edited newspapers for a living. Discontented with his stay in England, he left at the end of a year, and went to Yverdun, and shortly after to Brussels, where he wrote his "Political Annals." He freely criticised the French ministry with the same boldness with which he did all the European States. An easy, eloquent style, with the freest thought, assured him an ever-increasing success. However, he was so imprudent as to go to Paris, where he was arrested and sent to the Bastille the moment of his arrival, in spite of a safe-conduct he had obtained. It was then said, to excuse or justify the violation of this safe-conduct, that Linguet had written an impertinent letter about Marshal de Duras, who sought revenge. This is the justice of the great and powerful!

Perfidus est Gallus. This is a Belgian proverb very uncomplimentary to us; but since the time of the Valois they have always been deceived and oppressed by the French. Louis XI. was one of the most treacherous of the Valois. The Belgian tradition is justified.

The Italians of the Papal States have been even more deceived by the French government under Louis Philippe. The Italian patriots, trusting in the promises of the French ministry, gave in; so they saw their country again fettered, and given up to priests and Austrians. Thus the patriot Menotti, of Modena, exclaimed to his countrymen, in dying a victim to his credulity, "Never trust a foreigner's promise . . . this foreigner is a Gaul, a Frenchman!"

In 1825 Louvain possessed a College of Philosophy. This institution opened a large teaching area to the priests, and thus brought them up to date, so that an ignorant clergy might not minister to an enlightened people. But the Vatican choked off this praiseworthy foundation. The King had opened an avenue for clerical intelligence; the Pope, in 1830, dug the grave of learning.

I was at work on historical studies touching the country that had so kindly received me, when M. Jobard, a well-known lithographic artist of Brussels, came to see me with a stranger just arrived from London. "Here," he said, "is Count Plater, a Pole, a councillor of state to the Emperor of Russia, who wishes to see and talk with you." "I am the more

affected," I replied, "by this visit of an eminent Russian official, because I was proscribed by the intervention of the ambassadors of the allied powers, to whom Louis XVIII. refused nothing." "It is the fate of revolutions," Plater said; "have not we, too, our Siberia?" "But, at all events, you know you live under an autocrat, instead of which we believed ourselves under a constitutional king. These are the ways of old Europe, which will still prevail for a long time." I wished to change the subject, so I talked to him of England, whence he had just come, and where he had often seen the Count Matuschewitz, the envoy-extraordinary of Russia to London. "What do you think," I asked him, "of your minister plenipotentiary as a politician, if I may ask the question?" "M. Matuschewitz is a very learned, hard-headed man; he works with M. de Liéven, who has been the London ambassador for some time. M. Matuschewitz is a most enlightened man, and one of the most celebrated public characters in Russia." "What did you think of the state of England?" "It seems always to groan under the weight of debt imposed on it by Castlereagh for the purpose of maintaining the coalition war against France. After the general peace of 1815, it was necessary for the English government to add up its debts; and this produced such a panic in London, among the bankers and landowners, that this upset of finance brought about all the disasters of the working, commercial, and lower classes. England, for a long period, will feel the enormous cost of this twenty-five years' war against France. She has, however, in herself immense resources, which time

will develop, but she will never undertake fresh wars."

I did not know whether I was talking to an Anglo-Russian, or to an emissary from the Czar. There we stood. Count Plater smilingly said, "I shall stay in Brussels for two or three weeks, and I hope you will let me come and talk with you. It will be always a great pleasure; already you have taught me more of the state of England than all the journalists."

A few days after, Count Plater came again; and we talked much of England, which seemed to be his principal object of study, especially when I told him of Colonel Taylor's letters on Egypt, published in 1799, a period when the French were still there, letters which I had translated and issued in Paris in 1800, and of which the First Consul Bonaparte had taken a large number of copies to distribute to his principal functionaries. In this work, written in good faith and by a very capable English traveller, the various routes and communications, by sea and land, to British India are minutely described. The route by northern Persia, by the rivers that flow to British India, is specially dwelt on.

Count Plater did not lose a word of the summary which I gave him of Colonel Taylor's letters on Egypt, and he asked for a copy to read before he went away. I lent him one I had annotated; soon after, he brought it back, telling me the book had so pleased him that he should like to take it to St. Petersburg, I gave him a copy, saying these letters had incited Bonaparte to suggest a descent on British India by way of the mountain streams of northern Persia, and with that far-off idea he sent General Gardanne to Teheran,

with a staff composed of officers of engineers and artillery, and geographical experts. This general kept up an active correspondence with Napoleon. "But you also have written about England," said Count Plater to me; "could you not give me a copy of your book, 'The English Government Unveiled, or the Liberty of the Seas,' of which I have heard in London and Brussels?" "That is a revolutionary production," I replied, "it displays the feeling of the period of the Executive Directory, which was then struggling against the government of St. James'. Being then proscribed, and hiding in France, I wanted to interest the Directorial government favourably by upholding this public cause. I was deceived, for the publication of this book made me more closely looked after than ever by the police of Bordeaux and of Paris; it was marvellous how I happened to escape. This was my reward." "But at all events," said Plater, "you liberated your soul, and paid your debt to your country, by combating its enemies." I gave him a copy of this work which he took with him to glance over, and with which he was pleased, in view of the future rivalry of Russia and England. At least that is what he told me, when coming a few days after to take leave of me.

During this last visit I ventured to speak to him about the government of the Czars, and the governmental devices of that autocracy which seems unknown in the west and centre of Europe. "What is your guiding senate," I said, "and what is its political influence? In what consists ministerial power, and how is the Council of the Emperor composed and what its procedure?"

M. Plater frankly replied, "There is in France a

mistaken idea of the Russian government. The guiding senate is not like your Council of State; it has duties and work which cannot be exceeded. As to the ministers, they report on matters and questions laid before them by the Emperor; these special reports are submitted to no other decision than that of the Emperor himself, who has his own way in everything." "All then in Russia depends on the whim of one man, and you are governed by the Czar's brains!" "Undoubtedly," he replied, "such is sovereign power with us; it exists entirely in the imperial wish and will. Thus we have less intrigue and party spirit than in any other court in Europe." We parted with mutual signs of satisfaction and interest.

There was more benefit to be gained from the conversation of the Dutch deputies when they talked of their science and literature, than when it was a question of their politics and government. They boasted much to me of the generosity of their ancestors who had received the French religionists exiled by Louis XIV. so well. "The Dutch," they said, "appreciated so highly the genius and science of your illustrious Bayle, that they themselves defrayed the costs of several editions of his learned dictionary; and it was the Dutch who erected statues to him, while you French have not, after two centuries, done his memory the slightest justice." I had nothing to say in answer to these creditable facts, or to these acts of contemporary justice, of which the French would appear to me incapable. I fell back upon their statesmen, such as

Justus Lipsius in the seventeenth, and Meyer in the nineteenth century. They then mentioned with the greatest enthusiasm, their Jacob Cats, who distinguished himself in the sixteenth century, when he was one of the first creators of the Dutch language and poetry, and whose statecraft was much admired in England, whither he went as ambassador. He was rewarded by becoming Grand Pensioner of Holland. Cats had two remarkable poetical rivals in Hooft and Vondel. From his simplicity and purity of expression, he has been surnamed the Dutch La Fontaine; and in spite of some literary defects, such as the excessive abundance of figure in his expressions, and the monotony of his versification which was in vogue at that period, his poems, his fables, his romances, and his idyls, were luxuriously reprinted towards the end of the eighteenth century. Here are three poets of whom Holland is justly entitled to be proud.

When the States-General of the Netherlands sat at Brussels (alternately with The Hague) I became acquainted with several Dutch deputies. I did not understand their language, which is said to be both expressive and concise; but these deputies spoke French very well, which for me rendered their conversation very instructive, and rich in political and literary information.

The Dutch, calculating and mercantile as we suppose them, receive, according to ancient usage, a very liberal education. They are learned in international and commercial law, but they are perhaps too cold and blunt to be orators. They think modern eloquence fatal buffoonery. The Holy Alliance has imposed royalty on them, but for the Dutch this is

purely nominal, and they look on a king as a stadtholder. They think themselves so superior in intelligence and statecraft to the Flemish, Walloons, and Belgians, which have been united by the policy of 1815 under the same monarchical *régime*, that they have realised their imprudent ambition of governing the Belgians, not as brothers, but as masters, so that the latter are deprived of all places, dignities, employments, and functions, especially in all branches of the public service attached to the administration of rates and taxes. All state documents are in Dutch; and of the nine provinces of Belgium they have made another Holland. I took the opportunity of telling these deputies that they showed themselves too exclusive and too ambitious, in leaving little or nothing to the Belgians, whose interests and national pride they had wounded, but they thought this very legitimate.

In vain I told them that, settled in Belgium as an exile for several years, I daily observed the disaffection shown to King William, in spite of his sense of justice and his virtues; that the discontent of the Belgian population was daily increasing, on account of the violations of their old rights and customs, of the imposition of Dutch monopolies, of the increased customs dues, of the forbidding of the French language, and the obligation of having all deeds written in Flemish, that is now obsolete. The ministerial obstinacy in keeping up these abuses in spite of the reiterated complaints of the Belgians, will be I told these deputies, the last straw, and there will be no time for a remedy if the government persists but a short time longer in the false steps it has taken.

These deputies, phlegmatic and obstinate Batavians, heard me coldly, and seemed to approve of this vain and venal ascendency which gave them all place and profit of government.

Once, one of these deputies of the States-General said to me, with a proud smile, "You have never seen Holland, and do not know the Dutch. See The Hague, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, and you will probably think differently of our nation, which was free and independent before France, and which has contended against English rivalry and oppression much better than you: then I shall ask you what you think of the Dutch." "I estimate you," I replied, "as a free and enlightened people, good sailors, and successful colonists, business-like and industrious; but if you are the dykes of the sea, you are also the dykes of state-craft." Thus finished our conversation. I discovered I had not pleased my friend by comparing the Dutch to ocean dykes.

The family of the Countess of Courtenay were the real heirs of the Valois at the death of Henry III. But Henry IV., who was only a relation of the Valois in the twenty-first degree, was in arms against the League; so the Count of Courtenay, who had no army to back him up, was obliged to relinquish his claim. His right to the throne of France was so clear, even in the minds of the usurpers, that at the coronation of the kings a herald advances into the centre of the cathedral at Rheims and cries with a loud voice, "Is no one of the name of Courtenay here?"

I learned these facts from the Countess of Courte-

nay herself, at Brussels, one day when I had been invited to dine with this great lady and was placed by her side at table by her husband, an Englishman, late colonel of the horseguards of George III. She lived in Brussels since 1825, where she received kings, foreigners of distinction, and the refugees from Portugal, Spain, and Naples. It was there I saw these illustrious banished personages during my long exile in Belgium.

A Belgian deputy assured me that he had subscribed to the monumental lion on the plain at Waterloo because this victory had been gained by civilisation over barbarism. So then, the French are called barbarians and the English and Prussians civilised. But let him read a report of the deliberations of the Representative Chamber in 1815, and he will soon perceive on which side civilisation lies.

In the Burgundian Library at Brussels can be seen a very old and valuable manuscript, which is a French translation of the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon. It is said this volume was among the baggage of the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who was killed before Nancy, on January 5th, 1477. The fate of the book was unknown for three hundred years. The munificence of the Queen of the Belgians has presented it to the Burgundian Library, for which it was so carefully copied.

I desired to know the whereabouts of an old Flemish family, remarkable in French annals by the

recollection of the times of Francis I. This was the Count of Lannoy, of one of the most illustrious houses of Belgium, in whose hands the French king was placed as a prisoner at the battle of Pavia, having refused to surrender to anyone but the Viceroy of Naples, representing Charles V. The royal armour was deposited at Naples; the helmet and shield, the work of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, were only brought back to France in the month of Fructidor, year III. (1795).

In Brussels, as in all the towns of Europe, poor little Savoyards are to be met, with children from Piedmont and Italy, engaged in organ playing, and exhibiting apes, tortoises, white mice, and marmosets. In their degraded but expressive features can be seen the native probity of these wanderers. One of these Italian children made himself conspicuous by leading an ape got up as a soldier, which went through its drill with much intelligence. It was at the end of the year 1829, and a very severe winter. One day in the month of January, a lodging-house keeper, finding that the youthful possessor of the monkey could not pay his lodging, refused the arid hospitality not refused to the lowest animal. A child, eight years old, without money, help, or friends, is not knowing enough to find shelter, so he crept for cover into the arcades of the Theatre Royal, and hid behind a chilly column, with ice all about him. The poor lad had no money for bread; and the excessive cold killed him. Day dawned; and the theatre people found an ape crouching by the side of a child they thought asleep. They approached, and recog-

nised the child they had often seen, with his monkey, in front of the cafés. They wanted to take him up and aid him; but they only found a corpse, which the anger of the monkey prevented their touching. The child was mourned; but it was too late for humanity; and they had to drive away the ape to bury its young master. Did not the affection of the animal put to shame the hard-heartedness of the wretched innkeeper?

J. B. Rousseau enjoyed a great reputation for poetry. Pompignan would not contend with this eminent lyrist, and became his friend without being his rival. When Rousseau, the victim of an odious plot started by Saurin, aided by several members of the French Academy and the Parliament of Paris, was exiled by a sudden fiat to Brussels, he had the benefit of the fame and companionship of Prince Eugene. Pompignan was convinced of Rousseau's innocence, and was pleased to learn from him. His veneration knew no cessation, and his most beautiful ode is the one which he dedicated to the *manes* of this illustrious fugitive. I wanted to see, near Hal, the cottage in which the unfortunate Rousseau lived during his exile. The touching relics he has left, his ashes that are religiously deposited in the Church of the Grand Sablon in Brussels, and the respect shown to his memory by visitors, amply prove that true genius cannot ally itself with the whimsicalities of courts.

The Belgians are frugal, the Dutch misers; the Flemish character has some generosity, but the

character of the Netherlanders is calculating. But in the habits of the Hollanders morality and foresight exist, which are so often missing elsewhere, and utterly ignored by the French, who are so occupied with the present, to which they sacrifice everything.

The Dutch divide their lives into two parts: one is exclusively devoted to work, economy, and regard for the future; the other consecrated to rest, to benevolence, and all other good acts, which exist in almost everyone in the first stages of care for the future and hard work. By this wise plan the last half of life is generally the happier. The hospitals also of Amsterdam are much less crowded than those of Paris.

I bought at a public sale a small Latin book, entitled "De Sympathia," by Dr. Réga, professor at Louvain University. My curiosity was piqued at the title, and I read it; it was written in the eighteenth century. Without being either a physiologist, an anatomist, or a doctor, I found this little treatise on sympathy had not been useless to the celebrated professor of medicine at the University of Montpellier—Barthez.

Indeed, in his "New Elements of Human Study," the professor treats of various sympathies, and the force of the vital spark in the different organs of the human body; chapters 8 to 12 are an extract from Réga's book, with the genius and observations of Barthez added. In the nineteenth century, the works of Barthez and Réga must have been known to Dr. Broussais, who has added to them by his method of leeches and his medical teaching. One sees that he,

like Barthez, was inspired by Réga's writings on sympathy.

I took the opportunity of talking about this little book to clever men in Brussels, and was astonished to find so good a work had not been reprinted, for copies of it were very rare, even at Louvain. Soon after, the Abbé Vangheel, of Brussels, told me that a printer was about to bring out a new edition. The book has now been long before the public.

Among all the branches of wealth and work, agriculture is always the most solid, and the one which employs the most people. It cannot be carried to too high a pitch of perfection, because the population itself increases, improves, and is civilised in proportion to the agricultural products and the general and personal well-being that thus results.

The king who cannot extend his frontiers, a fact that is always a great benefit for the people, can augment his power and multiply his subjects by improving agriculture, by commercial enterprises by land and sea, and still more by public works and manufactures. A wise and far-seeing government has the wisdom and foresight to find sources of prosperity in its own country, and does not leave to chance and to foreign advices the knowledge of glutted markets, or exportations which are sure to fail. Particularly in the Netherlands, there is in the national character a direct and important source of national riches, of general abundance, and of popular virtues; and this is found in the disposition to work, in its manufactures, in its art-work, and especially in

its agriculture. This laborious disposition in a robust and hard-working race only needs encouragement and cultivation, while everywhere else it requires creating. What the King of the Netherlands has yearly to do in the various provinces is to raise a larger number of farmers, manufacturers, artists, artisans, and workmen, and he will augment the area of work for the whole kingdom, and thus favour the progress of all useful arts, public abundance, and of the imports and exports. Such is the influence which government can so easily exercise by work on the population, on the wealth of the nation, on its commerce, industry, its manners, and its general well-being. Thus it is that power has a moralising effect, and supports a people by the love of work, by the horror of idleness, by the enjoyments of luxury—a useful luxury serving the wants of all classes of society. States which are not very extensive may, as easily as large kingdoms, strengthen themselves by a hard-working population, multiply their commercial resources and their industries, and thus insure that independence and true prosperity which result from this.

To free the people of the Netherlands from the taxes they pay on manufactures and foreign imports, it is sufficient to glance at the revenue of the customs. Each day sees the closing of those canals which carry off the metallic riches of the Netherlands.

Now is the time when this free and hospitable country is enriched by all the errors of other governments; and the losses accruing to France in tyrannising over its artists and workmen is the gain of the King of the Netherlands, by giving great impetus to industry and to national productions.

Already, by steam engines and newly-invented pumps, manufactured by M. Dietz, of Brussels, this great workshop has freed the Netherlands from the tribute it paid to foreigners.

At Soignes, a rich quarry belonging to M. Weinghs was worked in 1826 by new machinery. In viewing this working, one felt oneself transported to the granite quarries of Upper Egypt, whence were taken the obelisks of the Pharaohs, which are still the admiration of the world. A steam engine has replaced the efforts of thousands of men, and enormous blocks are now extracted from the rock.

One day, walking in the Park, I met the banker Rodriguez, whom I had known in Paris. The Park of Brussels seemed enchanting to him, and he observed, "Here you have a very agreeable place in exile." "But," I replied, "no prisons are agreeable!" The Parisian, who was cosmopolitan and happy, persisted in his opinion, and questioned me about the country.

"I prefer it to France," I said, "on account of its fertile soil, the hospitality of its customs, the general well-being of the people, and the sincerity of the national character. Brussels, with its numberless immigrants, has only a population of a hundred to a hundred and twenty thousand. This ought to be the average of great cities. The capitals of Europe, like our Paris, are too fatally crowded for the progress of true civilisation. One enjoys in Brussels all the advantages of great cities without their drawbacks. There is to be found here intellectual progress and commercial wealth, without purchasing

them at the cost of so much noise, so much smoke, tumult, and mud, without being so often annoyed by riots, suicides, murders, and open immorality, as are common to enormous populations confined in an inadequate area."

"What you say," replied M. Rodriguez, "means there is only one Paris in the world, and everything on earth is subjected to the annoyances of human imperfection. But does the country offer such great resources for the progress and welfare of its population, which appears too crowded everywhere?"

"Oh! in this respect Belgium surpasses France," I said; "first by its numerous and apparently inexhaustible mines, so necessary to our factories and steam-engines, then by its immense droves of cattle pastured on great plains intersected by canals or canalised rivers; communication is endless and well kept up in all directions. Flemish products are common in road and market. Their churches contain splendid pictures, the work of celebrated artists, which also crowd palaces and museums. You have doubtless seen the Botanical Garden as well as the beautiful Hospital of the Béguinage for the old of both sexes. The Theatre Royal is grander than any of our twenty Parisian theatres. The Palace of the States-General is larger and more elegant than our Chamber of Deputies. You can here judge for yourself. But you would be more astonished still to see how the cities crowd each other here. In leaving Brussels you see Malines, Louvain, and, above all, the harbour of the town of Antwerp—a harbour which is one of the finest of Napoleon's conceptions. Further on, you find Liège, Namur, and the banks of the Meuse, without

counting Charles V.'s huge city, the rich and hard-working Ghent, or the port of Ostend, the connecting link of Belgium with England. I cannot forget the town of Hainault, the beautiful and fertile valleys of Mons and Tournai, towns entirely French in manner and language, and extremely hospitable and generous."—Upon which M. Rodriguez pursued his way.

When I talked of the antiquities, the medals, the pictures, the manuscripts, and the collections of engravings which France possesses, especially in the Royal Library of the Rue Richelieu, and the Geneviève Library, as well as in the collections, rich and learned connoisseurs, the Belgians, who are justly jealous of their sweet and classical Belgium, spoke to me of their National Library, to be found in the ancient palace of the Governors and *Governesses* of the Netherlands. This library contains a large number of valuable manuscripts neither known nor classified, but which will soon be in the possession of an enlightened government.

"As to pictures," the Brussels people told me, "we possess the masterpieces of Rubens, to whom we have erected a statue; the original pictures of Teniers, and of that illustrious crowd of painters of the Flemish school. The Museum opened near the Royal Palace is the depository of a portion of our pictorial riches; but, as in Italy, there is no artistic centralisation: the masterpieces of our artists are scattered in cities, churches, palaces, and private houses. Their proprietors bequeath them as valued and sacred heirlooms.

"But go to Antwerp, and there you will see a wealth of antiquities and artistic curiosities. Especially

there is the collection of M. Renesse Breidbach, which includes a large number of Chinese and Indian antiques; he has also a fine gallery of ancient and modern pictures; he possesses more than twenty thousand engravings, all classified, a large number of manuscripts, and about fifty-five thousand medals of all periods and of all sizes. This certainly equals your Parisian collections."

It is only the French who wed such contrary or incompatible words and things; they paint everything in the brightest colours. It was so at Brussels when they united Belgium to France, in the year 1795, they transformed the large St. Elizabeth barracks into a hospital, which had always been occupied by the Austrian infantry and cavalry. The French re-named it the Hospital of Felicity. Several inhabitants, little accustomed to changes, so common in France, looked on this queer name as ironical when used in regard to the poor wretches who crowded it at times.

What most amused one at the Brussels theatre was the conductor of the orchestra. He seemed to have St. Vitus's dance. He brandished his *bâton*, waving right and left with contortions and grimaces as if he could make all the instruments play by the vigour of his arm, or by his fiery glances all over his band. The pantomime of this musical leader was a sight of itself.

During the ballets the conductor is changed, and the pantomime of the latter is even more exaggerated; he is much more excited, and full of farcical action

and not of the dance. It struck me here, as in Paris, that while a comedy or opera is going on, loud talk prevails all over the theatre; but a profound and unanimous silence salutes the dancers when they appear. One would think of both Belgians and French that all their intelligence was in their eyes, and they feared to lose the words of the ballet.

I had a visit from two famous painters who had been distinguished pupils of David, and who had at their residences in Brussels and Tournai considerable reputation. One was a Frenchman named Hennequin, known by his great picture of the Furies of Orestes, which made a sensation in the exhibition at the Louvre. The other was a Belgian, renowned by his picture of the battle of Orange, in the ninth century, against the chief of the Saracens or Mussulmans, who was slain by the Count of Châlons.

The common lodging-houses, known in the Netherlands as "colonies of the poor," are rightly quoted in Europe as one of the most admirable institutions of William I. as regards the indigent lower classes. It is a splendid instance of public charity. In 1825, at the close of the summer, a depôt for mendicity was finished at Merxplas Ryckevorsel. Large and well built, it shelters a thousand beggars, who cultivate some enormous waste lands, of which a considerable part has been brought under the spade with the greatest success. The number of poor lodged there (in April, 1826) is 850. They are all satisfied with their condition. Prince Frederick visited this agricultural

colony in May, 1826, and inspected it minutely and with every sign of interest. He went over the cultivated land with which the building is surrounded, which gives work to several hundreds of men, heretofore kept on charity.

Other free agricultural colonies have been inspected by Prince Frederick, with a view to note the progress of culture, and he looked into the household arrangements and encouraged the authorities to make them serve as an example for future establishments. He expressed his satisfaction at the good administration of these colonies, that are so useful to society by their extinction of idleness and beggary, the leprosy of modern states, however rich and industrious they may be. Captain Van der Bosch governed them with the utmost skill and care.

The cultivation of the white mulberry[1] was formerly protected by government, but opposed by prejudice, the enemy of all that shows the slightest signs of novelty. This cultivation was tried in the Belgian provinces, and supported by the sovereigns under the government of Albert and Isabella. This fact is shown by a letter recently discovered in the archives of Ghent by M. Debast, who made it known to M. Cornelissen, inspecting secretary of the university of that town. M. Debast published this letter in the *Arts and Sciences Messenger*.

Below are the names of my companions in exile, the exiled members of the Convention, in the Nether-

[1] In Germany bryony leaves have been used since 1829 for the nourishment of silkworms, which supplements the leaves of the white mulberry.

lands, who died there in poverty, after the proscription of Louis XVIII. in 1815.

"They never saw their country again."

Letourneur, of the Manche.—Died suddenly at the country house of M. Ramel, at Laeken, near Brussels. He had been a director.

Cordier.—Died at Brussels in 1825 in a state of indigence. Put out to board by his colleagues. His funeral was celebrated with simplicity by his comrades in misfortune, in the church of the Bon-Secours.

Courtois.—Died at Brussels in poor circumstances, although he had much profited by certain circumstances. His bier was unfollowed.

Savornin, of the Upper Alps.—An old friend of Barras, who left him in misery, although himself a rich man, in which he died in 1825 at Brussels. He was quietly buried.

Quinette, of the Department of the Aisne.—Died suddenly at Brussels shortly after his return from New York. He had a good patrimonial estate. He had long been the prefect of the Somme, and afterwards a councillor of state and director-general of the communes of the Empire. His burial was a pompous one.

Massieu.—An old constitutional bishop, who remained poor like an honest man, and a real evangelical philosopher. He founded a lodge of Freemasons at Brussels, and died there in 1820. His funeral was a grand one, and the funeral oration was delivered in the masonic lodge.

Rouhier, of Bêziers.—A rich man with the rank of general. At Brussels he founded a masonic lodge. He died there in 1820. His funeral was grand. His obituary oration was delivered in the masonic lodge.

Louis David, the great historical painter, an energetic Conventionalist, full of genius for his art, of good sense and political probity, died in exile in Brussels on the 29th of September, 1825, aged 77, at ten in the morning. His funeral was attended by more than 4,000 people. The church of Sainte-Gudule was crowded the day when David's family had a solemn mass for the repose of the soul of this great artist. The David family bought a large graveyard outside the Louvain gate at Brussels—a privileged piece of ground. There they built a vault in which to place David's coffin, ornamented with lead and enclosing those medals which the academies of fine arts in Belgium had struck in his honour. An obelisk in stone with inscriptions was also raised. Belgian and French artists opened a subscription to erect in one of the chapels of Sainte-Gudule a marble tomb.

Robert.—Born in Belgium; deputy for the Seine in the National Convention; died in Brussels, April, 1826, leaving very little to his only daughter. He was buried in the church of the Riches-Claires.

Levasseur, of the Meurthe.—Died in misery at Brussels the beginning of June, 1826. He was aided in his last years by the Refuge Society, and especially by a rich exile, M. Masset. Levasseur was overwhelmed with all sorts of domestic troubles and political misfortunes. The government of Louis XVIII. denied him the pension he had earned by fifteen years' service as editor of the proceedings of the council of the Five Hundred and of the Legislative Body.

Vadier.—Died December 14, 1828.

Cavaignac.—Died in March, 1829.

Hamel Nagaret.—Died March 30, 1829.

Maragon.—Died March 31, 1829.

These three last were well off.

Dr. Roubaud, of Marseilles, died in misery, but aided by the subscriptions of rich refugees.

END OF VOL. III

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